

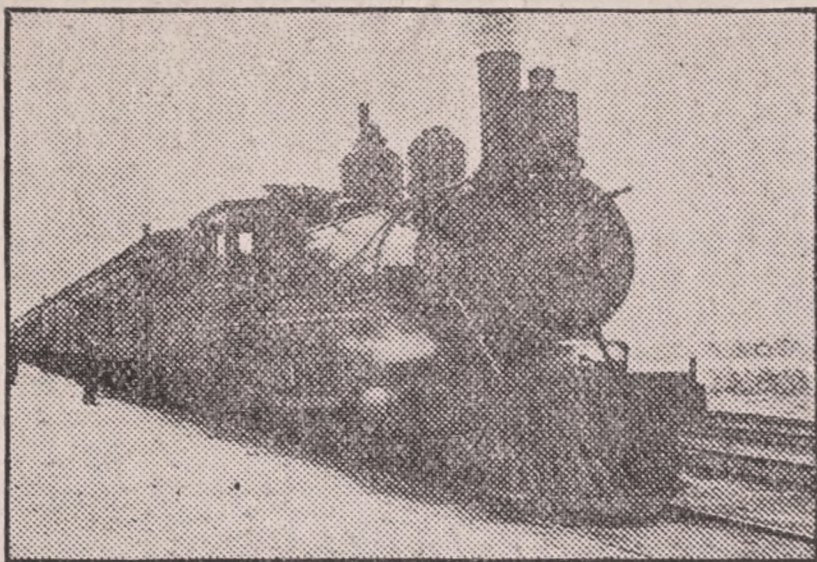


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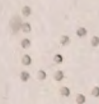
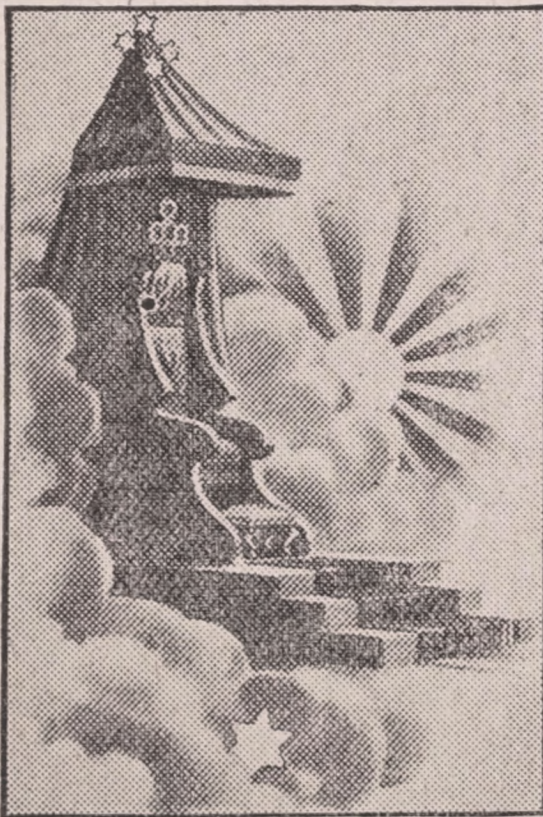


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FROM THE THROTTLE TO THE THRONE.

BY T. H. WILSON, Verona, Mo.



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PREFACE.

The Author makes no apology for offering to a reading public, this little volume. We have tried to avoid all scholastic terms, using only the language of the home and thus produce a work that is adapted to the masses. The more I have studied the great principles and truths of the Bible, the more I have been persuaded that a work of this kind is needed. I have labored to present in a readable romance, the great truths contained herein, and I do sincerely believe that a faithful pursual of its pages will build up and strengthen the faith of those who "Stand, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God," and that those who are being driven out upon the broad ocean of doubt and error, by the adverse winds of the doctrine of men, will be taught the way of life and salvation as it is in Christ. And thus accomplish the work for which it is intended.

THE AUTHOR.

DEDICATION.

To my wife, Emma S. Wilson, who has so patiently and kindly assisted me in the preparation of this work, this little volume is affectionately dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

DISAPPOINTED.

One cool afternoon in the month of April, while the clouds were hovering low over the earth, and the rain was slowly but gently falling, reminding one of the near approach of the early spring, Mr. B., the Superintendent of an Eastern railroad, was seen walking leisurely up and down the station platform of a New England city. Mr. B. was a strong muscular man and possessed a commanding and pleasing appearance, so much so as to attract the attention of all whose gaze fell upon him, and as he, with arms crossed behind him, slowly moved from one end of the platform to the other, he was freely discussed by that part of the city's population who had no other purpose or higher ambition in life, than to loaf about the depot and make remarks about every stranger who chanced to come within reach of their gaze. But their slighty remarks had no effect upon Mr. B. In fact, he was so wrapped up and absorbed in his own thoughts, that he heard nothing that was said about him. So dead was he to his environments that he was, apparently, living in a world, of which he was the sole inhabitant. Mr. B. was a self made man. He had worked himself up from that of an ordinary section hand to the Superintendency of one of the greatest railroads in America. While he was a strong man and had experienced the unpleasant as well as the pleasant things, common to every man who had spent his life in a position to which there are honor and responsibility attached, and had heretofore disposed of all serious problems and managed the business of a great

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railroad with as much composure, and seemingly, with as little worry as the smooth and even tempered woman manages her household duties. But at this time he kept his eyes fastened upon the ground at his feet, as much so, as if he were unable to lift them higher. He wore a sad and haggard look. His broad and manly face which had always been lighted up with a bright and cheerful smile, now gave evidence that he was carrying a burden upon his heart that he alone could read and understand.

In the distance to the west could be seen an object, which seemed to be standing still, but steadily growing larger, while from it great volumes of smoke seemed to roll and join the clouds which had already obscured the sun and settled a dusky gloom over the quiet little city which was just about to merge into the darkness of the night. Suddenly the train caller rushed into the waiting room, and in clear strong voice announced the arrival of the "New York Limited." At this juncture, the passengers who had been so anxiously awaiting the time when the hand on the large station clock would point to the hour when the "Limited" would arrive, took their grips and small parcels, pushed their way through the crowd and were standing on the platform when the great engine steamed by, and while it stood sounding forth a dead "Chug" "Chug," as if angry because its birdlike flight had been momentarily checked, and like a thing possessing life, seemed to be anxious to get started again on its long journey over its smooth path of steel which lay stretched across the broad prairies for unnumbered miles before it. While great trucks of baggage, express and mail were being unloaded and the passengers were getting off and on, Mr. B. walked to where the fireman was busy wiping the bright bars of his engine, which already shone as so much silver; and

said: "Tell Clyde to come to the door of the cab."

Clyde Newman, the engineer and hero of our story, was considered by the officials of the road, as the best man that they had in their employ. He knew every foot of the road. He understood every signal and obeyed them perfectly. He understood his engine and knew how to make it speed sixty miles an hour over the straight track and round the curves with perfect safety. He was always found at his post and was seldom over a minute behind time. But why should he not be? He was "reared on an engine." His father was an engineer before him. He was the only son of his father and therefore the idol of his heart. When he was only eight years old, his father would take him out on the road with him. He soon learned how to start and stop the great engine. He would sit in the cab and look out the window and watch the ground as it seemed to run from under them, or with childlike appreciation, admired the great iron monster as it seemed to leap and bound over the rails; and when the day's run was over, he would sit in his mother's lap and tell her of all the interesting things that he had seen, and in his own childish way tell her how he expected to run his engine when he "Got big like papa." He was an apt student, and his father's constant companion, and took great pride in doing his work. His father would often say that "Clyde could handle the engine much better than he could." Long before he was old enough to take charge of an engine, he could handle one with as much skill as anyone on the road. His father had always taught him that an engineer must be sober and honest, and while he was not a Christian, he had profound respect for those that were and regarded all churches alike, thinking that they all taught the same. When he became twenty-one years old, he was given a freight run. His work

proved so satisfactory and his good moral character, soberness and splendid habits, together with his thorough knowledge of railroading soon commended him to the officials of the road and at the age of thirty-two he was given the "New York Limited," the fastest and best train on the road.

When Mr. B. called at the cab door, Clyde stepped forward and the Superintendent started to offer him his hand, but stopped suddenly and let his arm fall by his side, fixed his eyes upon the young engineer and stood gazing in his pale face as if he were held by some power, other than his own. The young man stood in silence and astonishment. A thousand thoughts seemed to rush in his mind. "What have I done?" he thought. "Why does the Superintendent of the road, of which I am an employe, act thus?" While these and other like questions were passing through the young man's mind, Mr. B. was thinking also. The mental picture of a strong healthy young man, who but a few years ago came to his office and applied for a position as engineer, came up vividly before him. He thought: "Can I be deceived? Is this man before whom I now stand the same young man, who but a few years ago, was the picture of health and perfect manhood? Is this young man, who is now all but a physical wreck, the one who has broken all previous records as an engineer on the 'Limited?'"

"Clyde," at last said Mr. B. "You are the best man we have ever had. Your record as an engineer has been perfect."

Clyde's heart, which had been fluttering like a frightened bird in its cage, ceased to beat so rapidly, his face, which had been pale by wonder and astonishment, began to resume its natural color, and his lips began to move to form words by which he hoped to show his appreciation for the high complimentary

words from his superior officer.

"But," said Mr. B.

"What, a proviso?" thought the young man. "What can this mean? Will the favored run be taken from me and given to another, possibly an older man than me? Am I to go back on a slow freight, or does it mean that I am discharged?"

"But your health," continued Mr. B. "You are broken down; your nerves are becoming weak and shattered. To continue as you are, you would not only be jeopardizing your own life, but you would be endangering the lives of hundreds of others. The company has had your case under advisement for some time, and, while we regret to let you go, we think it the best for all concerned. You are yet but a young man, and, while you may think we are treating you unkind and unjust, but the company's physicians think it best for you to take a six months' lay-off and go to the mountains and try to regain your health. When you reach the end of the division, you will be relieved by a man whom I have already notified to meet you and take charge of your engine on your arrival. My advice to you is, to go at once to the mountains of Colorado, camp, fish and hunt, and forget, as nearly as possible, your work here. When you have stayed long enough to regain your health, come back; your job will be waiting for you. You are too good a man; we can't afford to lose you. When you get ready to go, come to my office and get a pass to any point in the West to which you decide to go; and when you are ready to return, wire me for transportation."

With these words burning upon the young man's ears, Mr. B. turned and walked down the side of the long train of coaches. The conductor called out, "All aboard," stepped to the edge of the platform and sig-

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nalled to Clyde, who was watching the Superintendent as he was disappearing in the crowd. "All is ready," said the fireman to Clyde, who was too much engaged with his own thoughts to see the conductor, who was still waving his hand. Clyde reached for the bellcord and a few clear taps gave warning to all that the "Limited" was ready to go. He took hold of the throttle and the great engine began to move and was soon pounding off sixty miles an hour towards the city of New York.

As Clyde sat in his cab, with his hand upon the throttle and his eyes fastened upon the rails before his engine, his mind was busy bringing fresh again the memory of the sweet days of long ago. He thought of his childhood days, when his fond father, who had for years been sleeping in the bosom of the cold earth, would take him on his knee and tell him all about the working of his engine, or patiently listen to him as his little mind reached out in its endeavor to take hold of the great problems of the future, and seemed to be pleased to note the remarkable ability possessed by one of such a young and tender age. He thought of his invalid mother, old and gray, and his sister dear, who were waiting his coming in the old home. He thought of the time when he and his sister were but little children, used to romp up and down the halls and make them ring with the echo of their youthful voices, or how, when they were seated at play, he used to pour into her ears the story of his future visions, when he would become a man and handle the engine that would pull the long trains from city to city. He thought of the time when he as a boy used to sit in his father's cab and watch the beautiful landscape as the engine bounded over the prairies and rushed around the hills. Never, since he was a boy, did the hills and

valleys look so beautiful to him as they did on this, his last run. He looked at his engine, which was carrying him so rapidly and steadily on—his boyish admiration came back to him. Never before did his train seem to glide along so smoothly. He thought of the words of the Superintendent: "We think it best for you to take a six months' lay-off." "Is this to be my last run for six months, and possibly forever?" And "Is this to be my last run over my father's old road?" He thought of the sorrow that his absence would bring to his mother and sister. He took his handkerchief from his pocket, placed it to his face and wept, and when he raised his eyes he could see, through his tears, the tall buildings and the smoke rising from the different factories, which reminded him that he was near the city of C., which was the end of his run. As his train rushed up to the station, he saw a strong, broad-shouldered man standing on the platform and holding in his hand a yellow slip of paper. When the train stopped, the stranger stepped upon the engine and handed Mr. Newman the paper, which he unfolded, and read the following message:

"To Clyde Clyde Newman—This is Mr. Bonner, who will take charge of your engine on your arrival. You may report for duty any time after six months.—Signed: B."

Clyde took the stranger by the hand and greeted him kindly, and as he turned and walked away from his engine he could not help but admire Mr. Bonner, who was not only a perfect gentleman, but a strong and healthy man, which made Clyde feel his misfortune and disappointment so much the more. Almost heartbroken, he raised his tear-stained face to take the last look at his engine, which seemed to him more like a friend, or a creature, than something made by one; and then started towards his home, which he knew

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would present a scene of sorrow when his mother and sister learned that he must soon leave them. As he neared that home, he felt that his ambition in life was ended, and that his visions of future greatness, that he had seen and cherished in his happy childhood days, now seemed to pass away like a dream in the morning. As the darkness of the beginning of a long night settled about him and hid from his view every object that was so dear and familiar to him, so did the darkness of that sad hour seem to settle down over his young life, blast his every desire and blight his fondest hopes.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEWMANS.

The Newmans lived in an old-fashioned house in the southern edge of the city. It was a two-story eight-room building and was located near the center of a lot which contained about one acre of ground; and was built on the old Colonial style, having a wide veranda which reached clear across the front, and was almost hidden by the tall oak trees which stood all around it, lifting their heavy branches far above its roof. In the background could be seen a number of bee-hives, which were made from the bodies of hollow trees, sawed off about three feet in length, and were sitting, one under each of the large apple trees that were scattered promiscuously about the rear of the building, and which, on a certain spring day, were covered with fresh blooms, that looked like so many massive snowballs. These beautiful blossoms were emitting forth such a fragrant and delicious odor as to allure to them the bees which were busy storing away their precious treasure, knowing, doubtless, that the only time to gather their meat was while the friendly-like trees were yielding up their golden harvest.

The Newmans were splendid people and they were considered as such by all who knew them. They could trace their family history back to the landing of the historic Mayflower, and were happy in the thought that their ancestors were numbered with that little band who, before they had ever set their feet upon the New World, or had seen its fertile soil, "drew up and signed a compact to enact just and

equal laws, and submit thereto." These principles were as dear and sacred to the Newmans, and their practical applications were as strictly adhered to by them, as they were by those who framed them just at the morning's dawn of that day in which was born a Western and better civilization. The knowledge of the fact that they were the direct descendants of those who were among the first to cross the turbid waters of the Atlantic and help to lay the foundations of a country which today is known the world over as "the land of the free and the home of the brave," was a source of great joy and satisfaction to them, and they took great pride in carefully preserving and handing down to each succeeding generation the story of their illustrious forefathers, of which they were so justly proud.

Lewis Newman was born and reared in the mountains of Tennessee. His father owned a small farm, of which only a part lay in the valley, the balance lying upon the mountain side, and was too rough and rocky to be of any value or benefit to him. There were no church or school houses near him and consequently his children had no advantages of an education, except as he and his good wife could teach them each evening as they gathered around the little tallow-candle, or, what was more common, a rich pine knot lighted and placed in certain position on the hearth of the open fireplace, so its smoke and odor would be caught up into the throat of the rock chimney, while it cast its irregular light upon the book whose pages were being eagerly scanned by the hungry eyes of a half a dozen children. The country at that time was comparatively new, and not very thickly settled. The woods abounded with all kinds of game. As there were no religious gatherings, except occasionally when some stranger would drop into

the country, pass himself off as a preacher and hold a "few nights' meetin'" at some neighbor's house and then disappear as quietly and mysteriously as he came, their idle hours were spent in hunting and fishing, which was not engaged in so much for pleasure as for revenue.

When Lewis reached the age of eighteen, being the oldest of four sons, and as his father's mountain farm was not large enough to support or even give profitable employment to all of them, he decided to leave the parental roof and learn a trade or business that would not only be more in keeping with his likings, but one that would yield him a more lucrative return for his labor. Accordingly, one morning in the early spring, as the family was seated at the breakfast table, he announced to his father and mother his plans and said that he expected to leave for the city the following morning, providing that they thought that they could manage the little farm without him and would be willing for him to go. They assured him that they thought his plan a wise one, and, while they would miss him at the old home, they would not object to his going. Next morning, after his father and mother had delivered their charges, and cautioned him about his habits, he bid farewell to all and started to the city.

He had heard very little about the outside world. It was only as some stranger who would be passing by, and would stop with his father over night, or when some neighbor-boy, who had been away from home for a few months and had returned again, would come over and tell them about the wonderful advancements, the rapidly growing cities, railroads, and other things of equal interest, did he learn anything outside of the little circle in which he lived. When these rare but highly prized opportunities did come,

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Lewis would listen with the most intense interest, and, after the speaker had exhausted himself, he, prompted by his anxiety to learn more about that which he had never seen, would ask questions and would eagerly drink in every word of the answer. This was kept up until his father would remind him that it was time for him to retire and give the man a chance to rest. That which he had heard talked about the most was that in which he was interested the most—the railroad. Just as soon as he arrived in the city he went to the station and watched the trains as they would come and go. He looked up and down the long line of track, and when he raised his eyes he saw a switch engine pushing a long string of box cars up a track that led off from the main line towards a flouring mill that stood a half mile east of the depot. As if paralyzed by astonishment, he stood and gazed at that, to him the most wonderful and yet the most beautiful object that he had ever beheld. As he watched the man in the cab, as he sat with his head out of the window and his hand upon the throttle of his engine, as it was so rapidly shoving the cars along, there was born in his young heart a desire to become a locomotive engineer. He turned and walked down to the main office and made application for a position as fireman. The company, being short on men, accepted his application and immediately assigned him to an engine, which was a wood-burner, or as the fireman called it “a wood-eater.” Lewis went to work with a zeal backed up by a purpose to succeed. Being anxious to learn engineering, he worked hard, and was in a reasonably short time promoted to the engineer’s seat, in which place he worked for a number of years. In the meantime he met and won the heart and hand of the girl of his choice, bought a nice little home and settled down to

enjoy, as he thought, the remainder of his life in the quiet little Southern city that knew him first as only a raw recruit from his distant mountain home.

Just before the breaking out of the Civil War he moved with his family to C., which was at that time only a small village in one of the Northern States. He was a man who weighed every question very carefully before he took any definite position, and when his mind was once made up he stood firm in his convictions, but he had great charity and respect for those who honestly differed from him. When the great proposition of war came up, involving the question of the division of this Union, after he had considered well the question, and though he was Southern born, honestly believed it to be his duty to take sides with the Unionists, and when Abraham Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers he was among those who were the first to offer their lives as a sacrifice upon the altar of their country. He gave almost five of the best years of his life in helping to stay the hand of division and to protect the honor and integrity of the "Stars and Stripes," that flag that has never known a complete defeat or whose sacred folds have ever waved over any save a victorious army, and is not loved only by every loyal American citizen, but it is honored and respected by every nation, whose people have been touched by civilized hand. Mr. Newman was in some of the hardest fought battles of the war, and in every respect he proved himself equally as good a soldier as he had been a citizen. He was with Gen. Grant when he met that peerless warrior and perfect gentleman, Gen. Lee, and received from him the surrender of his army. As he stood and watched those men, two of the greatest generals that the world has ever produced, clasp hands, his heart

overflowed with joy to know that thus ended one of the bloodiest wars that was ever waged by a civilized people, and that this blood-washed Union was not only preserved, but that it was made stronger and better by reason of the fact that once more the white-winged messenger of love and friendship had hovered low and whispered "Peace" in the ears of both the North and the South, uniting them again as one people under one grand and glorious flag.

No sooner had the smoke of battle cleared away, the roar of the cannons ceased, and the last echo from the muskets died away among the rocks and trees of the distant hills, Mr. Newman bid farewell to his comrades and returned to his home, where he was warmly welcomed by his wife and two children. With Mr. Newman, the war was ended, the Mason and Dixon line was blotted out forever. If he ever had any prejudice, he left it upon the battlefield, or buried it with the last Confederate soldier whose mangled body he helped to lay away to its last resting place in its lonely grave. He knew no difference between the blue and the gray, since the union of the North and the South had been sealed by the blood of a million of the world's best men. When he reached home, like all true soldiers, he turned his attentions from the sorrows and hardships of war to the building of his home and the educating of his children. He soon secured a position as engineer on the road that ran through the town in which he lived. The dark and gloomy days of war had not caused him to forget how to be faithful to his work, but he went to work with the same zeal and purpose that he had when he, for the first time, mounted an engine to work himself up in the estimation of the officials of the road. He took great pride in his home. His leisure hours were spent around the fire-

side, where he would listen to Grace, his only daughter, who, with her little baby hands, would try to pound music out of the old-fashioned piano, or he would patiently endeavor to answer the multiplicity of questions propounded by Clyde, who never grew tired of hearing his father talk about his own engine, or read to him the thrilling story of some hero at his throttle. Mr. Newman saw not only the little village in which he lived grow and become one of the leading cities of the State, but he saw his daughter, the idol of the home, grow to womanhood and become an accomplished musician, and Clyde bloom, as it were, into manhood and take his place among the best engineers on the road. Their home was a happy one. It was filled with one ray of perpetual sunshine, until one day the silent messenger of Death lightened at the doorway, paused but a moment to fold his celestial wings, then softly crossed the threshold of that once happy home, kissed down his eyelids to that eternal sleep, gathered in his tender embrace an affectionate husband and a fond and loving father, and, with his heaven-bound burden, stepped aboard the ship and sailed from the shores of Time.

Clyde was twenty-two years old when his father died, and, being the only son, he was left to comfort and support his mother and sister, which obligations he considered a pleasure rather than a burden.

CHAPTER III.

TELLING MOTHER GOOD-BYE.

When Clyde entered the house his mother said:

"Clyde, you are later tonight than usual. We had become very uneasy about you. What was the matter, dear?"

"I am just a few moments late, mother; that is all."

"But," continued Mrs. Newman, "what was the matter? Was there an accident on the road, or why couldn't the Limited arrive on time this evening?"

"There was nothing wrong," said Clyde. "We were not a minute late. I was detained after I reached the city. I had to show a new man a few things about my engine."

As these last words were spoken, Clyde's voice began to tremble, and he hastily began to ascend the old-fashioned stairway, before his mother could detect anything strange about his voice or actions. When he reached his room he heard his mother say:

"Your supper is awaiting you. Come when you are ready."

At this juncture his sister came into his mother's room and sat down in her father's old rocking chair, to wait until he could prepare himself for the evening meal. But poor Clyde, his hands were not as busy as his mind. His soul was aching as if some wild beasts were gnawing at his very heartstrings, his mind whirled and his hands trembled. His room door was standing partly open and he heard his mother say:

"Clyde is a little late tonight. I asked him if

there had been an accident or if anything had happened on the road to delay him."

"What did he say was the matter?" inquired Grace.

"He said there was nothing happened, only that he was delayed after he reached the city by having to show a new man something about his engine."

"What! Show a new man something about his engine?" said Grace. "What did he have to show a new man about his engine for? Has Clyde quit the road, or has he been promoted again?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Newman, "but I guess the company has picked up another inexperienced man at the roundhouse. Clyde said that the last man that they had there would get drunk and was incompetent to attend to the business, and you know that the company will not employ a man that drinks. I suspect that Clyde was the first man in after the new man went to work and he had to show him about the engine. Clyde looks so awful bad and pale tonight, I fear he is not feeling well. I don't think that I ever saw him look so bad as he does tonight, and he is so nervous. Though ever since he has been running on the Limited he has been losing in flesh and his nerves are not what they once were."

Clyde, already weakened by the experience of the darkest and gloomiest day that had ever dawned upon his young and tender life, could no longer stand when the last words of his mother fell like a mighty avalanche upon his ears, and his fragile body reeled under their ponderous weight. Though weakened and pale as he was, never before had he been so affected. He had heard the threats and curses of strong men, he had driven his engine sixty miles an hour through the midnight darkness. He had been in a number of disastrous accidents and collisions. He had ridden his engine when it had ground to pieces

unfortunate men and women under its mighty wheels, but it was left for the kind words of an affectionate mother to touch the very heartstrings of his innermost soul, and make him feel as helpless and dependent as when he was asleep, a prattling babe, in her strong and loving arms. Like a frightened man, in the last struggles of death, he reached out his trembling arms to grasp some nearby object to steady his frail and sinking body. He threw himself across his bed and, half muttering to himself, said: "How can I tell her that I must leave her? How can I tell my only sister, who is the very comfort and joy of my life?"

"Clyde," came the words of his mother, "are you about ready for supper?"

"Yes, mother," he said, as he sprang to his feet. He washed his tear-stained face, brushed his hair and went downstairs and was led to the large dining-room by his sister, where they were soon joined by their mother.

When they were seated at supper, Mrs. Newman looked across the table at her son and almost shuddered when she noticed his pale face and melancholy look. So completely had the expression of his face changed from what it was the day before when he bid her good-bye to go out on his run, that she could hardly believe that he was her own son. Grace could scarcely refrain from shedding tears when she noticed his sad and downcast countenance. She, like her mother, could hardly make herself believe that he was her brother, who had always been so cheerful and happy. Finally his mother said:

"I suppose that man at the roundhouse has quit, or has been discharged on account of his drinking, and the company has employed a new man who is inexperienced, and it has fallen to your lot this time.

to teach him?"

"I don't know, mother," he said. "What makes you think that? I have not heard of Mr. Frost quitting or being discharged, either."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Newman. "You said that you were delayed after you got into the city to-night by having to show a new man something about your engine. Have you been so fortunate as to get promoted again to a better position—one that will keep you at home all of the time? I do hope you have. Our home is so gloomy without you, and Grace and I get so lonesome when you are gone, though it be but for a day and night. I don't see how we could stay here a week, if it were not for you, although I would rather stay here than anywhere on earth, but the old home seems so empty when you are gone, and your presence only can fill it."

Clyde had been nerving himself for the greatest ordeal of his life, that of telling them that the doctors had told him that his health was greatly impaired and that nothing but a six months' stay in the mountains would restore it. But these last words of his mother fell upon him like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. So sudden and unexpected were they that they seemed to break up the very fountains of his soul. His face flushed crimson for a moment, then paled, his hands fell heavily upon the edge of the table, great drops of tears gushed from his eyes and rolled down upon his cheeks; he laid his head upon his arm and wept. Mrs. Newman looked across at the slender form of her daughter, who was almost paralyzed with grief.

"Clyde, why do you weep? Are you sick, or what is the matter?" said Grace.

Clyde raised his head, wiped the tears from his

large brown eyes, looked at his mother and sister, and started to speak, but his lips quivered, his hands trembled, his eyes fell upon his plate, and he said not a word.

"I have never seen you act this way before. Tell us what is the matter, dear," said Mrs. Newman, her heart filled with fear and anxiety.

"Mother," he said, "I will have to leave you, not only for a day and night, but for months."

When these words fell upon the ears of his mother and sister, they rose to their feet, and in an instant Grace was by his side, threw her arms round his neck, and said:

"Clyde, could you leave your poor old invalid mother and me alone in a home that would be as sad and lonely as ours would be without you? No, never, never!" She sobbed.

"We can't give you up," said his mother. "You are the light of this home and the idol and comfort of our hearts."

"Mother," he said, "it is not my pleasure to leave you. I know that I will miss you and sister more than you can possibly miss me. I have to go out into the cold world alone, while you can stay together. But, with me, it is a matter of choosing life, health, and my position on one hand and death on the other."

"What—what do you mean, Clyde? You must be beside yourself. I can't understand what you mean by life, health, and position on one hand and death on the other," said Mrs. Newman.

"Mother," he said, "do you remember what you said to Grace, while I was up in my room, about me looking so bad and falling away in flesh?"

"Yes, I remember what I said. It is true; your health is not good, your nerves are almost wrecked. You don't seem to be yourself any more. I think

that the fast run that you have been on has been the cause of it all. While it is a great source of joy to me to know that my boy is the best and safest engineer that the company has ever had, and that you have been intrusted with the best position on the road, but I had a thousand times rather see you go back on a freight and be cheerful and happy like you once were. But why is it necessary for you to leave us?"

"Well, mother, you are not the only one that has complimented me on my progress or advancement, and I assure you that there is none whose judgment I think better or whose compliments I prize higher than I do yours. Neither are you the only one who has noticed my failing health. The company's physicians told the Superintendent today that my health was in such a condition that I would have to take a six months' lay-off and go to the mountains, and that my life depended upon it."

"Clyde," said Grace, "can't you take your lay-off and stay here? We can't give you up for one week, much less six months. Please, please, brother, don't leave us."

"I must go, Grace. The doctors have said that I cannot get well here."

"When do you have to go?" inquired his mother.

"The sooner the better it will be for me. I thought that if I could get ready, and you and sister would concur, I would go tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" said Grace.

"Yes," said Clyde. "When I got to the city this evening, a Mr. Bonner, the man that I spoke of, met me to take the engine and he gave me a message from the Superintendent in which he said for me not to report for duty for six months. The sooner I go the sooner I will get back home, and the sooner I will get back on the road. The thought of having to

leave you and mother and the home of my childhood is almost more than I can bear. But, mother, you have always taught me that every dark cloud has a silver lining, and I am going to endeavor to look for that side that is turned toward Heaven and trust that He, who does all things well, will send His guiding angel, keep us safe from all harm, and unite us again in this dear old home, which is so sweet and sacred to my heart."

These words came as a great surprise to Mrs. Newman. While she had always taught her children to respect the Bible and reverence the lonely Man of Galilee, she had never made any profession of religion, but she had always believed in the God who created this earth, and who swung the sun into space and set the moon in her cycles, yet she had a very vague and imperfect idea of Him who is so watchful over the works of His hands that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice.

She looked at her son and said:

"Clyde, can you trust Him?"

"Yes, mother. I am not only going to trust Him, but I am going to learn more about Him."

Grace walked into her room and returned with a neatly wrapped package and handed it to him, and said:

"Clyde, here is your birthday present that I bought for you, but as you are going away I will give it to you now. It is a Bible. I give it to you with a sister's blessing. Read it and learn more about Him who died that we might live. May it lead you into the light of His glorious truth. May it be a blessing not only to you, but to us. I would like to live for Him, but there is so much difference in the churches here that I get lost in the wilderness of their confusion. Just a few Sundays ago, I went to

one of the leading churches to hear Dr. J., who is considered one of the most brilliant and eloquent men of our city. When he came into his pulpit, I thought that I had never seen so pious and consecrated a man as he. When he announced his text, I could hardly wait until he got through with his preliminary remarks, to begin with his subject, which was: "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" I flattered myself on having come to the right place at just the right time, to listen to the discussion of a question I have always wanted to hear explained. He began by showing the awful condition of the sinner. With the most eloquent flights of oratory he pictured the awful depths into which sin had plunged all the sons of Adam, and said that we were all guilty of the Adamic or original sin. So deplorable and terrible did he make my condition appear to me, and so unworthy and unrighteous did I feel, knowing that I was a lost and condemned sinner, that I resolved to obey the Savior and get right with God just as soon as he told me what to do. I listened with intense interest to every word and drank in every thought, so eager was I to learn the way of salvation. Finally he said: 'Some will ask, "What must I do to be saved?"' He paused for a moment, which to me seemed more like an age. So anxious was I for the answer, that I found myself rising to my feet, to urge him on with the explanation. 'You can't do anything,' he said. 'You are dead in sin. You can't even think a good thought or say a good word. But how and when can you be saved?' he continued. 'You can be saved by the grace and power of God, and that only when He sends His Holy Spirit into your depraved heart and regenerates your corrupt soul. He sends His Spirit upon whom He will, and so mysteriously does the power of God come that you cannot tell "whence it

cometh and whither it goeth." When He gets ready to save you, He will do it. It matters not where you are or what you are doing. I have known Him to save people in various ways, and in different places. I have known Him to save them in the church, the home, the shop and the field. Paul says, "And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness." That is true, brethren. God's word is a mystery to some, and He saves some in a mysterious way.' At the close of his sermon he said: 'Now all that want to be saved, just seek the Lord while He might be found. He says, "Seek and ye shall find," and again He said to John on the Isle of Patmos: "Behold I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with Me." He called upon us sinners to open the door of our hearts and let the blessed Savior in, and then he said: 'Brethren, let us engage in a season of prayer, that God will graciously pour out His Spirit upon the unsaved today.' He prayed long and earnest that God would save every sinner there that hour. But God evidently did not answer that prayer, for I went away feeling condemned, my soul was sick and my mind was at sea.

"That Sunday evening I went to hear the Reverend O., a man who is not only consecrated, but a man whose scholarship is not questioned. His subject was, 'How Man is Redeemed from Sin.' He said in part that man had no choice in the matter, that God saved whom he willed to be saved, without any action whatever on the part of the person saved, and that He passed all of those by whom He willed to be lost, and that the number to be saved was so definitely fixed in His mind in the beginning that it can neither be increased or diminished. I went home, but could

not sleep. I could not see how God could refuse to save me, when I was so anxious to be saved. I wondered if I was one of those that God had passed by. I could not see why Dr. J. told us that we could not do anything to save ourselves, and then tell us to seek and we would find. I could not see how God could save some and reject others, without being a respecter of persons. The next morning I went and bought two Bibles, one for you and one for myself. I have read all of the New Testament, and I have never seen where Jesus said that we were guilty of Adam's sin or that we cannot do anything to save ourselves. I have never seen where He said that we were totally depraved. I have never seen where God has elected some to eternal life and some to condemnation, and that without any action on their part. But I read in there somewhere where He said: 'Not every one that sayeth unto Me, "Lord, Lord," shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven.'" And where He said. 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' Brother, it seems to me like those two passages of scripture teach that our salvation depends upon something that we must do, and that God has invited, not just those who have been elected to eternal life, but that all, everybody, is invited. Though I don't know; both of those preachers are good men, and great scholars, and they know more about it than I do. But I give you this book; take it and read it. May it prove a blessing to both the giver and the receiver. May it lead us into the paths of righteousness here and give us an eternal home in the Banqueting House of God above. When you have learned the way of life, let me know; I am anxious to obey my Savior."

Clyde reached his palsied hand for the book, raised

his tear-filled eyes to hers, and said:

"Sister, I accept this token of your love. I promise you that I will read it, and if there is any consistency in its teaching, if any harmony in its construction, if it makes plain the way of life, I will endeavor to learn it, and just as soon as I know my duty to God I will do it."

"I will prize God's word from now on as I never have before," said Grace. "May God speed the day when you can return to us, restored in health, and may He grant, too, that you will be as efficient in handling the Bible as you are in handling your engine, and may you pilot the gospel train as safely into the eternal city of God as you did the Limited into the city of C. tonight."

Clyde talked over his plans with his mother, while Grace was busy arranging his trunk. She was careful to gather up everything that she thought would be of any use to him while he was away. They retired late that night, but rose early the next morning. Soon the drayman called for his trunk. Clyde turned to his mother and sister, threw his arms around them, kissed them and departed, too much overcome to speak. They followed him to the door and watched him until he turned and waved the last farewell, and then turned and went back into the house which seemed so large and lonely, while Clyde, for the first time in life, was turned out to face a cold and unfriendly world alone.

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

"Good morning, Mr. B.," said Clyde, as he entered the office and slowly closed the door behind him.

The Superintendent, who was seated at his desk, raised his eyes and fastened them upon the trembling form of the young man, and said:

"Good morning, Clyde." And at the same time he rose to his feet, greeted the young engineer kindly, and offered him a chair.

Clyde sat down and Mr. B. said:

"You have come after your pass, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"To what point in the West have you decided to go?"

"I think," said the young engineer, "that I will go to T., Colorado. My mother and I talked it over last night and we both thought that if I had to go at all that would be the best place for me on account of the high altitude and pure air."

"A good selection," said the Superintendent. "You will find that a good, healthful place. The air is pure and the water is as good as ever flowed from beneath the hills. There are plenty of fish in the streams, and the woods are chuckful of all kinds of game. There are plenty of bear and other large animals that you can hunt which will furnish you a great deal of sport and recreation. I was out there two years ago and dropped in with some jolly good fellows. And, say, Clyde, I was a physical wreck

when I went there, but I happened to get in with a gang of hunters, 'Old Brad's Gang,' they called themselves. They pushed me right out on their hunts with them. I ate beans and bear's meat and practiced shooting and fishing, until I got so I could handle the gun and fishing-rod quite as good as they could. I remember real well the first bear that I killed. I was on a little pony that old Brad called 'Brownny.' He was a swift little fellow and as quick as lightning, too quick for me. We started out on our hunt early one morning and after we had ridden about an hour I got separated from the other fellows, and while I was looking for them I saw just what I was not looking for—a bear—about one hundred yards from me. I took my rifle and shot at him, but the ball did not kill him, as I hoped that it would do, but evidently it hurt him. He gave a ferocious growl and started towards me. Old 'Brownny' seemed to take in the situation pretty thoroughly and concluded that there was danger in staying there longer and started so suddenly that he jumped from under me and I fell on the ground at his heels. The bear was still coming on, and I thought that my marksmanship was not very accurate and that the best thing for me to do would be to climb a tree, which I did a great deal quicker than I can tell it. Unlike most fellows, scared as badly as I was, I had presence of mind enough to hold on to my gun. My thoughtfulness in that respect, however, may be accounted for in the following way: Before leaving camp, I took a rein from 'Old Brownny's' halter and tied one end in the trigger-guard and the other end in the ring near the point of the stalk, taking care to allow plenty of slack so I could swing it around my neck and use the gun, without taking it from my shoulder. When the big black monster

came up in his mad rush, I put a ball directly through his heart, and he rolled over dead. I will tell you, Clyde, it is fine sport to bring one of those big fellows down, and I assure you that the first one that you kill you will think it worth a whole year's salary just to see him fall. You go out there and get in with some good fellows like I did and let them feed you on bear's meat, beans and wild turkey, and let them give you a few lessons in fishing, hunting and broncho riding, and you will get as fat as a stall-fed ox. But when you come back, you had better have your mother come down to the office and introduce you to the boys here, for you will be such a changed man that we will not know you."

A bright smile lighted up Clyde's face and he said:

"I hope you're right, Mr. B.; but I am more inclined to believe that I have pulled the throttle on the Limited for the last time."

Mr. B. turned to his chief clerk and told him to write the pass, which he did and handed it to the Superintendent, who signed it and reached it to the young man. Clyde took the pass, bid Mr. B. and the boys in the office good-bye, turned and walked slowly to the Union Station, where he was met by a number of his old railroad friends who came to bid him the last farewell before he started on his long journey. Soon the train rushed up to the station and Clyde stepped on board, and as it pulled out he walked to the rear end of the car, waved the last good-bye to his anxious friends, turned and walked back in the car and sat down. He gazed out the window at the familiar scenes as they seemed to pass so rapidly by, while he for the first time in life experienced that unpleasant feeling which comes to every young man who for the first time leaves a mother, sister and the dear old home of his childhood.

32. FROM THE THROTTLE TO THE THRONE.

As the train rolled rapidly on, lengthening the distance between him and his home, and just as it entered the State of Colorado, he noticed a tall man come into the coach, walk steadily down the aisle and sit down in the seat just in front of him. The man had a short, stubby beard all over his face, wore a white hat with a broad brim, gray trousers and a hunter's coat. Clyde reached over and touched the stranger lightly on the shoulder. The man turned his head and Clyde said:

"Pardon me, stranger. Can you tell me how far it is to T.?"

"About a hundred miles from here," he said gruffly; "quite a different country from what you see here. Are you going to stop at T.?"

"Yes, sir; I am intending to stop there," said Clyde.

"Do you know anyone there?" continued the stranger.

"No, sir; no one at all."

The stranger turned almost around in his seat, let his large rough arm fall heavily upon Clyde's pale, bony hand, which was lying upon the back of the seat, raised his keen black eyes and gave Clyde a close, scrutinizing look which made the young man tremble.

"You," said the stranger in a rough, coarse voice, "don't look like anyone I ever saw around T. I didn't think that you had ever been there very much. You look to me more like some tenderfoot, or some detective from the East. If you are, my advice to you, young man, is to take the next train and start for home. Some one will fill you full of buckshot. We 'can' such fellows as you, if we see them acting in a suspicious way around our camp."

"I am not a detective," said Clyde in a trembling

voice. "I am coming to Colorado for my health. I did not want to come, but the doctors told me that I must change climates."

"That old, worn-out excuse does not go any more out here," said the stranger. "We fellows around T. behave ourselves, 'tend to our own business and do not allow anyone else to do it for us. You will be watched and if you behave right all will be well, but let me serve notice on you right now, before you ever put your feet on the soil around T., that if you go around trying to pry into some one else's business, or act like you are looking for some one, you will find him; but your friends, if you have any, will never know your burying place."

"I have always been a hard-working man, I am honest, and my only reason for coming out here is as I told you: I am coming for my health," said Clyde.

The stranger took Clyde by the arm, turned and looked him right in the face. Clyde's whole body shook—and why should it not? Never before had he been talked to so roughly by anyone. He contrasted the words of the stranger with the kind words of the Superintendent and the loving words of his affectionate mother and sister. His poor heart fluttered as he looked into the face of the stranger. He wished that he would have remained at home, where he could have died, surrounded by his mother and sister and friends, instead of falling into the hands of so rough a stranger.

"I will admit, sir," said the stranger, "that your health can be improved on, providing you don't die before the climate can take any effect on you. But, sir, how am I to know that you are honest? How do I know that you are a hard-working man? Your health does not show it. Judging from your looks,

some one has picked you up and sent you out here as a spy or a detective, thinking that we would believe your story about searching for health. I have seen a number of just such scapegoats as you might be. They come out here and look around as if they thought our camp was a rendezvous for horse thieves and cut-throats. We are tired of it. It reflects on our country and people. A man has got to be as straight as a string if he stays around our camp. Where are you from, anyway?"

"I am from the city of C.," said the young man.

"I must say that you are from a mighty good place. I have a big warm spot in my heart for one man that lives in C."

"What is his name? Maybe I know him," continued Clyde.

"You know him?" said the stranger. "No, indeed not. He belongs to an entirely different class of men from what you do. You may know some of those dudes around there, but, judging from your looks, you would not know this fellow, nor would he give you as much as a passing look if he were to meet you on the street."

"It is possible, of course, that I would not know him, but it is more probable that I would. I have lived there all of my life and know all of the business and railroad men. You can tell me his name, and I can tell you whether I know him or not."

"I don't know his name," said the stranger. "I was through that place about four years ago. I was on the 'New York Limited.' You talk about a train a-running—that thing run! I told my pard that was with me, that it was not running, but it was flying. When we looked out of the window, we could see only a green streak, and when we would pass a town, it was just a glimmer and then it was gone. I asked

the conductor if that engineer was drunk or crazy, or what was the matter with him. He told me that he was a young man, and that he was the best engineer on the road; that his father was an engineer and that the young man was, as he said, 'reared on an engine.' He said that he had been running on the Limited about two years, I asked the conductor his name and he told me. I wrote the name in a book, so I would always know it. I told my pard, that if I ever met that engineer, I was going to give him a good hard handshake and invite him out to our camp. I would like to look into the face and shake the hand of a man that has as much nerve as that fellow has. I told my pard that I would like to have my tent filled up with just such fellows as he is. I will bet that he would make a bear hunter and a broncho buster to a finish."

"Where is your book?" said Clyde. "I think that I know all of the engineers that run on that road."

"I don't know whether I have that book with me or not. I hardly ever carry it with me," said the stranger, as he rose to his feet and began to fumble through his pockets. "No, I haven't it, unless it is in the other car in my fur coat pocket. Let us go in there and see."

Clyde had begun to suspect the stranger. He thought that he might be some highway robber, who was setting a trap for him and he was blindly walking into it. Reluctantly he arose and followed, more through fear to refuse to go than a desire to follow. He walked closely behind him as he passed out of one car into another, believing that he had fallen an easy victim to his snare. The stranger moved steadily up the aisle until he came to a seat on which an old and badly worn telescope and a heavy fur coat were lying. He pushed these to the end of the cush-

tion next to the wall, turned the seat in front of his and told Clyde to sit down, while he picked up the coat and resumed his search for the little book. Clyde sat down and watched the stranger as he pulled from his pocket a little book which was not only badly worn but torn as well.

"Here it is," he said.

"All right," said Clyde. "I am glad that you have found it. I think that I know every man who has pulled the throttle on the Limited for the last ten years, and it is very probable that I know the man that you rode behind."

The stranger laid the book on the seat in front of him and took an old cob pipe from his pocket, filled it with "homespun" tobacco, took a match from a metal case, gave it a quick rake down the side of the car, lighted his pipe and soon had a great volume of smoke floating about his head.

"I can talk better and think better if I can get my pipe to going just right. It seems to start my thinker to thinking and my tongue to talking better," he said, as he raised his head and sent a cloud of smoke almost to the ceiling of the car.

"Now, let me see," he continued as he reached for the little book. "I believe I wrote that name near the middle of the book."

Clyde watched him closely as he slowly turned the leaves.

"Yes, sir; here is the name," he said.

"All right; read it," said the young man.

"Clyde Newman. Do you know him?" he said, as he raised his keen eyes to Clyde's.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever associate with him?" quickly asked the stranger.

"Yes, sir," said the young man.

"Well, did he ever associate with you?" continued the stranger.

"He has; yes, sir."

"How long have you and this man associated together?" asked the stranger.

"Almost thirty-eight years."

"Look here, young man," said the stranger, "I will have to form a better opinion of you, or my estimation of that man will be lowered. If you know that Clyde Newman, you know the best engineer that ever boarded an engine or pulled a throttle, and one that can make an engine pace along just a little faster than anybody I ever saw. Say, young man, there is a chap that I would like to meet. When that conductor told me about him, and about how loyal and faithful he was, I said: 'There is a man after my own heart.' I would like to just look into the face of a man that has the nerve to handle an engine and make a train slip along like that fellow did. Gee! but I wish he could have had hold of this engine to-day! We would have been in T. two hours ago."

Clyde took his pass from his pocket and handed it to the stranger, who took it and read aloud the following words: "Pass Clyde Newman from C. to T., Colorado; account engineer.—B."

The stranger quickly rose to his feet, reached the young man his hand, and said:

"And this is Clyde Newman? I feel just like some one should whip me all over this car. I have called you a fake, accused you of being a thief, a robber and everything else. Pardon me, Clyde, and let me give that hand of yours a good shake. Right from now on you shall be my pard. Say, Clyde, that man B.—I know him like a brother. Two years ago he was out here and camped with me for three or four months. He is a jolly good fellow. That man was

as thin as a rail when he came out here. He did not have enough blood in his veins to stain a white handkerchief. But you bet he did not stay that way long. I took him in and fed him beans and wild meats, and ran him over the mountains, chasing bear and turkey, and it was not long until he was as fat as a hog that had been running on the mast all summer. How is he now? All right?"

"Yes," said Clyde. "I saw him just a few mornings ago. He was all right then. He told me that he was out here, some time ago, and that he dropped in with a jolly good gang. I believe he said that they called themselves 'Brad's Gang.' He said he hoped that I would find just such a crowd."

"Ha, ha!" chuckled the stranger. "That is right; he was in a jolly good crowd. This is Dick Bradley; they call me 'Brad' for short. I have a crowd of the finest men you ever saw. I won't have any other kind. I look over the country and when I see a man that is a good fellow and has a nerve of steel, one that is not afraid to walk right up to an old bear and shoot him down like he would a lamb, I go to him and ask him to join my crowd. That way I have managed to get a good set of men, and I can depend on them to a man. They are not a long-faced, sanctimonious sort of men, but they believe in enjoying life. They are a little rough in their way, but better blood was never pumped through any veins, nor braver hearts never beat than theirs. I will tell you, Clyde, there is too much selfishness in this world, but my tent door is wide open, and just as long as there is room for a man to lay down, and just as long as I have a pound of beans, or a piece of bear meat left, I say to the hungry and tired, 'Come on.' They may call Old Brad rough and all of that, but he has a heart, that does not only sympathize with but

reaches out to help those that are hungry. The world may be full of sympathy, but what does that amount to? Bread and meat and a place to sleep is what counts. That is my doctrine."

"Well, well," he continued, "and this is Clyde Newman? You shall go right to my camp. I bet I will put some blood in those veins, and fat you up some, too."

"My physicians," said Clyde, "told me to come to the mountains, fish and hunt. I am glad that I met you. I shall try to make the best of the opportunity."

"Opportunity, nothing!" said Brad. "I never will forget that splendid ride you gave me on the Limited. That ride down the road pays for that 'opportunity' as you call it. Any man that has the nerve to run over the road like you did that day, can do anything. You won't be here a month until you can chase a bear right out of his den. I have a broncho over at the camp that our old pard, Mr. B., rode. He is a dandy, too. He understands hunting bears better than two-thirds of the men that are trying to make it a business. And, say, Clyde, I have a rifle there that just can't be beat. When you pull down on old mister bear, he is yours, providing you hit him near the heart; but, if you don't, you had better let old 'Brownny' have the rein and hold onto the saddle, for he is going to take you away right now."

"All right," said the young engineer. "I will be pleased to accept your kind offer and shall endeavor to prove myself worthy of your hospitality. Although I am afraid that I will make a poor hunter. I believe that I can handle a throttle with a great deal more skill than I can a gun, and ride an engine much easier than I can a broncho."

"I know," said the stranger, as he dropped his heavy hand upon the young man's knee, "that you

can handle a throttle and ride an engine just a little bit better than anybody I ever saw, but with your nerve the gun and pony will be but playthings for you in a short time. Tomorrow we will go out on a hunt. I know where there are several bears. We will go out and you can try your luck on the first one that we see. But, here, we have got to be getting ready to get off here. The next stop is T."

Soon the train stopped and the two men stepped off, and Mr. Bradley said:

"Let us go around here to the store and see if Sandy has come."

They walked around the station to a little store, where they were met by a low, round-faced, heavily built man, and Bradley said:

"Hello, Sandy?"

"Hello, Brad?" came the answer.

"Sandy," said Bradley, "shake hands with the best engineer in the United States, Mr. Clyde Newman. This is John Sandusky; we have pruned his name, too. We call him Sandy."

Clyde shook hands with him, and Bradley said:

"Sandy, this is the man that I was telling you about. You remember that I told you that while I was in the East the last time that I rode on the 'New York Limited,' and how that train run?"

"Yes," said Sandy.

"Well, sir, right here is the man that pulled the throttle, that sent that engine like a bird over the road. He has come out to stay six months or longer with us. He knows our good old friend, Mr. B."

"Ah," said Sandy; "let us shake hands again for him. A bully good fellow, he is. Did he tell you about killing the bear?"

"Yes," said Clyde. "He told me about that the morning that I left there."

"I can show you the very spot where he was and show you the tree that he climbed. He knocked nearly all of the bark off of the tree, trying to get to the first limb! Ha, ha!" chuckled Sandy.

"Here, here; come now, Sandy. Go and get the broncos; let us be going. How many did you bring?"

"I brought three," said Sandy. "I just supposed that you would play the Samaritan act and bring some one home with you."

"How far is it?" Clyde asked.

"About thirty miles," said Bradley. "I suppose that you would run that distance in about twenty-five minutes on the Limited? It will take us several hours on the ponies."

Sandy came around with the broncos, and Mr. Bradley took his telescope and coat and tied them on the saddle, pointed to old Brownny, his favorite pony, and told Clyde to get on it. All mounted, they started off in a fast trot and were soon lost from the sight of the little village in the depth of the mountains.

CHAPTER V.

A RACE AGAINST DEATH.

Thirty miles or more away from any city or village, hid away in a dark bend, formed into a horse-shoe shape, by the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, the stranger's attention would have been attracted to a hunter's camp. There were no railroads within hearing distance. No electric cars, such as we now see in the East, nor even a stage route ran by his door. But only a narrow pony trail, which wound around the steep mountain sides and plunged through the deep canyons as it led its way to the mountaineer's lonely home. So completely was it isolated and shut in from the great outside world, that one could have looked in any direction and their gaze would have been met only by the towering mountains which stood lifting their snow-capped peaks high up into the heavens.

This home was a rude affair. It consisted of only two apartments. One a low cabin, built of heavy logs, covered with thick slabs, split from the bodies of large trees. It had but one door, which was provided with a heavy shutter, made from the same material as the roof. There were no windows, but the large cracks between the logs served as so many ventilators through which the pure mountain air and floods of light could pour into the roughly constructed room. This building was used not only as a sleeping and storage room, but it afforded them somewhat of a protection from their nocturnal enemies which lie in their deep, dark caves in the rocks during the day, but rise with the falling of the dark

mantle, under which they go and, with one ferocious roar and mighty bound, leap upon their unsuspecting and sleeping prey. Directly in front of this building was their "kitchen and dining-room." It was made together under one tent. Their range upon which they did their cooking was constructed by making an opening in the ground near one corner of the tent. It was about eighteen inches wide, twenty inches deep, and two feet long, and was walled with thin rocks which were set upon edge. Over this opening was placed an old stove top, to which were attached three or four joints of pipe, the object of which was to lead the smoke out of the tent. Four posts were driven into the ground and sawed even, or as nearly so as the trained eye of the hunter could measure. Pieces were nailed across these at the top, over which were placed some rough boards, that served as their dining-table. While blocks, sawed from small trees, and boxes that had been carried on ponies from the distant villages, were their only chairs.

One cool, frosty night in the month of April, while there was not even a gentle breeze to disturb a leaf or a twig, and the silvery moon, in all her beauty, was looking down upon the earth, as it lay wrapped in a deathlike silence, which was unbroken save by the lonesome howl of some lonely wolf calling to its mate, the low, coarse hooting of the large mountain owl, or the heavy tread of some wild animal in search of his midnight supper, between eleven and twelve o'clock the sound of horses' feet was heard in the distance, and three men rode up to the tent, dismounted, turned their horses loose to graze, and slowly walked to the door of the cabin.

"Hello, Bill!" said one of the men, as his voice rang out on the midnight air.

"Hello, Brad," came the response from the inside, while at the same time the heavy footfalls of its author were heard as he walked to the door, turned the large latch and swung open the heavy shutter.

"Well, how are you, Bill?" said Bradley, as he took Clyde by the arm and gently pushed him towards the open door. "Here, shake hands with Mr. Clyde Newman. This is Bill McCoy, one of my men." The two shook hands and Bradley continued, saying:

"Mr. Newman's home is in C. He has come out to stay six months or more with us. You will find him not only a good, jolly fellow, but a man with a nerve sufficient to brave the lion in his den."

Bill stood and gazed at the young engineer, as the bright rays of the moon fell upon his thin, pale cheeks; while Clyde stood and looked into the keen black eyes of the strong man and wondered if a six months' stay in the mountains would make him the proud recipient of the same wonderful blessings that others whom he knew had received by so short a sojourn in the high range of the Rockies. Or would he feel again the same disappointment that he did the day he bade farewell to his fond mother and sister and have to return to them, more broken in health than when he left them?

"Humph!" thought Bill. "Old Brad has gotten gloriously fooled this time, if he has picked up this tenderfoot thinking that he is a man of nerve. The first owl that hoots tonight will scare him half to death, and the first bear track that he sees tomorrow will finish him. But the fun John and I will have out of him will more than pay the trouble and funeral expenses."

Bradley stepped into the half-lighted room, walked to one corner and in rough, coarse voice called out:

"John, get up!"

Almost instantly a broad red-faced, curly-haired mountaineer sat up in the bed, slowly began to move towards the edge, one step more, and a two-hundred-pound man stood on the floor. He turned his dark eyes toward Clyde, placed his hand upon his pistol, and gazed for a moment at the young stranger. But as the flickering rays of the tallow lamp fell upon Clyde, he read the innocent smile that was stamped upon his manly face; he turned, looked straight at Bradley, and said:

"This is a nice time to get a fellow out of bed. What do you want?"

"What do I want?" said Bradley. "After a fellow has traveled all day and half of the night without even smelling any grub, and then ask him what he wants!"

"I didn't know," said John, as he yawned and rubbed his swollen eyes. "I thought from the way you called me that maybe the bears were tearing the roof off of the old shack, or else Indians were about to take the camp."

"Here, meet Mr. Clyde Newman from the city of C. This is John Louden. You will find out before you are here many days that he can do full credit to his name, too," said Bradley.

John reached Clyde his hand as he passed him, winked at Bill, and the two men passed out of the building into the tent and began to prepare supper for the three late arrivals.

"Gee!" said Bill, as he began to arrange the tin plates and cups on the table, "I didn't know that Old Brad was going to start a kindergarten or an orphans' home out here in the mountains. About the next thing that he will have to do will be to stop the cracks in the old cabin, put in a furnace

heat, and hire a nurse."

"That is about right," said John. "Wonder what incubator he got him out of? If we have any fun out of the youngster, we have got to do it right away."

"You have said something now, John. I am afraid that bear meat and beans will be a little too strong for his stomach, and, as we have no milk, Old Brad will have to take his babe back to the home. We must take him out on a bear hunt tomorrow. One trip will do him, so we must get in our work at once."

"We will have a rifle practice tomorrow morning," said John, "and see if he can stand to hear one crack. I don't suppose that he ever heard anything louder than a fire-cracker, fire alarm or the whistle of a locomotive."

"We will saddle Old Bucking Joe, who will give him the first introduction to camp life. We want him to take every degree and get the full benefit of the initiation ceremony, and Old Bucking Joe will give him a good starter," said Bill.

"'Mr. Clyde Newman'! Old Brad is getting 'high-falutin' in his old days. Ha, ha!" chuckled Bill. "We will take the handle off of that gentleman's name. We will make him think that it is just old common 'Clyde' before the sun sets again."

"John, go tell Brad to bring Sandy and his 'Mr. Clyde Newman' and come to supper."

John stepped to the door of the cabin and said:

"Brad, you, Sandy, and 'Mr. Newman' may come to supper now."

Bradley looked up at John and caught the smile upon his broad face and took in the situation immediately. He thought of how badly he was deceived in the looks of the young man and well knew

that Bill and John would be equally if not worse deceived than he was. He rose and was followed into the tent by Sandy and Clyde, and when they were seated at the table Bill said:

"This is your first trip to the mountains, is it not, 'Mr. Newman'?"

"My first trip to these mountains; yes, sir," said Clyde.

"Did you ever hunt any?" asked John, as he looked across at Bill, who was standing behind Clyde, watching him trying to drink coffee from a tin that was so hot that it burned his lips.

"Some—not very much," said the young engineer. "I told Mr. Bradley that I was afraid that I would make a very poor hunter. But I am pleased to know that I will have such splendid teachers."

"There are a great many bears in these mountains. Sometimes they come up to our camp during the night and very often they break into houses and kill people," said Bill, who was surprised to see that his words had no effect on the young man.

"That is very unfortunate," said Clyde firmly.

After finishing their supper, they returned to the log building, and Clyde being greatly fatigued from his long journey retired and slept soundly during the remaining hours of the night. They arose early and after the morning meal Bill suggested that they have a rifle practice. Accordingly he tacked a piece of white paper on a tree, put a small black spot on it, and stepped back eighty yards.

"Here," he said as he reached the gun to Clyde, "you have the first shot this morning."

"You shoot first," said Clyde.

"Go ahead," said Bill. "Knock the black out of that paper."

John touched Bill on the shoulder and in a sup-

pressed tone said:

"You had better put a bigger paper up there, if you want to see how close he comes to that mark. He will miss that tree, but I guess he can hit the side of the mountain."

"Ha, ha," chuckled Bill, who was amused to see Clyde holding the gun, which looked to be almost half as large as he was. "I suppose if he misses that mountain, the ball will get back to the earth somewhere; he will not miss everything," he said with a smile.

Clyde took the gun and fired, the ball striking about one inch below the mark. John looked at Bill in utter astonishment, then looked at the young man and wondered if it was an accident or was it possible that he could be deceived in him.

"Try again," he said.

"No, no," said Clyde, as he leaned the gun against a nearby tree. "You shoot and cut the center."

John took the gun, leveled his eye over the barrel, and sent a ball about one inch to the left of the mark. Bill shot, but the ball went wild, striking about two inches above.

"'Mr. Newman', try it again. I believe that you are the best marksman on the ground," said Bill, as he winked at John and passed the gun to Clyde.

Clyde took the rifle and as it fell on a level with the mark his keen eye caught the sights. Scarcely had the echo from the report of the rifle rang out against the rocks and trees on the mountain side, than John exclaimed:

"He knocked center!"

"An accident," drolled Bill, who was not only disappointed, but more angry than pleased with the accuracy with which the young man could handle the gun.

"Put up another mark," said Clyde, who understood too well the object of the rifle practice.

John walked to the tree and with a piece of charcoal placed another mark on the paper and stepped back out of the way of the bullet.

"He can't do it again," said Bill, as he stepped nervously about the tent.

Clyde took the gun and brought it down as before, and again the mark disappeared. He reached the gun to John and walked to where Bradley was lying in the shade of a tree, enjoying his morning smoke.

"Gee!" said Bill, "that hypocrite needn't tell me that he has never been in these mountains before. If he can ride Bucking Joe like he can shoot, the fun will all be going his way before evening."

"You have done them just right. They expected to have some fun by seeing you miss that tree," said Bradley, as he slapped Clyde on the knee. "But I knew from what that conductor on the Limited told me that they would get gloriously picked up at their own game. He said that you had practiced with your rifle from your cab window and that you could pick a bird off of the wing, while your engine was running twenty-five or more miles an hour. I told him that if you could handle a rifle like you could the throttle, that there was not a maa in my camp that could hold a candle for you to shoot by."

"I believe," said Clyde, "that I can hit that mark nine times out of ten. I know I could if I had my own gun."

"Come, boys," said Bradley, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe against his boot-heel and started into the tent, "get the ponies and let us be going."

"We will saddle Old Bucking Joe for Brad's 'Mr. Clyde Newman'," said Bill with a smile as he laid

the rifle on the ground and started across a small stream of water, on the other side of which a dozen or more pines were grazing. He soon returned riding one horse and leading another—a large black well-muscled horse that no man had ever been able to ride.

“‘Mr. Newman’,” said Bill, “as this is your first trip to the mountains, John and I thought that we would let you ride Old Joe. He is fat and sleek and the best saddler that ever had a girth buckled around him. He can carry a man further in a day and do it easier than any horse in Colorado. When you see a bear he will take you right up to him, and his training, together with your good marksmanship, will enable you to bring several of the big fellows down today.”

“Is he gentle?” asked Clyde, unsuspectingly.

“Sure,” said John, who, like Bill, was anxious to see him get “throwed” by the bucking pony. “Anyone who can sit in the saddle can ride old Joe. As this is to be your first hunt, we thought it best to let you have the gentlest horse we have.”

“My experience in horseback riding has been very limited, and I am sure that you and Mr. McCoy are very generous and considerate of my welfare, to offer me such a gentle and trusty horse. Such an act could be prompted only by kindness on your part, for which my appreciation knows no bounds.”

“Get on and help me round up the other ponies,” said Bill, who was not only anxious to see Clyde thrown from the horse, but wanted to see it done before Bradley could come out and stop the fun.

“I will try him, although I am afraid my service in the round-up will not be worth much to you,” said the young man, as he buckled on his spurs, placed his left foot in the stirrup and swung him-

self into the saddle.

John let loose of the bridle. The pony bowed his back, stiffened his legs and stood perfectly still.

"Use your spurs," said John, with a smile playing all over his broad face.

Clyde thrust the keen spurs into the horse's sides, and the wild animal leaped forward, throwing his head to the ground. Clyde reined him up, and again he plunged forward; he stood on his hind feet, then on his front ones. He sprang forward, ran backwards and leaped sideways, but the young engineer sat erect in his saddle and calmly held the reins of the bucking pony.

"Look at him! Old Joe is about worn out; he will ride him, too," said John, as he rushed to Bill, who, with an expression of disappointment and jealousy stamped on his face, was watching the young man.

"I cut the front saddle girt more than half in two. I thought if Old Joe couldn't throw him, that maybe it would break and he would fall off, but it looks like it is going to hold until Old Joe gives out," said Bill.

"Look!" said John excitedly.

Bill raised his head, just as the horse plunged down a deep canyon and saw the saddle swinging by one girt at his side, and Clyde, with both arms extended, falling at his feet. Sandy stepped to the door of the tent just as Clyde's body struck the ground, and rushed to his side.

"Are you hurt?" asked Sandy, as he picked him up in his strong arms and laid him in the shade of a tree, and was rubbing his face and working his arms when Bradley came to them.

"John, you and Bill come here. I believe that Mr. Newman is killed," said Bradley, as he looked at the

young man who was lying on the ground. Clyde's face was wearing a deathlike color, his eyes were closed, every muscle was relaxed, and thick dark blood was oozing from his nose.

"Oh, hurry! Let us save him!" said Sandy to Bill and John, who had stopped within a few feet of Clyde.

"He is not hurt," said Bill. "What if he is—what would it amount to? He is only a tenderfoot dude. I am going after that horse that he let get away."

"What is the matter with him?" Bradley asked.

"Old Joe throwed him," said John.

"Old Joe never throwed him," said Sandy. "He could have ridden him, but the girt broke, and the saddle turned and throwed him off."

Clyde opened his eyes and looked at Sandy, who was still kneeling at his side.

"Are you hurt, Mr. Newman?" he asked.

"No; I am not hurt. I am just stunned a little," he said as he tried to rise.

"Let me help you," said Sandy, as he took his hand and raised him to his feet.

"I am all right now," said Clyde as he took his handkerchief and wiped the blood from his face.

"That was all Bill's fault, and he shall account for it," said Bradley, as his sharp gaze fell upon Bill, who was returning riding his own pony and leading Old Joe.

"Don't hurt him," said Clyde, faintly. "I am all right now. I don't think Mr. McCoy is to blame. The girt broke, or I could have ridden the horse."

"We know he is to blame," said Sandy. "He knew that horse had never been ridden."

"I can't think that he intended to do me an evil, but if he did it is all right with me. The best Man that the earth has ever known was persecuted,

abused and betrayed, by some who claimed to be His best friends. But 'When He was reviled, reviled not again: when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously.' He returned good for evil and His Holy Book teaches me to do the same. If Bill tried to do me an evil, I shall in turn do him good, if the opportunity ever presents itself," said Clyde.

At this juncture Bill rode up and Bradley said:

"What are you bringing that bucking pony up here again for?"

"For 'Mr. Clyde Newman'," he said, as he looked across at John, half smiling.

"You turn that horse loose, and put the saddle on Old Browny. There is not a man in this camp that can ride that bucking pony, unless it is Mr. Newman, and you know it."

"I can," said John.

"You," said Bradley, "would not get on his back, if it would save the life of the best friend you have, and you know it."

"Try me," said John, boastingly.

"Don't let him bluff you," said Bill as he threw the reins into John's hands.

"That horse is dangerous. It will take a better man than you or John to ride him," continued Bradley.

"Humph!" said Bill. "John will show you and 'Mr. Newman' in about a minute how to ride a wild horse, and you can see what cowards you are."

At this juncture the wild pony began to back, his red nostrils began to spread, his eyes were almost bursting out of his head and looked like two balls of fire, and his whole body shook. John's face turned pale as he wrapped the long rope rein around a tree.

The pony reared up on his hind feet and began to

strike at John with his front ones. He leaped to one side and knockel Bill off of his horse. Bill's foot hung in the saddle stirrup, and without a second's warning his pony sprang forward, kicking at him as he dragged him on against the trees and over the sharp rocks as he plunged on in his mad flight down the steep mountain side.

"Save him, save him!" cried Bradley.

"What? what?" said John, as he stood trembling and began to let loose the rein of the plunging pony.

"Go after him—go!" said Bradley, as he took John by the arm and pushed him towards the bucking pony. "Save the life of your best friend as you said you would."

"I can't go, or I would," cried John, as he turned to Clyde and said:

"Oh, can you save him? Mr. Newman, save poor Bill!"

"Yes, I can save him," said the dauntless young hero, as he instantly jerked the rein from John's trembling hands and leaped upon the back of the mad charger, which almost stood up like a man. Clyde plunged his keen spurs into his beating sides. He made one mighty leap forward and threw his head almost to the ground, but the young engineer calmly reined him up, pressed the spurs into his flanks and the wild beast bounded forward. Bradley and John stood speechless and as immovable as two statues and gazed at the daring young stranger as he rushed on in his mad race with death. With his slender body slightly leaning forward, his hands gripping the reins, and his firm, steady gaze fixed upon the running object before him, he urged on his panting steed. He steadily gained on Bill's pony until he reached his side. Once more he thrust his spurs into the horse's bleeding sides, which made

him leap forward. He reined in front, sprang from his saddle and caught the bridle of the running horse. The frightened pony tried to whirl and jerk loose from him, but, though his body was frail, he stood like a Samson. His muscles, though small, seemed to turn to muscles of steel. The horse reared and began to cut his face, arms and breast with his sharp hoofs, but, bathed in his own blood, undaunted, he stood and wrestled with the mad animal. He straightened his right arm and with a strength that he had never known before he brought the horse to his feet and held him. He reached his other arm and freed from the stirrup the broken and mangled limb of the unconscious man at his side.

He turned and looked into the blood-stained face of the wounded man, walked to a small brook, filled his hat with water, came and kneeled down by his side and washed the blood and dust from his bruised face. He raised Bill's head and pillowed it tenderly in his own wounded and blood-covered arms and was looking down upon the closed eyes of him who, but a few moments before, was planning to see his own body bruised and broken, when John and Bradley came up. John fell at his feet, looked up through his blinding tears into Clyde's bleeding face. He threw his strong arms around him and said:

"Mr. Newman, you are a hero and a savior to my friend. A thousand worlds like this would not pay you for this one heroic deed."

"I have done no more for him than he would have done for me. The victory is not yet won. Let us save him," said Clyde.

"Bill," said the young hero, in a tender voice, "you are safe now. Your friends are around you."

Bill opened his eyes and looked for a moment into the eyes of the young man who was yet but a stran-

ger. In his semi-consciousness he fancied that he was a boy again, in the dear old home of his childhood.

"Is it the warm, tender hand of mother, or that of an angel?" he said, as he felt the warm blood run down upon his pale face, that oozed from Clyde's wounded fingers, as his soft hand wiped the cold drops of sweat from his brow.

Clyde's eyes filled with tears as he thought of his own invalid parent in her distant home, and wondered if Bill had a mother and how her poor heart would ache could she but know that her boy's life was at that moment hanging in the balance. He pressed him close to his breast and said:

"No one can take the place of your dear old mother, but I will be your brother."

Bill opened his eyes again and looked into Clyde's face, his lips paled and quivered, tears gushed into his eyes. He raised his wounded arms, threw them around Clyde's neck, pulled him over and kissed him.

"God bless you, you have saved me!" he said, and as, heart to heart, the blood from their wounded faces met and mingled together, thus was their friendship forever sealed by the lifeblood of each other.

"Forgive me, Mr. Newman; I don't know why I did it. I am unworthy of your kindness."

"You owe me no apology," said Clyde. "I would die for you, if it were necessary."

"You have proved that," said Bill, as he passed away into unconsciousness.

"Let us carry him to the house," said Clyde. "Go get a blanket." John rushed to the camp and soon returned with a heavy blanket, which Clyde took and carefully raised Bill and placed him on it. They carried him to the log cabin and laid him on the bed.

His wounds were dressed and he soon returned to consciousness. Clyde was his nurse and constant companion. He watched by his bed and administered to his wants with all the kindness and tenderness of a brother.

Bill improved rapidly and was soon able to go on crutches. He and Clyde would walk out and sit down on some log or rock near the camp and each one would tell the other the simple story of their life, and before the longest summer day had passed their acquaintance had ripened into a friendship that was as strong and eternal as the hills and mountains that stood around them.

CHAPTER VI.

HAD HE BEEN A MOMENT LATER.

One bright November day, while the leaves, which had been touched and painted a golden hue by the withering hand of the autumn frosts, were bathing themselves in the warm rays of the morning sun, and the squirrels and other wild inhabitants of the forest were busy storing away the ripe nuts in their winter homes, three hunters mounted their ponies and rode quietly away from the door of their tent. One was a young man who but a little more than six months before left his home in the East a pale-faced physical wreck, but who, at this time, was a large, broad-shouldered man. The pure mountain air had kissed his colorless cheeks and left the paint of its crimson lips upon his manly brow. His short stay in the mountains had not only brought again the color of youth to his face, quieted his shattered nerves and made them as steady and firm as the sturdy oak of the forest; but it had built up his frail and slender body until he no longer seemed like the same unfortunate man he was six months before; but his fondest hope, that of returning to his mother and sister, fully restored to health, was about to be realized.

"Mr. Newman," said Bradley, as he rode up by his side, "as this is to be your last hunt before you return to take charge of the Limited, I suggest that we go down in the dark bend where there is plenty of game. I want you to be able to tell our good old pard, Mr. B., that Old Brad took you to the very spot where he was treed by a bear. Ha, ha! I can see

that big, fat fellow yet, when Old Browny, that very pony that you are riding, jumped from under him, and he had to hunt a tree, and that quick, too!"

"I am very anxious that we have good success today, and that this may be a trip by which we will always remember my visit to the mountains," said the young engineer.

"Remember your trip to the mountains?" said Bradley, as he urged his pony on. "If you haven't made a hero out of yourself already, there has never been a man who has ever struck these mountains that ever did. Poor Bill! He will never forget you. Those wooden legs, that he will have to carry to his grave, will serve as a forceful reminder of the first day that you ever spent at the camp. He can thank his stars that such a man as Clyde Newman was on hand one time. You talk about nerve! If you haven't got it, there is not a man in this whole rocky range that has. A man that can board an engine and send a train down the road, or leap on the back of Old Bucking Joe and ride him like you did, must have a nerve made of iron."

"Listen!" said Clyde, as he drew the reins of old Browny and brought him to a sudden stop.

"Ah, come on," said Bradley, as he turned and looked at Clyde. "You don't hear anything. I have just been boosting that nerve of yours, but if you are going to let as little thing as the cry of a frightened bird scare you out, I shall have to change my good opinion of you."

Clyde rode on, but again a keen, shrill noise fell upon his ears. He halted and said:

"Mr. Bradley, I can't understand it. Surely it is some one in distress! It sounds like the voice of a woman."

"If you are going to lose your nerve," said Brad-

ley, "and become a tenderfoot at this late stage of the game, I will have Sandy to take you to the station, put a tag on you, and send you back to your mamma. A nerve that is as easily upset as yours is this morning couldn't kill a bear, if he were chained to a tree."

"Help! help!" came the shrill screams of a feminine voice.

"What—what can it mean?" said Bradley, as he turned and faced Clyde.

"I don't know, and this is no time to discuss the question," said the young man, as he sprang from his saddle, threw the reins into Bradley's hands and started in the direction from which the noise came.

Directly in front of him appeared a young lady, her small slender body was slightly bent forward, her long, dark brown hair was falling loosely about her shoulders as she rushed across the narrow path and started down the steep mountain side.

"Help! help!" she cried, as she plunged into and pushed her way through the thick brush that was crossed and matted in her path.

"A woman, and she is crazy!" said Bradley.

"No!" said the young man as a large black bear leaped across the path a few feet behind her.

Clyde raised his rifle to his shoulder, his keen eye caught the sights, an instant more the gun fired, and when the smoke had cleared away he saw the prostrate form of the young lady lying unconscious on the ground and the big black monster lying dead close by her side, with a bullet hole through his heart.

"You have killed him!" shouted Bradley, who was almost overcome with surprise and astonishment.

Clyde rushed to the young lady, raised her head, brushed back the long brown locks, and looked down

into her young face.

"Who can she be? Why was she out here in these wild woods alone?" he thought, as he took some water from his flask and bathed her smooth cheeks.

She opened her brown eyes and gazed for a moment at the young stranger, who was still kneeling at her side.

"Let me go!" she said. An expression of fear covered her face, her whole body shuddered, as she began to pull away from him.

"Young lady, you are safe now. Though a stranger, yet I am your friend. I will protect you and take you anywhere you want to go," said Clyde with a tenderness in his voice that he had never known, even when he took his own sister by the hand and bade her good-bye.

"Is it possible that I am saved?" she asked faintly, as she closed her eyes and passed again into unconsciousness.

Once more Clyde bathed her face, and again she opened her eyes, as she tried to raise herself, but was too weak.

"Let me help you," said Clyde as he took her hand and gently raised her to her feet.

"Oh, oh!" she cried, and sank down into Clyde's strong arms as she pointed to the dead bear which was lying close at their feet, with his large mouth open and his long white teeth showing.

"I knew He would save me," she said as she caught Clyde's large rough hand in hers.

"You knew who would save you?" asked Clyde, as his own heart heaved in his breast and began to beat faster in sympathy with that of the young lady's.

"I knew God would save me," she said, as she turned her eyes, which were beaming with intelligence and refinement, to Clyde's and caught the tears

62. FROM THE THROTTLE TO THE THRONE.

that gushed into his eyes while he looked down upon her lovely countenance as the sun's rays seemed to drive all sense of fear from her heart and dry her flowing tears with their kisses.

"Yes, I knew God would save me. He sent you to me, and I thank Him, oh, so much for it," she said.

"Tell me where your home is, and I will take you back to your mother," said Clyde.

"Oh, you can't. I can't go home; my mother won't let me," she said as fresh tears ran down her cheeks.

"What, you are not in this world all alone, are you?" asked Clyde, as he brushed the hair from her face.

"Yes—no; not all alone, though I had just as well be dead. Oh, this world is so dark and sad to me," she said.

"Tell me where you live and I will take you home," said the young man, as he looked down on the trembling form of the young lady.

"I have no home," she said with a sigh. "I once had a home, but my mother drove me away, and told me never to come back."

Clyde stood in silence and gazed at the poor, unfortunate girl, and wondered how her mother could drive her from her own home, one who was so good and lovely as she. He turned his eyes to Heaven and thanked God for such a mother as his. He contrasted his own dear parent with that of the young lady's and wondered how so much difference could exist between two women. He thought: "How cold-hearted, how base, how inhuman must be the woman that could drive this fair daughter from under her roof. Was it some crime that she had done? Was it some horrible sin that she had committed, that

made her an outcast?" "No!" His manly nature rebelled against such thoughts. "If she was good and virtuous, why did she drive her away? If she had sinned, why didn't she save her?"

"Young lady," he said, "if you have a home, tell me where it is and I will take you to it. If not, tell me the secret of your life, and I will render you any assistance that my limited ability will make possible."

"Kind sir," she said, as she gazed into Clyde's manly face, "you are a stranger to me, but I call upon Him, who knows all things and does all things well, to witness while I tell you that I have no secret in life. My life is an open book; the story is short and simple. My name is Silvey W., my home was in an Eastern city. I rebelled against, not my parents, but their religious views. I loved my Bible, but was not allowed to read it. It was taught that it was sufficient for me to hear the Word of God from those whom God had appointed to expound it to me, and that I should accept their interpretation as true. I was taught to believe that the Pope of Rome is infallible, and that I must call the priest 'Father,' but my Bible says not a word about a Pope, but just the contrary is taught in God's Holy Book. Jesus said: 'But be not ye called rabbi: for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, which is in Heaven.' I was taught to reverence the Pope of Rome, as the true representative of God on earth, but if Jesus ever established such an office, He said nothing about it; if His Apostles knew anything about it, they never mentioned it, and if the Christians of the First and Second centuries knew of it, their pens and tongues were kept silent on the subject. I was taught to confess my sins, at least once a year, to the priest, but if such an act is

binding on the people of God, my Bible says nothing about it. It is true that James says for us to 'confess our faults one to another,' but it does not say for us to confess our faults to a priest. That Divine injunction is just as obligatory on the part of the priest as it is upon us. If James teaches me, that my salvation in Heaven depends upon me confessing my sins to a priest, he makes a like obligation binding upon the priest, that of confessing his faults to me, and his final salvation would depend upon it. I was urged by my confessor to attend a convent. He assured me that God would endow my soul with the richest and highest gifts of Heaven. But such a thought was repulsive to my very nature. How could I choose such a living death? How could I turn my back upon all that I loved and go into seclusion for the balance of my days? How could I give up my young life, in the service of that in which I did not and could not believe? I was chided by my confessor for the weakness of my faith. I was urged by my parents to make the great sacrifice, but I could not.

"About this time I met a Protestant minister who was a man of great learning and faith. I told him the condition of my poor mind and heart, and he showed me a sympathy like unto that which the dear Son of God showed to the poor downcast and sin-ridden souls. He took his Bible and taught me the way of Eternal Life. My poor heart beat with gratitude, as my ears eagerly drank in every word that he uttered, and, thank God, the light dawned and for the first time in life I learned that faith in Christ and prayer to God was the gateway that led my poor soul to the throne of His eternal love and mercy. With joy unspeakable, I thanked him for his kind words of instruction, dried my flowing tears and

rushed to my mother to tell her the joyful news. My heart leaped with joy as I sat down by her side and began to reveal to her God's eternal truth. But imagine my surprise when she rose to her feet, full of indignation and fastened her gaze upon me. I rose; my eyes were swimming in tears, my heart was tossing like a foundered vessel in mid-ocean. I faced my parent, half doubting. I asked myself: 'Is this the same sweet spirited mother that has lightened all of my sorrows in childhood, made my path through life fragrant with the sweet ever-blooming flowers, from the garden of her maternal love, or has some demon invaded our happy home, reached his black hand, withered her motherly affection, and plucked out that loving heart which has always responded to my smiles and shared with my joys?'

" 'Daughter,' her voice, oh, so unlike the dear voice of my mother, rang in my ears, 'you have sinned against high Heaven. Recant and go at once and ask forgiveness for this most grievous sin. Can it be possible that my daughter has turned out to be an heretic?'

" 'Mother,' I said, 'is it a sin to learn more about God's Word?'

" 'Is it possible that my daughter has become an heretic? Go at once for absolution, or I shall have to disown you,' she said, as she drew herself away from me.

"I turned and walked into my room, threw myself across the bed, and cried until the pillow was wet with my tears. I thought of how sad it would be for me to leave my dearest friends on earth, and the dear old home, in which my girlhood days had measured out their length. I thought of how dark and hideous the life of an outcast, who must face a cold and unfriendly world alone.

“‘Oh, what can I do?’ I cried as I rose and took my Bible, opened my stove to cast it into the flames, stand and, through my blinding tears, watch it burn, knowing that my poor heart would ache as if it, too, were being reduced to ashes. I halted, opened it to once more look upon its sacred pages, and my eyes fell upon these words of the dear Jesus: ‘Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in Heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in Heaven. Think not that I come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man’s foes shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me: he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me.’ I closed the precious Book, wrapped it carefully and placed it in my trunk. I kneeled and prayed that God would give me power to take up this heavy cross and follow Him. I then went to my mother, threw myself in her arms, and between my sobs said: ‘Dear mother, forgive me, but I can’t—I never can go to confession again. A thousand times better would it have been could I have died in my innocent childhood days and were now sleeping by the side of my sister dear, under the evergreen, in yon churchyard; now it would be a relief to your sorrowing soul to go at eventide and sit between the two little mounds, beautify them with flowers moistened by your flowing tears, and dream of the happy days we spent in peace together. But I must tell

you now, mother, I can't be a nun. Jesus never imposed such a miserable life upon any living soul. I now turn my back forever upon the confession-box, convent, and the church that you have always taught me to reverence, and turn my face to Jesus, accept Him, instead of a priest, as my mediator, and the sacred Bible, instead of a man-made catechism, as my guide through life.'

" 'Say, then, that you will turn your back upon mother, father, home and friends!' said my mother, 'and be a traitor, an heretic, an outcast, a vagabond and a beggar, with the wrath of the Eternal God and His Holy Church called down upon you. You can't stay under my roof and be a rebel against God and His holy priesthood. You must go or recant. Choose now between mother, home and wealth, on one hand, and friendliness, homelessness and poverty on the other.'

"These words of my mother fell like a mighty avalanche upon my aching ears, my nerves gave way, every muscle in my body relaxed, and I sank down at her feet and cried while a great battle was raging in my already torn and bleeding heart 'Which must I choose?' I thought. The memories of the happy days of the past, with all their joys and pleasures, crowded into my mind, fought for the supremacy, and urged me to go back, recant, confess to the priest, and be enthroned in a mother's affection and reign again as the queen and idol of her heart. I raised my eyes to hers and said: 'Oh, mother, mother! How can you treat me thus?'

" 'Recant or go!' she said sharply.

"I buried my face in my arms and again the battle raged, and again the words of Jesus came to me: 'Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife and children,

or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.' With a power born of heaven, I rose to my feet, looked my enraged parent in the face, and said: 'When my father and mother forsake me, then will the Lord take me up.'

"My mother turned her back upon me. My pale lips quivered and turned to an ashy white, fresh tears gushed from my eyes and washed down my swollen face, and my heart heaved within me. I planted the last kiss upon my baby sister, walked out into a cold and friendless world alone, and turned my back upon pleasure and wealth, to face sadness, poverty and to be branded as an heretic and an outcast.

"'Where can I go?' I thought. To my friends? No, they are all of the same faith of my mother. I thought of an uncle in Colorado, who was reared to believe as I was taught. He became a skeptic and denounced the church and moved to the West. I started to find him, believing that I would receive better treatment from the hands of an infidel than I could from those who claimed to be God's elect. I came to his home, and told him the story of my life. He extended to me his strong arms for protection, he gave me food and shelter, and, though he is a scholarly infidel, he has more of the Christlike spirit and perfect manhood about him than all of the men that I have ever met before. He helped me to secure a school over here in the mountains, and I had started over to teach when that terrible beast would have devoured me but for your timely arrival.

"Kind stranger, you have heard the simple story of my life. If you think me worthy of your protection, God knows that I would be grateful."

Clyde stood in profound silence and listened to the sad story of the young lady and his eyes glistened

with tears as he looked into her small round face. Her words, together with her sweet ladylike disposition, had reached out and taken hold of the very heartstrings of his sympathetic soul, and held him with a power that he could not understand. He stepped towards her and, with a look that bespoke a feeling stronger than mere friendship, said:

“Young lady, pardon me if I seem impertinent, but the story of your young, tender life has appealed to me with an interest that seems to be my own. It has opened up the floodgates of my soul and has awakened in me a desire which is all but beyond my power to control, to pour out my contempt upon those who have not only robbed you of God’s highest and noblest gift, that of worshiping Him according to the dictates of your own conscience, but have driven you out, exposed to all of the jeers of an unsympathizing public, to fight life’s battles through this cold and unfriendly world alone. If it was the hand of the world’s best religion that plucked from you your God-given privilege, that tore you from your mother’s bosom, and debarred you forever from a place in her affection; if it was the hand of the world’s best religion that crushed your tender, loving heart, trampled upon your flowing tears, blighted your young life, and brought upon you this living death, I now raise my hand and pledge my eternal hatred for such a religion. I shall step over on the side on which your uncle stands, and fight the hydra-headed monster until he lies wounded and torn at my feet.”

“My kind sir,” she said, “it was not the hand of the world’s best religion that has so wronged my life and made me an outcast; but it was the poisoned tongue of that slimy old Dragon that once ruled Rome with a rod of iron, perverted God’s truth, blighted homes, ruined women and murdered christians. It

has crawled down through the centuries, and its trail is traced upon the pages of history that are stained and made crimson by the lifeblood of the millions of its victims. No, it was not that religion which fell from the pure lips of the lonely Man of Galilee, who came to this poor, sin-cursed world with healing upon His lips and salvation in His hands. No, it was not the religion of Him who died that we might live. His religion brings comfort to the sorrowing, joy to the heart, peace to the home, and those who come unto Him He will in no wise cast out."

"Such a religion as His I can indorse. It has within it the spirit of love and sympathy," said Clyde. "But," he continued, "would you like to go to your uncle's home?"

"If you please, sir. I am too nervous to go alone," she said tenderly.

"I will see that you arrive there safely, and will regard it a pleasure to be of that much service to you. Just remain here a minute," Clyde said, as he walked to where Bradley and Sandy were standing. He bade them good-bye, and returned, and with the young lady by his side he started across the mountain. They soon came to a broad valley that was yielding up its full crop of ripe corn, which was ready for the hand of the reaper. On the other side of the field stood a white house, which the young lady pointed out as that of her uncle's. As they slowly followed the narrow path, which wound its way around the field, through the gates and across the little brook, Clyde told the young lady the story of his life, and was careful to mention his mother and sister, who were waiting his return, in his far-away home. When they reached the house, her uncle came to the door and said:

"Well, Silvey, you are early today. Did you have

a new pupil and have to bring him over and introduce him to your old uncle?"

"No," she said, as she fell in his arms and between her sobs told him the story of her narrow escape from being torn to pieces by the terrible brute.

"Well, who is this?" her uncle asked, as he looked at Clyde.

"Pardon me," said the young lady as she wiped the tears from her eyes. "This is Mr. Clyde Newman, and this is my uncle, Mr. James W."

Mr. W. reached Clyde his hand and in a trembling voice said:

"My heart goes out in gratitude to you. I shall never be able to repay you for saving the life of my niece."

"You owe me nothing. I did what any man would have done—just my duty," said Clyde.

"Meet my wife and little daughter," Mr. W. said.

Clyde shook hands with Mrs. W., and then reached down and took the hand of little Nellie, their only daughter, who was a sweet-faced, brown-haired and blue-eyed girl, who came to their home to cheer their lonely hearts but six summers before.

"I extend to you the hospitality of my home; you are a welcome guest. Stay as long as you wish," said Mr. W., as he followed Clyde into the front room of his large mountain home.

CHAPTER VII.

RENEWING HIS VOW.

With the closing in of the dusky gloom of the last night in November, the wind rose and drove thick black clouds from the northwest, which poured their snow and sleet down upon the frozen earth. Mr. W.'s old mansion was soon wrapped in a mantle of white, and the roar of the storm could be heard as the ice-laden wind swept down the deep mountain chasms, whirled and hurled its burden against the walls of the house, as if trying to force an entrance into its cozy rooms.

"This is an awful night," said Mr. W., with a shudder, while a fresh gust of frozen snow rattled down upon the roof and against the doors and windows, as it was driven on by the shifting wind, which seemed to penetrate the ancient walls of the old time-scarred mansion, laugh at the sturdy oaks as it twisted and tossed their heavy branches, and swept up the dark mountain side as it urged on the raging storm.

"If this is only the vanguard of the coming storms, and they will get worse as the season grows older, I wonder what we will get when King Winter dons his ice-covered armor, gets all of his force marshalled and begins his campaign in earnest?" he continued, as he pulled his chair up to the large open fireplace, warmed his hands over the red blaze which was leaping and licking its fiery tongue against the black walls of the old-fashioned chimney, and turned to look at Miss Silvey and Clyde, who were enjoying a game of checkers with Mrs. W. and his little daughter, and said:

"It looks to me like we could spend our time more profitably than to while it away around an old checker-board. If anyone has anything on their mind, let us have it. I would be willing to discuss any kind of a subject now, just so it will break the monotony of this howling storm."

"I have a subject that I would like to discuss, or hear discussed, but am not quite sure that this is an opportune time or even the place for it. But, as uncle has said, it will help to break the irksomeness of this dreary evening, even if it should result in nothing more," said the young lady, as she turned her large brown eyes to Clyde, who was looking straight into her face. He blushed and turned to gaze into the fire. His heart beat faster, for he well knew from the expression that he read on her fair face that her remarks would be altogether for him. "What can she mean?" he thought, while at the same time there was a subject bearing down upon his own heart, which to him seemed to be far more weighty than the tallest mountain, whose frozen peak was that moment being kissed by the snow-covered lips of the shifting wind. But, unlike the young lady, he knew that was not the time nor place to pour into her ears the words of admiration and affection that their short acquaintance had awakened in his soul.

"Unload," said her uncle. "There is no use in keeping a heavy burden upon your heart when there are so many other willing ones to help you bear it?"

"My remarks," she said, "shall be addressed to Mr. Newman, and I trust that he will not think it a mark of bad breeding, nor the lack of refinement or education on my part, and you will excuse me for introducing a subject that the rules of good usage and etiquette would compel me to postpone to some

other time. But as Mr. Newman is to leave us soon, I cannot under the existing circumstances defer the matter longer, with a consciousness of having done my duty."

"Any subject that you felt disposed to introduce shall be regarded by me as not only an appropriate one, but that the motive which prompted you was a good one, and I am sure that your uncle, aunt and cousin will concur in my opinion," said Clyde, more pleased than surprised.

"Anything will be appropriate tonight. I don't care anything about your rules of good usage or etiquette; comfort is what I am after now, and I am getting very little of it out of these howling winds that seem to be playing hide and seek around the corners of this old mansion. Go ahead. We are all the same as one family, anyhow," said her uncle as he threw his feet upon a chair and began to bake them before the fire.

"Mr. Newman," she said, "you have been with us but a few days, but as you are soon to leave us I thought that I would not be doing my duty without inquiring into your spiritual welfare. You may be a christian and a devout member of some church, and I assure you that I have seen nothing about your everyday life that would indicate anything to the contrary. You are a talented young man and have a heart that is as tender as a woman's, and if you are not a christian already it would be a very easy matter for you to become one and live a perfect life."

"Miss Silvey," said Clyde tenderly, "I appreciate your compliments, but I am rather inclined to doubt your judgment in this particular, although in all other instances I believe it to be correct. I fear you have me overestimated, by giving me credit for having

more intelligence than I possess and for being a better man than I really am. But I am sorry to inform you that I have never made any pretensions towards living a christian life. I make but one claim, and that it is to be a moral man and honest in what I believe and do. I have always thought, and do yet, that my honesty and morality will take me to Heaven. I have never read the Bible, although I have one with me, but I will frankly admit that I have been interested in other things more than I have in reading it.

“Before I came out here, I became almost disgusted with the churches and church people. There are fourteen churches in my home city and each church has a different name, and the strangest thing about it is that their names are not found in the Bible. When my sister told me that she had read the Bible through and could not find where one of their church names was mentioned, I was dumfounded. I told her that if those churches would add names that were not found in the Bible, that they might add doctrines that Jesus nor His Apostles never taught or authorized them to teach, and that we had better wait until we know just what it takes to be a disciple of Christ and into what church to go, before we try to become Christians. Those people there seem to be so devoted to their church names, that some of them will become insulted if you, through mistake, address them by some church name that others glory in wearing. They stand on the street corners and argue and it is not infrequent that they get mad and sometimes fight over those things that are not found in the Bible. The preachers will get up in their pulpits on Sunday mornings and one will say, ‘Lo, here is Christ,’ and another will deny it and tell the sinner to go somewhere else for salva-

tion. Just that kind of church prejudice and preaching have not only kept up a confusion among the citizens, but have kept thousands of people out of the church, and sometimes have resulted in some of them going off into infidelity. Sister says she often wonders, since reading the Bible, why the church people don't do now like they did during the days of the Apostles. She said they had but one church, they all wore the same name, went to the same place, and that the preachers all preached the same thing. Miss Silvey, why don't you church people do that way now?"

"If the self-styled religious people would do that way now, I would be called a christian instead of an infidel. That is just what shook my faith in the whole thing," said Mr. W.

"We must remember," said Miss Silvey, "that everybody can't see alike, and that good and well-educated men have founded all these churches and they are all of God. Let us not criticise or fight them, lest 'haply we be found to fight against God."

"I see now, Miss Silvey, that I would be incompetent to enter into a discussion with you on this subject. You can quote and apply scripture and I cannot. I will admit that I never knew that there was any such scripture in the Bible. I am honest; all I want is to know the truth, then I am ready to obey it. As I can't quote any scriptpre, I will quote an old proverb. It may be scripture, though I don't know. It appears to me that it would make good Bible, if it is not. I have read or heard something somewhere that sounds nearly like this: 'God is not the author of confusion.' I don't know whether that is Bible or not, but if it is it shows that God is not the author of those churches in my home city, for there is more confusion there among those

churches than I ever saw anywhere else," said the young engineer.

"That is scripture," said her uncle, "and what I think is the strongest proof that the churches, such as we have now, are not of God."

"Mr. Newman," continued the young lady, "I see now that you can quote the rules that govern an engineer better than you can the Bible, and are more competent to apply the brakes on a locomotive than you are to apply a scriptural quotation. It is true that God is not the author of confusion, but that is no evidence that he never planted those fourteen churches in your city. That does not have reference to the churches, but to the human weaknesses in the churches caused by the selfishness and hypocrisy on the part of the members. Now, since you have tried to prove that those churches are not of God, I will take the Bible and prove to you that they are. Mr. Newman, don't those churches do good work in your home city? Don't they pick up the poor children from the streets, dress them and send them to Sunday School? Don't they visit the sick? Don't they help the poor? Don't the preachers teach the people to be kind and Christlike? Are they not a power for good in that city?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Silvey, they do a great deal of good in that way and they are a strong factor in the temperance work there, and yield a tremendous influence for good, which has about rid the city of the liquor curse," said Clyde.

"Here is some more scripture for you, which, to my mind, proves that all of those churches in your town are there by the will and authority of God: 'For there is no power, but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God.' There are two kinds of power; the power for good and the power for evil.

All power for good, or that does good, is of God. These churches in your home city are a power for good, and therefore are ordained of God. Here is a little more scripture for you: 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers.' Can you and I be loyal to God and criticize his churches, which are the higher, yes, the highest power on earth? No; God says for us to be subject to them, because He has ordained them."

"Ha, ha! A pretty good logician, aren't you, Silvey? Why, then, were you not subject to your mother and the power of the Church of Rome?" said her uncle, while a broad smile was playing upon his lips.

"Because that church has a power for evil, and is therefore not ordained of God," she said, as an expression of victory settled over her face.

"I am doubly anxious to be a christian, such as you are, but I don't know how I can become one. If I understood the Bible well enough to obey God as He requires me to, I would not only comply with His commandments, but I would take the first train for home, and tell my mother and sister, so that they, too, could enjoy with me that liberty in which Christ makes us free," said Clyde, as he looked up at the young lady, while a feeling of admiration, inexpressible, sprang up in his heart.

"I can teach you the way of life and salvation," said the young lady.

"I assure you, Miss Silvey, that I would consider it not only a pleasure to be one of your disciples, but will feel myself exceedingly fortunate to be taught by one who is so able and efficient in Bible knowledge. I shall endeavor to make my progress in the christian life reflect creditably on my worthy instructor, and, if you find me dull, which I am afraid you will, I trust you will give me credit for being stu-

dious, if not an apt pupil," he said as he folded the checker-board and laid it on the table.

"I don't anticipate any trouble in presenting the truth, for I shall speak only as I am led by the Spirit of God, whose mission on earth is to guide us into all truth and bring all things to our remembrance. Neither do I think it will be difficult for you to see the truth, for I shall constantly pray God that He may open up your understanding, that you may understand the scriptures."

"For the sake of clearness, I shall ask and answer the following question: How are we saved?"

"That is just the question I have always wanted to hear answered, and I am so glad you are going to discuss it first. My sister went to hear two scholarly ministers preach on that subject, and they differed as wide as the sea in their answers. I can't see why, if they were called, qualified and sent by the Holy Spirit, as they claim they were, that they did not preach the same kind of a doctrine. They did not only claim that they were called to the ministry, but that God had called them to preach for those particular churches. I can't understand why God would send them to those churches to preach such conflicting doctrine in the same town. They don't differ only in regard to the name that God's people should wear, but as to how the sinner is saved, as well. That is another reason that I think that those churches were not planted by the unerring hand of God," said Clyde.

"I can't understand why they differ," said the young lady; "only I know that one of them was not led by the Spirit and power of God. Now, let us take up our question: 'How are we saved?' The first thing that we will do, will be to go to the Bible and see what it says about our subject. In Acts,

the sixteenth chapter and thirtieth verse, we find these words: 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?' This is the only place in the New Testament since the ascension of Christ, that anyone ever asked this question of any inspired man. You may say, 'No, the Pentecostians and Saul asked the same question.' Let us see: the Pentecostians asked, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' not what shall we do to be saved. Saul asked, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' and not What wilt Thou have me to do to be saved? These three words, 'To be saved,' threw an entirely different meaning on the question, which you may not be able to see now, but will be before we get through with this subject. Now let us return to the jailer's question and notice it under the following divisions:

"First, what was the question asked? Second, by whom was it asked? Third, by whom was it answered? Fourth, what was the answer given? As to the first question, 'What was the question asked?' we read that the keeper, when he saw that the doors of the prison were open, came trembling, fell down at the feet of Paul and Silas and said: 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?' This question needs no comment; the jailer wanted to be saved from his sins. Second question: 'By whom was it asked?' By the keeper of a prison in a heathen city. A man who, no doubt, was a great sinner. Third question: 'By whom was it answered?' By Paul, who was not only an inspired man but an Apostle who was specially called to bear the name of Christ to the Gentiles. His answer was given by inspiration and therefore bound to be correct. Fourth question: 'What was the answer given?' This question is not only paramount in importance, but is broad-reaching in its scope. It includes all of the sons of Adam, and

comes to us as fresh and freighted with as much interest as it did to the heathen jail keeper in Phillippi, nearly two thousand years ago. Paul said to the poor sin-burdened soul at his feet: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.' This answer fell from lips that had been touched by the living coals of inspiration, and must therefore be true. This is not a special case, but a model one, and as the jailer was saved, so can every sinner be saved. What did Paul tell him to do? 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.' So, then, you see that it is faith that saves us. Now let us see if Paul's answer to the jailer is in harmony with the teaching of Christ, who is not only the author of our faith, but the New Testament as well. Let us turn to John the third chapter and sixteenth verse, and read how Jesus says we are saved: 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' So we see that the one condition upon which Jesus offers salvation is to believe on Him. Any one that believes on Him is saved, and those that do not believe on Him are not. To prove this, let us read the words of Jesus in John the third chapter and the thirty-sixth verse: 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.' Now, suppose that we spring another question. Has faith ever saved any one? Has any one ever been justified by faith? Yes; Paul said to the Romans that they were justified by faith. Do you want the proof? Read the first verse of the fifth chapter of Romans: 'Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Again, 'Abraham believed

God and it was counted unto him for righteousness.' So far, we have learned that it is faith that saves us. If we have no faith, we can have no salvation. Now, let us ask: How does faith come? Let us turn to the Bible again: 'For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.' So you see that we are justified by faith, which is not a work of our own, for then we could boast, but it is the gift of God. You may ask: What prompts us to believe? Paul answers your question; listen to him: 'For it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure.' What is the work that He does in us? Let Jesus answer: 'This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.' You may ask: How are we quickened, so we can believe? Jesus answers the question for us; He says: 'It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.'

"We have learned that we are saved by faith, and that it is the gift of God, and that we are made to believe on Him, because He works in us. God works in us by the Holy Spirit, and Jesus calls it a quickening. To sum up our argument, it would be: First, God gave His Son to save the world. Second, we are saved by faith. Third, faith is begotten in our heart by the quickening power of the Holy Ghost. Fourth, we are sealed by the Holy Ghost, by being baptized into the one body by the Holy Spirit. Paul says: 'For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit.'

"No doubt you have wondered what the difference

is between the questions: 'What must I do to be saved?' and 'What must I do?' The difference is just as great as that which exists between an alien sinner and a newly born babe in Christ. The jailer asked: 'What must I do to be saved?' Paul told him to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. He had never had faith in Christ and of course was not saved. Paul told him to believe in order to be saved. Not so with the Pentecostians, which accounts for them asking: 'What must we do?' instead of: 'What must we do to be saved?' They, unlike the jailer, already had faith and were, therefore, saved. Jesus said: 'He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life.' The Pentecostians believed on Christ before they asked what they must do, and therefore, according to God's word, had everlasting life, but the jailer did not have faith, and according to the words of Jesus, could not see life. So you see that the difference between the two questions is as wide as the restless ocean. The jailer asked what he must do to be saved from his alien sins, and the Pentecostians, being already saved from their alien sins, ask what they must do to glorify God, by walking upright before Him. So you see how harmonious, how systematic, how plain, how consoling and how powerful is God's Word. It has comforted the sorrowing, relieved the suffering, and saved the dying. It has exalted the lowly, bowed down the proud and brought light and joy to the denizens of earth. The blessed Spirit comes into the heart of every sinner, ascends to the throne of his moral nature, points out the way of life, at every turn of the road, takes possession of the conscience, condemns him for his every sinful act and cheers him on, as he slowly plods his way in that narrow path that leads him towards the shining gates of the city of God's Eternal Love. Truly

can it be said, in the words of the Prophet of old: 'And an highway shall be there, and away, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.' And with the countless millions of God's redeemed, we can hurl that glorious gospel axiom: 'Salvation by faith only, is a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort,' upon the wings of every wind, to be wafted from the rose covered and sun kissed banks of the South land, to Greenland's icebound shores, and from thence, until its echo has crossed the storm tossed waters of every sea, and their isles, together with every nation and country, shall be awakened from their slumber, and send up to the very gates of heaven, the glad hosanna of praise, and glory, and dominion, to the Lamb that was slain, but who now lives to rule and reign forever more."

"Miss Silvey," said her uncle, as he turned and faced the young lady, who was congratulating herself upon the splendid impression she had made upon the young man's mind, "I have patiently listened to your religious harangue and I can no longer keep silent on the subject. This is the first time for years that I have been tortured by having to listen to the discussion of that superstition, falsely termed, a Divine religion. I want to say here and now, that I have read the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and if that is the best you can do, I have no confidence, in either your theory or your ability to interpret the Bible correctly. I have often thought, that, were I to find a religious people who accepted the Bible just as it is written, leaving out all human rules and man made doctrines, and obey the commandments just as the Bible teaches them, I would give them credit for being honest and consistent at least. But your theory would make God,

if there be one, not only a demon, but responsible for every sinner in that dark and gloomy pit, called hell. You have said that our salvation is offered upon the condition of faith alone, and that we can do nothing to bring about this faith, but God must send His Spirit to work in us and quicken us to believe in Him. Thousands of good and honest souls have died without faith in God, and according to the Bible they were lost. Jesus says: 'He that believeth not shall be condemned.' Why were they condemned? Because they did not have faith? Whose fault was it that they did not? Not theirs, because, according to your theory, they could have done nothing to obtain it, and had to wait until God gave it to them, as a direct gift from heaven, by sending His Spirit into their hearts to quicken them so they could believe. They died and were lost because they did not believe, and the reason they did not believe, was because God never gave them faith. Whose fault was it that they were lost? There were but two parties known in the transaction: the sinner and God. It was not the sinner's fault, because they could not believe until God did something for them. God never did it, and they died and were condemned. Now whose fault was it? According to your theory, it would make God responsible for their condemnation. Deliver me from a religion that teaches such a damnable doctrine.

"I was at one time bound down by your religious delusion. I was taught to believe that the Pope of Rome was the visible head of the church on earth, and that he and the church were infallible, and that the priest could forgive sins, if you paid him enough for it. In my search for more light on the infallible (?) church, I learned that it was permeated with ecclesiastical corruption, its claims were frauds and I was a poor deluded dupe, and bound down by the shackles

of a delusion that was born of a tyrannical heart, wallowed in every cess-pool of heathen corruption and that millions of deceased victims are worshipping at the filthy shrine of this demon of darkness, while he waves his blood stained hands over their heads and promises them absolution from a life of sin. I denounced this institution of darkness and started in search for a better one. I met a pious minister, whose ripe scholarship commended him to me as a man, whose counsel I would do well to seek. I met the reverend gentleman and he invited me to his studio to tell me what he termed was sound orthodoxy and assure me that his church was the only true Apostolic church. He gave me a little book which he called a 'Confession of faith.' I took it and as I turned its thumb worn pages, I wondered why such a learned and pious man as he did not take the Bible as his only confession of faith, remembering at the same time that the Bible said nothing about the Apostles or the early churches having a human made confession of faith. I turned on through the book until my eyes fell upon these words: 'By the decree of God for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated to everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death, and their number is so certain and definite, that it can not be either increased or diminished.' I stood, as if petrified, and looked at the minister. He rose with his gaze firmly fixed upon me, and said: 'Sir, what objections have you to our confession, which was taken from the Bible?' I said: 'Is God the author of this book? How can He be just, merciful and kind, and predestinate some men and angels to eternal condemnation? Could He pick out a few of earth's millions, and predestinate them to eternal life and pass the remainder of His own creatures by as condemned, and not be a respecter of persons? Could He fix, un-

changeably, the final destiny, of a part of the unborn of all the coming ages, in an eternal hell, and not be alone responsible for their damnation? Could He, for the manifestation of His own glory, assign to an eternal hell, some innocent children, whose lips had never uttered an evil word, and whose feet had never invaded the loathsome paths of sin, without being a demon? I threw the book down upon his table, and as the dead like sound died away upon our ears, I severed my connection with the churches and religion, shook off the shackles of superstition, walked out of the high plain of thought and intelligence, bathed my deluded soul in the bright rays of the sun of liberty and freedom and feasted my hungry mind upon the bread of reason. Tonight I am a free man. Free to think, free to act, and free to speak. I would not give such liberty for all the churches, creeds, Bibles and religious delusions on earth. I am happy in this life and will let the next one take care of itself. I don't know if there is a life after death, neither does any pope, priest or preacher. If there is, I am sure it will be all right, but if it should chance to be otherwise, all that I could do here would not change it."

"Mr. Newman," he continued, "you are a man with too good a brain to believe that unscriptural harangue my niece has been telling you. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that the Bible is true. That there is a God, a heaven, and a hell, just as she has said; would it be all right to believe what she has been teaching? No, there is as much difference between the Bible and what she has been teaching you, as there was between the Romans and the Jews. She has undertaken to teach us, what she calls 'The way of life and salvation; claiming to be led by the Spirit of God. If she was led by a spirit, it was not the same one that is the author of the Bible. She asked the ques-

tion: 'How are we saved?' In her endeavor to answer it, she totally ignored the great commission which purports to have been given by Christ to His Apostles. Let us see what it says: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.' According to her version, it would have to read: 'He that believeth and is saved by faith alone, may be baptized.' She has endeavored to show us that there is a vast difference between the question that the jailer asked and that of the Pentecostians. She would have us believe that the jailer was a condemned sinner, because he did not believe and that the Pentecostians, whose hands at that moment were red with the blood of the Son of God, whom they had put to death on the cross of agony and shame, and who were, at that moment, counted as murderers in the sight of heaven, were now born babes in Christ, because they had just believed on the Holy One that they had crucified, though they had never made a public confession of Him who said: 'Who-soever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven,' and had never repented of that cold-blooded murder that they had committed, notwithstanding Jesus said: 'Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.' Again, she said we are saved by faith alone and quoted that old worn out, threadbare unscriptural phrase, 'Salvation by faith only, is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort.' Where does the Bible say we are saved by faith only? Tell her to give you the chapter and verse that teaches any such a doctrine. Where can she find it? Nowhere, but just the opposite is taught. James says: 'What doeth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he has faith, and have not works? Can faith save him? If a brother or a sister

be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding he give him not those things which are needful to the body; what doeth it profit? Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone.' Again she said, 'Faith is the direct gift of God, and that the Spirit quickens us to believe.' Where does the Bible teach that kind of a doctrine? Nowhere, but Paul teaches just the opposite; he says: 'For whosoever calls upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call upon Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent? As it is written, how beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things! But they have not all obeyed the gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report? So then faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.' Again the same writer said: "For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope." And John, in writing on the same subject, said: 'And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of His disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name.' Again, she said: 'The Spirit quickened the sinner to believe.' Where does the Bible say that? Nowhere, but says just the contrary, the sinner can't receive the Spirit. Do you ask for proof? Jesus says: 'If ye love Me, keep My commandments. And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth;

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whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither koweth Him; but ye know Him; for He dwells with you, and shall be in you.' When, according to the Bible, does the Spirit enter the heart of man? Before or after he is a son of God? My niece would have you believe that He comes in the heart before we are sons of God, but Paul differs from her; he says: 'And because ye are sons, God has sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.' I could multiply these questions but these will suffice. They prove, that if the Bible is right, she is wrong; and if it is wrong, she can't be right. I know she is wrong, and I believe the Bible is. The tyrannical rules, diabolical doctrines and indescribable corruption of the church of Rome, drove me into infidelity and the prejudice, divisions, confusions, and erroneous teachings of the protestant churches have kept me there. Mr. Newman, for the sake of liberty, freedom, justice and reason, turn a deaf ear to that superstitious delusion and be a man. Reject the Bible deny the existence of a God, ascend above such ignorance, confusion and unscriptural, unreasonable and unintelligent dogmas, leave them at your feet, walk out from under the yoke of religious slavery and breathe the pure air of freedom and liberty of conscience."

"Oh, Uncle, Uncle, please don't say any more to him. Mr. Newman, I am fallible but God's word is infallible, You have wounded my soul and crushed my heart, cling to the Bible and help me defend it," said Miss Silvey, as she buried her face in her arms and cried aloud. She rose, extended her arms toward heaven and said: "Oh God, Thou hast promised to not forsake nor leave those who call upon Thy Holy and righteous name. I pray Thee, in the Name of Thy Dear Son, that Thou wilt remember Thy precious

promise and give Thy poor unworthy servant the strength to carry this heavy cross, help me to contend earnestly for the faith that Thou has delivered to Thy saints and hold out faithful to the end."

"The Bible is infallible you say? There was never a greater imposition thrust upon the American people than your Bible. It is not only false, but it is unworthy of a place in my home," he said.

These last words fired every nerve in Clyde's body, and his eyes glistened, his face flushed a crimson, and he unconsciously rose, stepped towards her uncle, raised his hand over his head, and in a voice that rang out through the halls of the old storm rocked mansion, said:

"Do you mean to assault and call untrue and unworthy, my sister's Bible, which has been her stay and comfort during all these months that I have been absent from her? Do you mean to deny the existence of that God, the mark of whose hand is seen on every hill, and whose wisdom we read in every object of nature? I will enter my protest, I will defend that old Book, as long as I am able to raise my voice or lift my hand, and I shall request you to meet me around this fire-side, two weeks from to night, and I assure you that the discussion will not be as one sided as it was this evening. My prophecy is, that before twelve months pass you will not only see and understand His glorious truth, but your knee will bow before Him and your lips will plead for His mercy." As these last words were spoken, Clyde turned and walked into the large hall, followed by Miss Silvey, and they planned for the coming battle with the giant infidel.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEFEATED.

The silvery moon had risen high up in the heavens, and the stars, which looked like so many millions of bright diamonds, were peeping down from their distant homes in the sky, their beautiful rays, unobstructed by even a passing cloud, were shining upon the snow covered mountains and as they were made to reflect a dazzling light by the small bits of ice that were hanging upon the bending boughs of the gigantic oaks and which had thrown a mantle of white over every object of nature, Mr. W. walked into his cozy room and sat down in his old arm chair, preparatory to enjoying the warmth of the inviting fire, which was burning cheerfully in the large open fire-place. He was soon joined by his family, Miss Silvey and Clyde.

"Well, Mr. Newman," he said, as he threw his feet upon a chair, "I suppose you remember this is the evening that the debate between yourself and me is to take place?"

"Yes, sir, I remember quite well this is the date we fixed. Miss Silvey and I have spared no pains during the last two weeks in preparing for this occasion, and I feel that I am not only able to produce evidence that will be sufficient to convince you of your error, but that I am equally well prepared to meet any argument you may advance. I shall take the liberty to say that I have, by Miss Silvey's assistance, studied both sides of this question, as thoroughly as any one could in the length of time I have had, and in my research I have not been able to find anything in support of your claim, while on the other hand, I have found overwhelming

evidence in support of my own. I shall endeavor to produce arguments, backed up by the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses, and I trust you have studied your side of the proposition sufficiently and are prepared to bring forth the strongest evidence that the infidel world can produce, and will not have to depend upon bare assertions, void of any weight, save the emphasis you may be able to put into the language," said the young engineer, as he began to take some manuscript from his pocket and turned to face Mr. W.

"I assure you, Mr. Newman, that I will respect your proposition, weigh carefully your evidence and give you full credit for every point you shall be able to sustain. I will further say, that in the event you produce unanswerable arguments in support of your proposition, I will pledge my heart and hand that I will not only change my present course in life, but I will in the words of the Apostle, 'Preach the faith that I once destroyed.' All I shall ask of you, will be to state your proposition clearly and present your testimony in a systematic manner. You may now state the proposition that you wish to affirm," said Mr. W., as he added a fresh supply of fuel to the fire, settled back in his comfortable chair and pushed his eye glasses far back upon his broad and massive forehead.

"Your requests are reasonable and your proposition is fair and if you do not change your purpose, relative to accepting the truth, when convincing arguments are advanced, I feel quite sure that I will have the pleasure of seeing the fulfillment of my prophecy which I made two weeks ago this evening, before even half of the twelve months have passed. I concur with you in your opinion in regard to the plain and systematic arrangement, in which a proposition should be stated to make it debatable and I shall be governed accordingly. You will no doubt notice that I have changed my

opinion in regard to the Divine Authority which the present churches have for their existence, since my conversation with your niece two weeks ago this evening. But I assure you that the change has been brought about by strong evidence and I have accepted the truth in the matter as all honest men would have done under the circumstances. My present position was not taken for the purpose of gaining a victory over you, or to cover up or justify an error. It will be no more than honesty on my part and justice to Miss Silvey for me to state that she has 'taught me the way of the Lord more perfectly,' for which I am truly grateful," said the young man as he turned his eyes to Miss Silvey and noted the sweet smile playing upon her lovely countenance.

"State your proposition," said her uncle; "we can tell more about your prophetic ability and how much more perfectly you have been taught, after we have discussed your proposition."

"I shall affirm," said the young engineer, "that all protestant denominations are of God and that the Bible and reason both teach us that it is necessary that the religious world be divided up into different sects and that they should teach different doctrines, have human creeds and names that the purpose of God might be carried out. Is this proposition plain enough to suit you, Mr. W.?"

"Yes, sir. I will deny it," he said.

"Will you admit for the sake of argument that the Bible is true, while we discuss this proposition?" asked Clyde.

"I don't believe the Bible is true, but I will grant for the sake of this proposition that it is," said Mr. W.

"In order to establish my proposition, which I am confident I will be able to do, I will produce five witnesses. In other words, I will prove it by Moses,

Christ and things that we see and experience every day of our life. I am sure that when you hear the strong testimony of these three witnesses, you will be bound to see that my position is infallibly correct," said Clyde."

"I will number my arguments and thus make them stronger, as well as to appear more systematic," he continued.

"Argument No. One. The first witness we will call to the stand, will be Moses, the old prophet and law giver, a man whose life was touched and influenced by the hand of God. While we are not living under Moses, but under Christ, yet you will admit that the Old Testament contains a great many metaphors and types, the true meaning of which, we can never learn until we have read the New Testament. Let us now turn to the Old Testament and see what this great and good man of God says about the Churches of Christ through the types contained in the law. He speaks of some cities of refuge, which are types of the churches. How many cities were there? Just one? If we find but one city of refuge, we would look for but one church, but if on the other hand, we find more than one city, we must look for more than one church. The anti-type must be like the type in number as well as in every other respect. The shadow can not be less than the substance, nor neither can the type be plural and the anti-type be singular. As Christ is greater than Moses, so is the anti-type greater than the type. How many cities were there? Six. How many churches are there? Just one? No, that would make the shadow greater than the substance, by having more cities contained in the type, than there are churches contained in the anti-type. This would not only defeat the purposes of this beautiful type, for which God intended it, but it would break up that harmony which

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is seen running all through God's Holy Book. As it required a number of cities to make up the type of the churches, it follows without argument, that it takes a number of churches to make up the anti-type of the cities of refuge. Would you like the proof for more than one city of refuge? Let us turn to the book of Numbers and see what Moses, our present witness, says about them. Hear his own words, or what is better, the words of God through him: 'And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, when ye be come over Jordan into the land of Canaan; Then ye shall appoint your cities to be cities of refuge for you; that the slayer may flee thither, which killeth any person at unawares. And they shall be unto you cities for refuge from the avenger; that the man slayer die not, until he stands before the congregation in judgment. And of the cities which ye shall give six cities shall ye have for refuge. Ye shall give three cities on this side of Jordan, and three cities shall ye give in the land of Canaan, which shall be cities of refuge. The six cities shall be a refuge, both for the children of Israel, and for the stranger, and for the sojourner among them: that every one that killeth any person unawares may flee thither.' We learn from this that there were six cities and that God furnished protection in one as well as another. This forever does away with that idea which some narrow minded people have, that there is but one church, and proves that Christ intended that there should be new churches established, so as the anti-type could correspond with the type, and also proves that God will furnish protection in one denomination as well as another.

"Argument No. Two. We will now call upon our second witness, who is the blessed Son of God. He who said, that heaven and earth shall pass away, but

His words would never pass away. What did He say? Listen to His own words: 'I am the vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit He taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch can not bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.' These words teach us that Jesus is the true vine, which means His Church, and that all denominations are branches of the true vine. Just as the vine grows and puts out new branches to bear fruit, so did the original first church. When it began to grow, God raised up such men as Luther, Fox and Wesley and they founded other branches of the true church. Just as long as these denominations bear fruit we know they are abiding in Christ, for if they were not abiding in Him, they could not bear fruit, and would be cast off. Are they bearing fruit? Look at the thousands, yes millions of souls who have been saved and gone to their eternal reward through them. Has God cast them off? No; how do we know He has not? Because they are bearing fruit. If they bear fruit, Christ says they are abiding in Him. Do you ask for proof? Let us hear what He says: 'Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, He taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.' Has God cast them off, or has He purged them? We know He has not cast them off, because they are still bearing fruit, and we know that He has purged them, because they are bearing more fruit than they did ten years ago. So, then, we learn from our Savior Him-

self, that all of the denominations that are increasing in membership, are abiding in the true vine, and therefore have for their existence, the Divine sanction. I feel sure that I have my proposition thoroughly established, for no Bible reader will attempt to doubt the words of Moses or Christ, and deny that all denominations are of God. To do this, would be to deny the Bible.

"Argument No. Three. It is necessary that we have a number of churches. You may ask why? For the same reason that it was necessary for God to establish six cities of refuge. The innocent slayer could have a choice of cities to go to and it made no difference into which one he went, he received protection in one just as well as another. His object in going was to be protected from the revenger of blood. So it is with the sinner today. He has a choice of churches, and it makes no difference into which one he goes, his object in going is to be saved, and God can save him in one denomination just as well as another.

"Argument No. Four. Everybody can't see alike. Take my home city churches as an example. They are all striving for the same heaven and following to the best of their ability, the same Bible. But they don't all understand it alike. One may believe a man is saved one way and another thinks he is saved still another way. Now if there were but one church, this would be a serious problem. But God who fore knows all things, has established a number of churches, thus making it possible for each one of us to go into a church that suits us, and be associated with men and women who believe the same as we do. While the churches all wear different names, yet they are all christians. There is nothing in a name, except to distinguish one object or person from another. Let us illustrate. Here is a man by the name of Smith. The

first is James Smith, the second one William Smith, the third one Thomas Smith and the fourth one Joseph Smith. Each one has a name to distinguish him from the other three. Is it any evidence that they are not all Smiths, because they have different given names? No, each one became a Smith when he was born into the family. So it is with the members of the different denominations, they become christians when they are born into the family of God and their human or given names do not effect in the least their living a christian life, and they aid, rather than hinder God's purpose in saving the world. It is just as necessary that the members of different churches be distinguished, one from another, as it is that James Smith be distinguished from Thomas Smith. In the absence of given names, this could not be done.

"Argument No. Five. To make it convenient for all, it is necessary that we have a number of churches. Here is the delicate person who could not stand the exposure to be immersed, and there are thousands who do not believe in immersion. I know of a church that believes in immersion only. Now if that were the only church, those who could never stand to be immersed and these good people who do not believe in immersion, could never get into a church. But God, in His goodness, has removed this hindrance by establishing churches that do not believe that baptism is at all necessary, but will immerse, sprinkle, pour or take them without any baptism at all. Just any way, so as to suit the convenience of the candidate.

"Surely, Mr. W., you can see the hand of God in all of the churches and are thoroughly convinced that my proposition is true. If not, tell me in your reply what you propose to give the world instead of the religion of Jesus Christ."

"Mr. Newman," said Mr. W., "I have patiently list-

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ened to your remarks and have weighed carefully your arguments, if such they can be called. I am now, thoroughly convinced that your prophetic ability is not at all commendable and that, your claim, as to having been taught the way of the Lord more perfectly is all a farce. I suggest, if this is the flower of your argument, that you turn the case over into the hands of my niece. I think it very probable that with her arguments, together with her tears and prayers, she would be able to make a better impression than you have, and I would be better prepared to retain my present good opinion of you. It is no disgrace or dishonor to be overtaken in a fault and to be deceived, even by a religious delusion, such as the one of which you have become a victim. I can sympathize with and forgive you for this one error in your life, knowing that the affections of my charming niece, is the god at whose shrine you worship, instead of the one that the Bible reveals. While I think you are to be complimented rather than censured for this weakness, if a weakness it can be called, but I trust that you may soon see the folly of such a superstition, break the bonds of this religious slavery, and with Miss Silvey, rise above such ignorance, deny these religious dogmas, and walk out on the high plains of freedom and liberty.

"I will now take up your arguments and notice them in the order in which you submitted them :

"Argument No. One. In this division of your subject you have labored hard, in your endeavor to prove that the cities that were given to the children of the Israel and designated as cities of refuge in the Old Testament, were types of different denominations, in this country, erroneously called Churches of Christ. Suppose I admit that the Bible is true, every word of it, and admit that the cities of refuge in the Old Testament are types of the local congregations men-

tioned in the New, would that justify you in your conclusions? Would that prove that the denominations falsely termed churches, are the anti-type of those cities? No, sir. I shall take your own argument and drive you from your position. It is true, that the Author of the Bible, let Him be whom He may, intended that those cities should constitute the type of the New Testament Church, but not all of the present day denominations. You say there were a number of cities, contained in the type and therefore there must be a number of denominations to make up the anti-type. Here your premises are wrong, and the consequence of which is, your conclusions are also wrong. If you had said, as there were a number of cities represented in the type, there must be a number of local congregations represented in the anti-type, which meaning, no doubt, the Author of the Bible intended to convey, I could have seen and would have readily acknowledged the truthfulness of your argument. But the premises upon which you have built your arguments are false, and it follows as a logical deduction, that your conclusions are likewise false. Those cities of refuge differ only as to location. They had the same law of admittance, were just alike in their discipline, the keepers of those cities all believed the same thing, and wore the same name. They were known as the city of refuge at Kedesh, the city of refuge at Shechem, the city of refuge at Kirjatharba, etc., etc. So with the local congregations in the New Testament. They were known as the Church of God at Ephesus, the Church of God at Smyrna, the Church of God at Thyatira, etc. As the cities of refuge, which you claim are the types of the New Testament Churches and also of the present day denominations, differed only as to location, they all wore the same name, believed the same doctrine and admitted members on

the same conditions, as we see that their anti-type, the local congregations mentioned in the New Testament, differed only as to location. They all wore the same name, believed the same doctrine and admitted members on the same conditions. It is easily seen that the cities of refuge were types of local congregations mentioned in the New Testament, because there is to be seen a perfect agreement existing between those cities and congregations. But will that help your case? Will that prove that your proposition is true? I think not. In order for the religious denominations of the world today to become the anti-type of those cities, there must be a perfect harmony existing between them and the cities, and must duplicate in every respect, the congregations mentioned in the New Testament. In other words they must differ, only as to location, they must all wear the same name, they must all believe the same doctrine and all admit members on the same conditions. Do they do that? No, they differ from Alpha to Omega. They differ as to the name they should wear, they differ as to what they must believe. They differ as to what doctrine they must preach. And they differ as to the conditions upon which the sinner can be admitted to full fellowship. According to your own argument, the present day denominations are not alike, neither the type in the Old Testament, or the local congregations in the New. Your denominations do not differ, only as to the location, but in every other respect as well. Each one has a human name peculiar to itself. Each one believes a different doctrine. Each one admits candidates on conditions that differ from all the balance. In fact, it would be hard to find a way in which they agree, with either, the type in the Old Testament, the congregations mentioned in the New or with each other. Your denominations differ from the

cities in the Old Testament, in that Moses teaches us that God protected the innocent slayer from the revenger of blood, only in the cities. God never saved them outside of the cities. It was absolutely necessary in order to be saved, that the slayer enter the city. Your denominations teach us that it is not necessary to go into a church to be saved, but that God will save you out of the church just as well as in the church. Again, we read where the congregation should restore the slayer into the city. The denominations claim, according to what Miss Silvey told us the other evening, that neither the sinner, congregation nor preacher, had any thing to do with the sinner's coming to Christ. That the sinner is saved by faith alone, and that God gives him the faith, and that the sinner nor any one else could do anything to aid him in securing salvation. This argument, if an argument it can be called, is opposed to your position rather than in favor of it.

"Argument No. Two. In this you refer to the language contained in the fifteenth chapter of John: 'I am the vine, ye are the branches.' You would have me believe that the author of this language, intended to convey the idea, that Jesus is the true vine or church plicity of human names, creeds, confessions, confusions, prejudice, delusions and conflicting doctrines, were branches of the true church. You have gone so far as to say that as the world gets old, that God raises and that all of the denominations, with their multi-up such men as Luther, Fox and Wesley to found new denominations, so as to suit all of the whims and wishes of the people. Where did Jesus ever say anything like that? Where does the New Testament say any thing like that? Nowhere. But just the contrary is taught in your Bible. Jesus prayed that His followers might be one. Let us hear His own words: 'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them

also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as 'Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that 'Thou hast sent me.' Jesus condemns man made doctrines, such as many of your denominations are teaching now. Hear Him again: 'Howbeit in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.' Paul admonished his people to have no divisions among them. Let us hear him: 'Now I beseech you, brethren, by the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.' Again Paul says: 'But though we, or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.' How could the followers of Christ be one? How could they have no divisions among them, when God as you say, raised up men to found new denominations, and thus divide the people of God? Show me the harmony between your position and the words of Paul. 'I am the vine, ye are the branches.' Suppose we admit that these words are authentic and the interpretation the sectarian world puts on it, is true, what kind of a vine would it present in the sight of heaven now? It would be enough to make angels in heaven weep and devils in hell rejoice. Suppose you were to plant a mustard seed and when it came up it would shoot out a mustard branch, and then a little further up a squash, then a cabbage, then a turnip, then a raddish, then a peach, and then a little further up, a cherry would sprout out, then a fig, then a plumb then to cap it all off, a large oak would grow up. What kind of a tree would you call it? There is not a botanist on earth that could tell what kind of a seed you had planted. So it is with the ecclesiastical

tree, with all of the different branches, or denominations bearing different kind of fruits. The candid observer, who surveys the present condition of the denominations would be as much at a loss to tell what kind of a seed was planted to bring about the original church, as the botanist would be to tell what kind of a seed you planted to bring about that denominational bearing bush, the picture of which we have just drawn. If that passage of scripture is of Divine Origin, as you claim it is, I understand it to mean, that Jesus was the true vine, and His Apostles are the branches. He gave them the great commission to carry to every creature and all the souls that have bowed obedience to that amnesty proclamation, are the legitimate fruit of the Apostles.

“Argument No. Three. In this argument you say it is necessary to have more than one denomination. It was not necessary in the days of the Apostles. They had local congregations established, but they all taught the same doctrine. There were no denominations in those days and it looks like if they are necessary now, they would have been then, and it appears to me, that if the religious people, were better off without denominations then, they would be better off without them now.

“Argument No. Four. In this argument, you claim that everybody can't see alike. Suppose they can't, does that justify some men in starting new denominations, with a human name and man-made doctrines? No sir, nor will Jesus save them if you do obey them. Do you ask for proof? Listen to His words again: ‘Howbeit in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandment of men.’ Under this argument you brought up the question of human names, and tried to justify them by using the illustration of the Smith family. You spoke of James Smith, William

Smith, Thomas Smith and Joseph Smith. You said they were all Smiths, but had to have different names to distinguish one from another, and so with the human names that the denominations wear. Pretty good illustration, Mr. Newman, but let me ask you, who named those boys? Did they name themselves, or did their parents name them? Their parents of course. Did they have any choice as to what names they should wear? No. Who named the denominations? Did God, or did they name themselves? They named themselves and God, if there be one, never had anything to do with it. If I were a believer in the Bible, I would want to wear a name that God gave me and not one that some man gave. These human names are stumbling blocks to some people who would like to be Christians, but stumble over them and are made to doubt just like I did. If there is a God, if there is any truth in the Bible, what can that man hope for that has placed such humanisms in the churches and thousands are offended and kept away from Christ because of them? Let Jesus answer: 'But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a mill stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.' Mr. Newman, if you are going to accept the Bible as true, wear nothing but a Bible name.

"Argument No. Five. In this you contended that it was convenient to have all of these denominations. Where does Jesus say so? Where did He say that if it were not convenient to be immersed, that sprinkling would do? Where did He ever sprinkle any one? Where did His Apostles ever sprinkle any one? The Bible says that when Jesus was baptized, He came straight way up out of the water. Not a word about sprinkling here. 'And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water,

both 'Phillip and the Eunuch; and he baptized him.' Not a word about sprinkling here. Listen to what Paul says on this subject: 'Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized in Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in the newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection.' Immersion seemed to have been as convenient as sprinkling, with the Apostles, as we do not read where they ever sprinkled any one.

"You closed your remarks by asking me what I proposed to give the world instead of its religion? My answer sir, is simply this: Religion is a delusion, a superstition and a robber. If we take away one superstition, why do you want another to take its place? Religion is a disease that dwarfs the intellect, debars liberty and impairs both the physical and moral nature of man. What does the world need in its stead? Another delusion, another superstition or another disease? What would you think of a man who had been suffering from rheumatism, his arms drawn, his limbs bent, his fingers stiff, his whole body in pain and agony, the world dark and life a burden to him; and a skilled physician comes and applies a remedy that nature has provided for such a disease, his wrecked and aching system responds to the treatment, his arms relax, his limbs straighten, the stiffness leaves his fingers, the crimson color of youth and health are again restored to his face and he moves about a well and free man; and suppose he comes back to the doctor and after he knows he is entirely cured of the disease and says: Doctor, you have cured me of the rheumatism, my limbs are free, my arms have never

known a pain since you quit treating me, but doctor, what are you going to give me instead of the rheumatism? I know what you and every other man of sense would think. You would think that the man was crazy and that a lunacy commission should be called to pronounce him mentally unsound, and send him to the asylum for the insane. You would conclude at once that the lives of his neighbors would be in danger if he were allowed to run at large. My reply to your question is that I regard Christianity as a system of superstition and when the world is once free from it, we don't want another superstition to take its place. It is a disease, and when the world is free from it, we don't want another disease to take its place. It is a falsehood, and when the world is free from it, we don't want another falsehood to take its place. I suggest sir, that we accept in its stead, a knowledge of the truths of nature, and let all of the world be free from the withering touch of that superstitious curse. Let the old world that has been wrapped in the ignorance of this enemy of life, liberty and happiness break off the shackles of this religious dogma, walk out on the high plains of reason, and with the free thinker, enjoy free thought."

"Mr. W., I promised my sister that I would study the Bible and if there were any truths in its claims, or harmony in its construction, I would endeavor to learn it. This discussion is not ended. I request you to meet me again two weeks from this evening, and we will discuss the origin of the Bible," said Clyde, as he bade them good night and went to his room, feeling that his attempt to harmonize the present divided condition of the religious world, was a fruitless one, but more determined to urge on the battle until the infidel abandoned his position and come to what he thought was the truth.

CHAPTER IX.

A CHANGED MIND.

“Miss Silvey,” said Clyde, as he stepped into the young lady’s room, “this is the evening that your gifted uncle and I are to discuss the origin of the Bible. I feel as though I failed in my effort two weeks ago, to prove that all of the present day denominations, called Churches of Christ, are of God, while on the other hand I am frank to admit that he proved to my entire satisfaction, that neither God, Christ nor the Apostles ever said that it would be necessary for new churches, with human names and creeds, to be established in order that God’s purpose on earth might be carried out, nor does the Bible even sanction their existence. I have been reading the New Testament since I met him, and to my surprise, I failed to find where Jesus established more than one church; but I did find sufficient evidence to convince me that your uncle’s position, as to the oneness in which Jesus intended that His people should live, is correct. Paul, one of the most brilliant writers of the New Testament, said: “All scripture is given by inspiration of God, is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. Miss Silvey, it looks to me like, if the scripture that the world had nearly two thousand years ago, was profitable for doctrine, it would be profitable now, and if the world could be saved by it then, it is sufficient to save us now. If Paul’s words are true, and I have no reason to doubt a thing he said, it looks to me as though the world has no need for man-made

doctrines, such as denominations teach today. If the scripture makes us perfect, denominationalism can not make us more perfect. If the scripture can thoroughly furnish us to every good work, denominationalism can add nothing that will make us any better prepared to live and work for God in an acceptable way here on earth. As I look at the religious denominations, they appear to be to the Church of Christ, just what a superfluous growth is to the human body. I know a girl who is very small for her age, that has a superfluous growth on her neck, the doctors say that the growth, which is almost as large as her head, is of no use to the body, and that it never has done the girl any good, while on the other hand, it has dwarfed her physical being. The blood and nourishment that should have been utilized in building up the girl's body, as nature intended that they should do, have been taken up by this useless and superfluous growth, the consequence of which is, that which should have been built up, has been dwarfed, and the superfluous growth which is of no use, but a nuisance and detriment to the full and complete growth of the body, has been sustained. So it is with the church. Paul says there is one body, which is the church. The denominations are superfluous and useless growth. Just as the unnatural growth on the girl's neck has sapped the blood and nourishment and dwarfed her body, in order that it may grow, so have the unscriptural denominations taken millions of souls that should have been added to the body of Christ, the result of which is, denominationalism has been built up and the Body of Christ (His Church) has been dwarfed. Suppose all of the souls that have been added to and utilized in building up unscriptural Catholicism and Protestant denominationalism had been added to the body of Christ, or had been Christians only, buckled on the whole

armor of God and had taken the Bible as their only weapon of warfare, what kind of an army would they have presented in the sight of heaven today? With Christ as their only Captain, and His blood stained banner as their only flag, they could have been marshaled into an army such as the world has never seen. They could have moved upon the enemy's camp, captured the whole army of the prince of darkness, turned and with songs of praise and victory upon their lips, delivered to God and His Christ, the combined hosts of Satan. Suppose all of the money, energy and enthusiasm that have been spent in building up these unscriptural and unnatural growths had been utilized in building up the one body, the Church of Christ, what would be the result today? No doubt, long ago, the Arch-angel of God would have made heaven and earth vocal with the echo of his song, as he would have declared that the kingdoms of this world had become the kingdoms of God and His Christ and that the glory and praise of God had covered the sea."

"Miss Silvey," he continued, "as I said four weeks ago, all I claim for myself is to be honest. I believe the Bible and I shall endeavor to defend it, but if your scholarly uncle is as successful in offsetting my argument, that I shall offer to sustain the Bible, as he was in offsetting that by which I tried to justify the claims of denominationalism, I promise you now, that I will denounce the Bible as untrue and unworthy of my further investigation, take my stand with the infidel world and help to fight religion in all of its claims, the remaining days of my life. But, if on the other hand, I am successful in proving that there is a God and that the Bible is true, I will accept it, and if there is a class of people on earth who take the Bible just as it reads, if they wear no other name but a Bible name, if they

obey no doctrine but the Bible doctrine, and impose upon me no discipline but the New Testament, or in other words, if they 'Speak where the Bible speaks and are silent where the Bible is silent,' I will identify myself with them. But, I now raise my hand in the sight of God and declare with all the power of my soul, that I will never join a denomination, wear a human name, subscribe to a human confession, nor obey a man-made doctrine."

"Mr. Newman," said the young lady, as she rose and walked towards the young engineer, "I belong to one of the denominations, wear a human name, and subscribe to a man-made discipline, but what difference do they make, just so we know we are saved?"

"They make this difference with me, Miss Silvey. They divide God's people, they are human and therefore not of God. You have accepted something that I can never accept, and if in the event, I find the Bible to be true, in a religious way, we can never be one as Jesus prayed that we should. I would have to lay down Divine principles and accept human ones to unite with you, but you could unite with me by laying down your humanisms and accepting Divine principles in their stead. I would be willing to meet you on Bible principles, but I will never meet you in a denomination," said Clyde tenderly, as he took the young lady's hand in his and walked with her into the room in which her uncle and his family were seated.

"Mr. Newman, I suppose you have called to renew your argument in defense of the denominations?" said Mr. W., as he offered the young man a chair.

"No, sir, I have come with an entirely different proposition tonight. I claim to be an honest man and open to conviction. I will frankly admit that you have convinced me of my error, and I have

abandoned the position I tried to defend two weeks ago," said the young man, as he pulled his chair closer to the fire.

"Good! You have denounced denominationalism, the Bible and become a free thinker; give me your hand on this," said Mr. W., as he rose, walked to the young man and offered him his hand.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. W., I have denounced denominationalism, but not the Bible. But I will state here and now, that if you are as successful in refuting the claims of the Bible as you were in offsetting the argument that I produced in behalf of the denominations, I will abandon the Bible, become a free thinker, join you in your fight against Christianity and oppose the Bible the balance of my life," said the young engineer, while an expression of honesty and firmness settled over his face.

"I feel sure," said Mr. W., as he slowly walked back to his chair, "that you will join the free thinkers soon. Our numbers have already run up into the thousands and new recruits are coming in from the denominations every day. I predict, sir, that in fifty years from now, it will be as hard to find a man who will claim that he is a Christian, as it would be now to find a denomination that teaches the doctrine of the Bible. I am doubly confident that I will be able to find evidence to offset the claims of the Bible. You may now state the proposition that you wish to affirm."

"I shall affirm that the Bible is of Divine origin. I will state my proposition in the following language:

"'Nature was created by a Supreme Being, and its close analogy and relation to the Bible, are sufficient to prove that the same Divine Intelligence that shaped the hills and gave to the sea his decree, is

the Author of the Bible.'

"Mr. W., is this proposition plain enough?"

"Yes, sir, I will deny it," said Mr. W.

"If you will pardon me, I will call your attention to the last argument that you made two weeks ago," said the young engineer.

"The bridle is off, Mr. Newman, browse wherever you can find good picking," continued Mr. W.

"In answer to my question," said Clyde, "'What will you give the world instead of its religion?' you said that religion was a disease, and illustrated it by a man who had been suffering from rheumatism for a number of years. You closed your argument by boasting about being what you call a 'free-thinker' as though the infidel is the only man who can indulge in the pleasures of free speech, or enjoy free thought. It devolves upon you to prove that the Christian religion is a disease, that it impairs both the physical and mental man, and robs him of free speech and free thought. I will now examine your argument.

"1st. Is the Christian religion a disease No, nature itself teaches us that man is a religious being. Religion is health, but superstition is disease. Religion is a healthy use of man's nature. To be a Christian, is to be obedient to the noblest and highest law, that the Creator of the human race has thrown as a protection around man, and such obedience makes both the body and mind, strong and healthy. How many suicides would you read of, if every man would obey the laws of the Christian religion? Of how many murders would you read and how many would you see? With how many thieves and robbers would the world be cursed? What commandment in the New Testament would make you less a man than what you now are, if you

were to obey it? Which one would make you less intelligent? Which one would disease your body? Which one would make you more superstitious? I challenge you and all of the infidels on earth to name even one. No, the Christian religion is not a disease, but it cures disease which is superstition, and saves from suicide, which is atheism.

"2nd. Does the Christian religion impair the intellectual or physical man? No, sir. Mr. W., I challenge you to name one man, woman or child that the Christian religion, unmixed with catholicism or denominationalism fanaticism, ever impaired in mind, in body or in any other way. I challenge you to name one instance in which the pure religion of Christ has ever disqualified a man for business; it matters not in what position of honor he was laboring, let him be a hired servant, a clerk, a merchant, senator, king or president. I challenge you to name one thing that infidelity can do for the world, that Christianity cannot do. I challenge you to name one thing that infidelity has ever done for the human family that Christianity has never done. How many great men has infidelity ever given to the world? How many republics and kingdoms has it ever established? How many colleges has it ever built? How many hospitals has it ever founded? How many ship loads of provisions has it ever sent to the perishing victims of India's famine stricken millions? How many angels of mercy, in the person of skilled physicians, has it sent out on the battle-fields, to bind up the torn arms and limbs of the wounded, ease the pains of the dying, tell them of the Saviour of men, and offer them a hope that makes their last hours on earth seem a paradise of joy and plants upon their pale lips a complacent smile that the dark hand of the angel itself cannot

remove? How many sweet faced, tender-hearted and Christlike nurses, whose soft tender touch on the fever parched brow of the dying soldier boy has reminded him of the affectionate caresses of an angelic mother, has it sent into the tents of the dying? How many missionaries, bearing the torch of liberty, hope and emancipation from sin and disease, has it sent into the dark, ignorant and heathen cursed districts of Africa, India and China? Not one. What has infidelity to boast of today? What nation of noble manhood and sweet and affectionate womanhood can it point to as a sample of what it can do for the world? Who were the men that established our great republics and kingdoms? Were they infidels or Christians? They were Christians. There is not a republic or kingdom standing on earth today, that was planted by the hand of an atheist or founded upon the principles of an infidel. Who has made the greatest discoveries in science, astronomy and in the fields of literature? Infidels? No, sir. The men, to whom the world is indebted for having gone the deepest into the hidden treasures of earth, searched out the secrets of the planets, noted the movements of the stars and measured the distance to the Sun, have been men whose cradles were rocked by the hands of Christian mothers and whose lives have been touched and influenced by the Christian religion. In what countries do we see the most crime, disease, ignorance? In infidel and catholic or protestant countries? Look at India, look at China, look at Africa, look at the Philippine Islands and Cuba. Compare these infidel and priest ridden nations with the United States, England and other Christian nations. See the difference in the people, laws and schools. See the difference in their ships, railroads and other means of transportation.

Note the difference in the commercial and moral condition. How much superior are the Christian nations to them? The heights to which those nations have been touched by the hand of the Christian religion, have risen above the infidel and catholic countries, is so great, that no mortal eye can scan the scale and no human thought can span the distance. Mr. W., if Christianity is a curse, a disease and superstition, tell us why it is that the best men that the world has ever produced, have been Christian men? Tell us why the most prosperous, the most intellectual and the most learned nations on earth are Christian nations? Tell us why the greatest astronomers, philosophers and logicians have been Christian men? When you answer these questions in the light of reason, or convince me that it is more honorable for the most enlightened nations of earth to go back and wallow in the cesspools of heathen ignorance and corruption, I will be an infidel, but not before.

"3rd. Does the Christian religion rob men of free thought and free speech? No, such an assertion would be a false accusation and a gross misrepresentation. When a man accepts the Christian religion, what doors of learning does it close against him? In what way does it rob him of his social or political privileges? In what way does it rob, or hinder his success in the scientific or literary fields? From what fields of usefulness or honor does it debar him? What kind of men does the world demand today? What kind of a man do the American people demand for their president? What kind of men do the shops, stores, factories and railroads want? Christians or infidels? Let two young men who are equal in birth, intellect and learning go to our great cities in search of employment. One has

a recommendation as being an infidel and a follower of Thomas Paine, and the other has a recommendation which states that he is a Christian and a follower of Christ. They go to the same shop or factory, they both show their recommendations. Which one would secure the first opening? You know, Mr. W., that the Christian man would get the position. No, the religion of Christ is not a robber, but it has something to give. It opens to its subjects all of the doors of learning, commerce and positions of honor. Infidelity is the greatest robber and thief on earth today. It robs man of his honor, his place in society and politics. Do you ask who it ever robbed? It robbed Tom Paine of the respect and applause of the American people. It robbed him of his honor, it robbed him of his pleasure in this life and what is worse, it robbed him of a hope in the future. It robbed Robert G. Ingersoll. He would have been governor of the great state of Illinois, but his infidelity robbed him of it. The highest honor that the people of that state had to give, was taken from an infidel and given to a Christian. Who was robbed, the infidel or the Christian? I repeat, Mr. W., that Christianity has something to give. It opens all of the doors of learning, position, ranks and honor to its subjects. It brings them respect, pleasure, happiness in this world and gives them a hope that reaches beyond the grave and gives them an anchor to their souls, sure and steadfast. It makes life pleasant and death sweet, while infidelity closes the doors of honor, ranks and position and brings no pleasure in this life and no hope for the future."

"I believe," continued Clyde, "that there is a God and that He has revealed Himself to us as a kind, loving, merciful Father and that He speaks to us

today, not only through the Bible, but through nature as well. The long lofty mountain ranges, tell us in unmistakable language, that it was a Divine hand that shaped their tall peaks, sloped and carpeted their steep sides with the flowers of each succeeding spring and stretched their great serpentlike forms, almost from ocean to ocean. The broad fertile plains, which lie through the winter, wrapped in their icy shrouds, yield to the warm touch of the summer's sun, throw off their coat of snow, tell us that there is an omnipotent Ruler who touches their frozen soil, causes each tree to rejoice in a new life, and beautifies all nature with the flowers of her own bosom. The Sun, the unerring and ever faithful monarch of the day, as he rises to peep over the sea and the land and send his golden rays of light into every nook and corner of the earth, tells us that there is a God and that He has ordained him to give light and life to the earth by day. As he rises to stand but for a moment on the highest mountain peaks, gathers his golden pedestals about him and rises to fly the circuit of heaven and as he onward and upward wings his way, he sings one perpetual song of praise to Him, who by the power of His word, spoke worlds into existence. We go to the great wide sea and almost awe-stricken, we behold the sublime memorial of that power which gathered into one mighty reservoir, its restless waters, and that makes us stand with bared heads and reverence the ceaseless display of the power of Him who is Omnipotent. We try to comprehend its vastness. we look, but our limited gaze reaches but a few leagues out into the open sea, while thousands of miles of storm tossed waters stretch out beyond the limit of our horizon. We stand, as if petrified with reverential fear, and watch the rolling waters,

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as they are churned into a foaming rolling mass. We watch its waves, which like so many floating mountains, in their mad rush for the shore, as if to wash over and submerge its loftiest heights, but yet, each in its turn, as if suddenly awed by Him who said to the waves, 'Peace be still,' they cease to advance and fall back into the mighty ocean, as if they heard again the voice of Him who said: 'Hitherto shalt thou come and no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' Mr. W., in what direction can we look, without seeing the wisdom and work of the hand of God? If we turn to gaze into the deep blue sky, 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork.' If we turn our eyes to behold the mountains, we read upon them the words of him who said: 'For, lo, He that formeth the mountains, and created the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thought, that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth, the Lord, the God of hosts, is His name.' If we turn to behold the ocean wide, we hear the words of David, as their undying echoes travel down the centuries, saying: 'The sea is His, and He made it.' Truly can we say in the words of him who was a man after God's own heart: Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I can not attain unto it. Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be night about me.'

"Mr. W., the Christian religion has done more for the world than infidelity ever can do. Tell me, was

the world created by an Intelligent Being, or did it just happen so? Was it a Divine Intelligence that endowed the bee with an instinct, enabling it to distinguish the good from among the many poison flowers of earth, rise with its burden and fly straight to its home, or was it the result of a development, behind which there was no Divine mind? Was it a Divine Intelligence that endowed the Pika with the instinct to cut the grass, dry it in the sun and build its home for the winter, or was it the result of an evolution, that the Bible says, and man knows nothing about? You just as well tell me that man sprang from a gopher and that the common porcupine is our brother, as to tell me that there is no God, such as the Bible reveals."

"Two weeks from this evening, I shall meet you again and prove by the internal evidence of the scripture, that the Bible is of Divine origin," said the young engineer, as he rose, bade them good night and retired to his room.

CHAPTER X.

CRUSHING A GIANT.

"Mr. Newman," said Miss Silvey, as she and Clyde were sitting in the large living room of the old mansion, "I trust you will pardon me, but I cannot refrain from complimenting you on the strong and able fight you put up in defense of the Bible and the religion of Christ. Your reasoning was as clear as the noonday sun, your arguments were as strong as the hills, while your conclusions were as firm and immovable as the heavens, and my scholarly uncle reeled and staggered under your massive blows, like a drunken man. Surely, one whose mind is as logical and whose ability and zeal are as unlimited as yours, could serve the world better by giving their heart to God and enlist in the great army of Jehovah's faithful ministers, who are urging on the battle for God and righteousness, than they could by being, even a hero at the throttle."

"Miss Silvey, I appreciate your compliments, but I fear that you have allowed your zeal to override your judgment in this respect, at any rate, I feel that it would be doing myself too much honor to accept your compliments as being absolutely true and applicable to myself, or even act as though I thought myself worthy of such high commendations, but I can give you full credit for being honest and sincere in your kind, but flattering remarks. I am confident that my proposition is true and I feel sure, even though I should fail to prove to your uncle's entire satisfaction that the Bible is of Divine origin, I will be able to at least convince him that

his efforts to convert me to the infidel faith have been fruitless ones. The debate is not yet ended, and in our discussion this evening I shall take the Bible and show by its internal evidence, that a Divine wisdom is seen running through it from cover to cover, and that the marks of the finger of God are seen upon each one of its sacred pages," said the young engineer, as he turned his eyes and gazed at the young lady, with a look which bespoke an affectionate feeling, more tender than that of a brother.

"I suppose, since you are convinced that the Bible is true, you will give your heart to God, be a Christian and join some church?" continued the young lady.

"When I learn the way of life, I expect to give my heart to God, go into the Church of Christ and be a Christian only, but I will never go into a denomination," said Clyde.

"Mr. Newman, I believe you are an honest man and one that is open to conviction, and since I have learned to know you, I have prayed that you might meet one of our strongest preachers and be convinced that our church is right. I have had the good fortune to learn just this afternoon, that God has answered my prayer by sending one of the strongest preachers in our brotherhood, into our midst. Next Sunday, Brother H., who is not only a great scholar, but the polemic of our church, is going to begin a protracted meeting at the old McMullen chapel. If you will go and hear him preach just one sermon, I feel sure that you will not leave the sacred walls of that historic old building, until you are thoroughly convinced that the church to which I belong is one of the branches of the true church, and that the doctrine which we teach is identical with that

which the Apostles taught. Mr. H. is a powerful preacher. He has not only won thousands of souls to Christ, but he has convinced hundreds of others, who were inclined to doubt the scripturalness of our plea, that the position which we occupy is infallibly correct, said the young lady.

"I assure you, Miss Silvey, that it will give me an unlimited amount of pleasure to accompany you to the chapel to hear your minister and I promise you, that if he can produce evidence from the Bible, sufficient to establish the truthfulness of his position, I will accept it and become a member of your church at once. As I have already said, all I claim for myself, is to be honest. The truth is what I want, and when I have learned the way of life, I will walk in it. Your minister can convince me that your church is right, providing he can give me 'A thus saith the Lord' for every statement that he makes, but otherwise, he can never do it. You will pardon me, but it is time now that I should be in your uncle's room to renew our arguments," said the young man, as he looked at his watch, rose and walked into Mr. W.'s room, closely followed by Miss Silvey.

"Good morning, Mr. W.," he said.

"Good morning, Mr. Newman," said the infidel, as he pushed a chair towards the young man. "I suppose you have come to renew the argument, or have you become convinced of your error and changed your position again?"

"No, sir, I have not changed my position, nor have I any reason to do so. The contrast between Christianity and infidelity is too great. The principles of Christ are so much superior to anything that the infidel has to offer, that I am thoroughly convinced that the Bible is true," said the young en-

gineer, as he seated himself in a comfortable rocker before the fire.

"Mr. Newman," said Mr. W., "I will admit that a great many things you said in your last argument are true. While infidelity is a great system, contains the greatest principles known to man, adheres to all the truths of nature, and will eventually rule the nations of earth, yet it is an undisputable fact that it has founded no great republics, established no kingdoms, nor has it planted any hospitals, but its principles are acknowledged by the most learned men of the world today. You may go into, even some of our theological seminaries, and you can see that the seed which was sown by great men like Voltaire, Paine and Ingersoll is taking root in the brain of the presidents, professors and pupils. It is not infrequent that we read of some scholarly minister preaching a sermon or writing an article, in which he denies the Bible account of creation, affirms that the 'Garden of Eden' is a myth and that the whale and the Jonah story is a fable. Infidelity is doing this and the more of it that is done, the better off the world will be. While infidelity has not done much for the world, yet it must be remembered that it is in its infantile and unorganized state. Because infidelity has done but little for the world, and Christianity has done much, is that any evidence that the former is wrong and the latter is right?"

"I think so," said Clyde; "the greatest teacher that the world has ever known said: 'By their fruits, ye shall know them.' Mr. W., the fruit test is the only test. I will admit that infidelity is in an unorganized state, and it is my honest conviction, sir, that it will always be just as it is, by reason of the fact that it can furnish its subjects no truths upon which to organize; but if it is still in its infancy, it is

undoubtedly, the oldest infant, of which I have ever heard. Your statement is somewhat paradoxical to that of other infidels. Their boast is, that infidelity is older than the Christian religion. Mr. W., if there is nothing in Christianity, but what we gain here, if I knew that the grave ended all, I would prefer to be a Christian and be associated not only with the best people on earth, but to be identified with that class of men and women that are doing something to make the world better, than to be an infidel and be classed with the saloon bums, anarchists and heathens of earth. Infidelity has no essential or worthy principles that Christianity does not possess, while Christianity possesses thousands of good principles that infidelity does not have. Infidelity has no legacy to give. It comes empty handed to a prospective subject and proposes to rob him of his social and political standing in the community in which he lives, blights his prospects for better things in this world and robs him of his sacred hope for the next. No, Mr. W., I can never be an infidel."

"You may state the proposition you wish to affirm in this evening's discussion," said the infidel.

"I will affirm the following proposition:

"The fulfilled prophecies of both the Old and New Testaments, together with the pure, Holy and unparalleled life of Christ and the superiority of His religion, prove that the Bible is of Divine origin. If this proposition is satisfactory with you I will proceed with my argument."

"The proposition is satisfactory with me; I will listen while you discuss it," continued Mr. W.

"1st. Do the fulfilled prophecies of both the Old and New Testaments prove that the Bible is of Divine origin? These two books contain many proph-

ecies which were uttered by holy men of God, hundreds of years ago, and we have the testimony of more than one historian, who lived many centuries this side of the one in which the prophets spoke, and who wrote since the time the events, which were the subjects of the Seers' prophecies transpired, and their testimony, as it is found recorded upon the pages of ancient and modern history, testifies to the world that every detail of the prophecies of both books was fulfilled.

"The first example to which I call your attention is the one concerning the destruction of Babylon, the great Chaldean city. It stood surrounded by a seemingly impenetrable wall, which stood lifting its glittering towers, high up into the heavens. Babylon, with her never tiring watchers, backed up by an innumerable army, entrenched behind her mighty circle of stone and mortar and holding in her hands the reins of the then civilized world, seemed to defy not only the combined armies of earth, but that of heaven as well. Her proud king, dressed in his royal robes and attended by hundreds of his trained servants, looked out upon his swinging gardens, fine palaces, bubbling pools and golden gods and in the pride of his heart, praised the mighty works of his own hands by saying: 'Is this not great Barbylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?' But God, who exalts the humble and casts down the proud, had said that Babylon should fall. Accordingly, Isaiah and Jeremiah, God's Holy Seers, picked up the telescope of prophecy, stepped out on the portico of the coming centuries, looked down the vista of the unborn ages and sounded out to the denizens of earth, that Babylon must fall. The decree of heaven has been hurled

against her and in obedience to God's eternal word, her mighty walls, and golden palaces have tumbled down in ruin and decay and now mark the spot where a proud city once stood. Let us hear what God's prophets said, while the city was yet standing wrapped in her luxurious glory: 'Behold, I will stir up the Medes against them, which shall not regard silver; and as for gold, they shall not delight in it. Their bows shall dash the young men to pieces; and they shall have no pity on the fruit of the womb; their eyes shall not spare children. And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of Chaldees excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gamorrah.' Though this was spoken more than a century before Babylon was overthrown, yet Isaiah, by the aid of the Divine wisdom, could look down the coming ages and see that mighty army of the Medes and Persians, yet unborn, march with one steady tread upon the unsuspecting Babylonians, turn the course of the river, march under the mighty walls and capture the wine crazed inhabitants of that corrupt city. Why all of this? Because God had spoken and the Divine edict had gone forth, signed by heaven's unfailing hand, and though kingdoms shall crumble, thrones tumble, monarchs perish and stately walls shall waste away under the never ceasing hand of time and even heaven and earth shall pass away, but His words will never pass away. Listen again to the words of the mighty Prophet, as he thunders once more against the proud Metropolis, which was yet to reach the zenith of its glory: 'It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds take their folds there. But wild beast of the desert shall lie there; and

their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged.' It has been over fourteen centuries since Babylon has been inhabited and her ruins have reached such a state of decay, that it is impossible to ever rebuild them. Let us hear what eye witnesses say about the present condition of Babylon: 'Volney exclaims: "O ye solitary ruins!"' Capt. Mignan says: "I cannot portray the overpowering sensations of reverential awe that possessed my mind while contemplating the extent and magnitude of ruin and devastation on every side." Mignan's travels, as quoted by Keith. Mr. Keppel says: "A more complete picture of desolation could not well be imagined." Mr. Porter says: "I could not but feel an indescribable awe in thus passing, as it were, into the gates of fallen Babylon." He speaks of the Euphrates still running through the silent ruins and devastation, and then exclaims: "But how changed the rest of the scene! These broken hills were once palaces; these long undulating mounds were streets; this vast solitude was busy subjects of the proud daughter of the East. Now wasted with misery, her habitations are not to be found." Scott's Hand-Book of Christian Evidence, page 73. How true are the words of Jeremiah when he said: 'It shall be desolate: every one that goeth by Babylon shall be astonished.'

"The New Testament, like the Old, contains many prophecies, some of which have long since been fulfilled, and others are yet to be fulfilled. The one I call your attention to, is one that I think every candid reader and observer can see is being fulfilled

before the eyes of the world today. Paul says: 'Now we beseech you brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto Him, that ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand. Let no man deceive you by any means; for that day will not come, except there comes a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition. Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped so that he as God, sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.' When the great Apostle penned these words, he was looking but a few years into the future and his keen prophetic gaze fell upon that monarch of our ecclesiastical night, the papacy of the Roman Hierarchy, the man of sin, which is evidently the Pope of Rome. In the first place the time was but a little ways off, the seed of the apostacy was already sown and, even in Paul's day, some were departing from the faith. Let us analyze this scripture:

"'For that day will not come, except there be a falling away first.' I ask you if, ringing of bells, burning of candles, penance instead of repentance, adoration of images, priestly robes, changing of the ordinances of God, and accepting the traditions of men instead of the pure religion of Christ, was not a falling away? Let us notice the character of the man of sin and see what or whom he resembles: 'Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshiped.' You will notice that it does not say that he is to exalt himself above God, but above all that is called God. It is a well known fact that rulers and kings have the titles of god or lord attached to them. It is said that Al-

alexander the Great, claimed to be a god and ordered Divine worship paid to him. Satan worked secretly until he got Caesar's successor dethroned and at an opportune time hoisted the man of sin, the Pope of Rome, to the Imperial chair. He was then exalted above all that was called God. He did not rule, only over bishops and priests, but he extended his tyrannical reign far beyond the limits of his ecclesiastical authority and usurped the power of the civil rulers. Gregory VII extended his bloody scepter, touched the royal crown of Henry IV, clothed him in sackcloth and for three long days made the ruler of the German Empire stand with bare feet in the snow at the gate of the Roman Pontiff. Pope Celestine, it is said, raised his foot which had been kissed by bishops and rulers, and kicked the crown from the head of Henry VII. Let us see by what outlandish titles the power covering pope allows his deluded subjects to address him. They call him: 'Sovereign Pontiff,' 'Holy Father,' 'Universal Patriarch,' 'Supreme Head,' 'Successor of Peter,' 'Infallible One,' 'Lord of Lords,' 'His Holiness,' 'Lord God, the Pope,' 'Prince of the Apostles,' 'Vicar of Christ.' 'Archbishop Percell made use of some of these titles in his debate with Alexander Campbell, pages 21, 106, 124, and 241.' Scott's Handbook of Christian Evidence, page 197. The same author on the same page tells us how the bishops address the pope; the following are his words: 'Thou Most Holy Lord, Thou the Vicar of Christ, the Bishop of Bishops, the Supreme Judge of the Faith, and Arbiter of all Controversies; Thou the Head of the Church, the Light of the Nations, let us humbly ask of Thee.' Truly can it be said of the pope that he 'opposeth and exalted himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as

God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

"Even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders.' Any one who is at all acquainted with the deceitful and cunning works of Satan and familiar with the history of the popes, can readily see that their coming is very much after the order of Satan. Catholics themselves admit that some of the popes whom they have lauded as their 'Lord of Lords' were bad men. Archbishop Percell acknowledged that there were some bad popes, and said: 'I should not be surprised if these bad popes were at this moment expiating their crimes in the penal fires of hell.' Campbell and Percell debate, page 145. Are there any signs and lying wonders in the Catholic Church? Read what ex-Priest Bernard Fresenborg, in his 'Thirty Years in Hell,' says about the 'Mother Superior,' 'St. Anthony,' and the poor deluded dupes kissing the bones of supposed saints, thinking that by so doing they will be cured of any disease that they possess. Mr. W., the testimony of ancient writers, the crumbling walls, which mark the place where great cities once stood, and the history whose pages are made crimson with the crimes of Catholicism, stand as never-dying witnesses, testifying to the truthfulness of God's Holy Book.

"2d. Does the pure, holy and unparalleled life of Christ stand as an unimpeachable witness; testifying to the Divine origin of the Bible? I affirm that it does. There never was a man that spake like this man. Compare His life with that of Mohammed, who unsheathed his sword and brought nations to his feet for his own exaltation and glory, while Jesus said to Peter, 'Put up again thy sword into his place,' and that, too, while the bloodthirsty mob was crowding

in upon Him to crucify Him upon a cross of shame. While He was hanging upon the cross that stood over against Calvary, enduring the most painful agony to which the flesh is heir, not even a frown of hate or revenge settled upon His lovely face, not an evil or harmful thought entered into His tender heart, but He turned His bleeding face, and eyes which were swimming in tears that were shed for the salvation of the world, and with an expression beaming with Divine affection and mercy He gazed into heaven and from the very depths of His wounded and torn heart, and while in the last struggles of death, He prayed for those whose hands were stained with the blood from His own sacred veins and whose cruel and mocking jeers continued, even after His bruised and broken body was cold in death.

“3d. Does the superiority of the religion of Christ prove that the Bible is of Divine origin? I affirm that it does. The Christian religion is original with Christ. Its principles were not handed down from heathen nations, or compiled from other religions. It is not narrow and selfish like that of the Jewish or Egyptian religions, but it takes the whole world for its field and makes every creature an heir to its blessings. It includes all that is good and rejects all that is bad. There is not a good principle known to the human race, that the New Testament does not in-dorse, or is there a bad one that it does not condemn. It is the only religion that teaches forgiveness. Jesus taught His disciples to love their enemies and to pray for those that despitefully use them. He taught them to be kind, honest and truthful, and in order that they may have a model after which to pattern their own lives, He came and set them an example, by living a life the equal of which the world has never seen. The Christian religion is the only religion that

teaches the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Before Christ graced the earth with His Divine presence, the world was divided into nations, and were known only as such. They were Romans and Greeks, Jews and Gentiles, but when Jesus came, He abolished every partition wall, removed every dividing barrier from among the nations and said, 'Ye are all brethren.' The Christian religion is the only religion which teaches that humility is the road to greatness. Nero had a mistaken idea. He thought that, in order to be great, he must murder Christians, subdue nations, pull emperors from their thrones, and be lauded as a god. Alexander the Great thought that true happiness could be found only as a conqueror. It is said of him that he conquered the world and wept because there was none other to conquer. Neither he nor Nero could find pleasure in tearing down great kingdoms or capturing strong armies, and both men died in disappointment and shame. During their lives of luxury and what the world falsely terms greatness, they never experienced as much real joy as did the poor widow who cast her mite in the treasure of the temple of the Lord and received not only a Divine blessing from the Son of God, but the islands of every sea and the nations of both Hemispheres are holding up her worthy deed as an example which the world would do well to imitate, while the ashes of Nero and Alexander are sleeping beneath the ruins of fallen kingdoms, and they are held up before a civilized world only as an example of men whose hearts were miserable and whose lives were failures, and their names are perpetuated only because of the horrible crimes they have committed. How unlike the principles of Him who said, 'He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant.' The religion of Christ is the only religion that teaches a life be-

yond the grave. Jesus said: 'Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.'

"Mr. W., you may bring me the wealth of a Rockefeller, the gold of a Klondike, the eloquence of an Ingersoll, the wisdom of a Solomon, and the honor of a king. Yes, you may offer me all the glory, honor, wealth and power that the world has to give; I would throw them at my feet and in my blindness to earth's vain promises walk upon the world's best gifts, raise my hands to heaven, and pray to the Lamb that was slain, but who is now alive forevermore, to give me in their stead a Christian's hope.

"Mr. W., this discussion is now ended. I am no longer a doubter, but I believe every word in God's Holy Book; and I shall henceforth make it my constant companion, open its sacred pages, sit at the feet of Jesus and let Him teach me the way of life and holiness," said the young engineer, as he bade them good night and retired to his room.

CHAPTER XI.

A NEW RESOLUTION.

One cold Sunday morning in the month of January, just as the first golden glimmerings of the rising sun were shooting their fiery beams of light over the eastern hills and casting their dazzling rays against the tall peaks of the long Rocky range, which made their ice-laden sides look like so many mountains of bright, glittering diamonds, light footfalls were heard upon the broad stairs of Mr. W.'s old mansion and a moment more three gentle raps of a baby's hand sounded against the door of the young engineer's room.

"Mr. Newman, breakfast is about ready," came the words of a six-year-old girl, as her youthful voice rang out through the halls of that quiet mountain home.

"All right, Miss Nellie. It is very kind in you to wake me, otherwise I may have slept here all day," came the response from the inside, as Clyde sprang from the bed and proceeded to dress himself, while he listened to the irregular steps and merry song of the little girl, as she was half sliding down the smooth handrail of the wide stairs. As soon as the young man finished his toilet, he hurried into the room where Miss Silvey and little Nellie were busy arranging the morning meal on the large dining-table, that seemed to be groaning under its weight of delicious fruits and meats which were spread so invitingly before them.

"Good morning, Mr. Newman," said the young lady as she was trying to press a small wrinkle from the snow-white linen which had been so carefully and tastefully arranged on the table as not only to add neatness and cleanliness to the appearance of the room but to make the meal appear appetizing as well.

"Good morning, Miss Silvey," said Clyde, as he turned to look at the young lady, whose dark brown eyes and hair, together with her soft white hands and neatly fitting cook apron seemed to cause his affectionate heart to cease to beat for an instant, as he thought: "You have always seemed lovely to me, but never so much so as now."

"Mr. Newman, I am so happy this morning, and I thank you, oh, so much, for what you have done for my papa," said little Nellie, as she playfully skipped across the floor, placed her thin, pale hand in Clyde's, and turned her sweet but colorless face, which was wearing an expression that belonged, not so much to this as to the celestial world, towards him, while he looked down into her dark brown eyes, made lovely by an affection that could be possessed by none except those whose souls have been touched and claimed by the angels of God. Clyde's heart swelled within him while he raised his eyes, which were floating in tears, to gaze towards heaven and, half murmuring to himself, said:

"No wonder that the lonely Traveler of Galilee said 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Little Nellie is too fair and lovely for this earth. She won't be here long, for God will have need for just such an one as her, up in that starry world, to add joy to the redeemed that are already in heaven. The swift-winged messenger of Death is now, no doubt, resting his celestial pinions within God's golden gates, waiting for the summons to soar to earth

and with one tender touch of his divine hand break asunder her fleshly shackles, fold beneath his strong wings her precious soul, bid farewell to earth, and, with his heaven-bound burden, waft his way back to the city of God."

"What has Mr. Newman done for your papa?" asked Miss Silvey as she stooped to kiss the thin, pale cheeks and brush the long brown curls of her little cousin.

"He has almost gotten papa to love Jesus. I heard him tell mamma last night that if he knew the Bible was true, he would love God and try to get people to be good and kind like you are. He thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. I laid just as still as I could, and I said my prayers again and asked Jesus to send one of His good kind angels and tell papa all about the Bible and those beautiful mansions He has gone to prepare for us. I laid awake a long time and watched for the angel, but he did not come, and then I cried," said the little girl, as she raised her small bony hand to wipe the fresh tears which had gushed from her eyes and washed down her pallid face.

"Why did you cry, sweetheart?" continued the young lady, as she hugged the little girl to her bosom.

"Because, when I was sick the other day, I heard the doctor tell mamma that I could not live long. I would not care to die and go to heaven to be one of God's angels if I knew my papa would not come to me when he dies, but——," said the little girl, as she threw her small arms around Miss Silvey's neck, nestled her tear-stained face close to the young lady's and wept aloud, while her tender little heart was fluttering like a frightened bird in its cage.

"You must not worry about those things, Nellie.

Everything will be all right. Your papa will some day love Jesus and go to you, when you are a little angel in heaven. God knows best, and will do all things well. 'You may go now and tell your papa and mamma to come to breakfast,' said Miss Silvey, as she rose and finished preparing the table for the morning meal.

Nellie dried her tears, rushed into her father's room and told her parents that the morning meal was ready. The family was soon seated at the breakfast table, and when they were through, Nellie returned with her papa and mamma to the large living apartment, thus leaving Miss Sylvie and Clyde alone in the dining-room.

"Mr. Newman," said Miss Silvey, "this is the day that Brother H. is to begin his meeting at the chapel, and I suppose you are ready to redeem your promise by going to hear this scholarly man preach?"

"I never fail to keep a promise, when it is within my power to do so. I shall regard it a pleasure to accompany you to the chapel this morning, and I feel quite sure that I will be rewarded for my trip, by hearing a sermon which will materially aid me in my earnest endeavor to learn just what God would have me to do to be saved," said the young engineer, as he assisted the young lady to wash the dishes.

"I will assure you that you will not be only highly entertained by listening to our eloquent and able preacher, but you will return from that sacred old chapel feeling that you are the proud recipient of more blessings than one. In the first place, Brother H. possesses the rare faculty of holding an audience spellbound for hours by his unexcelled and unexcelable flights of oratory; and, in the second place, he is a profound scholar, and his recognition as a logician is world wide. I feel that nothing short of

God's goodness and special providence has sent this worthy and able preacher into our midst. This community will be wonderfully blessed as a result of his remarkable ability and godly life.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Newman, but I cannot refrain from telling you that, in order for you to enjoy the meeting and get religion, it will be necessary for you to disabuse your mind of one erroneous and unscriptural idea."

"As I have always said, all that I claim for myself is that I am honest. If I am laboring under the result of false teachings and have fallen a victim to error, I shall abandon my position and accept the truth just as soon as I am taught the way of the Lord more perfectly. May I ask you, Miss Silvey, what that erroneous and unscriptural idea is?" said the young engineer.

"Yes, sir. I have gathered from your conversations with my uncle that you are laboring under the impression that God wants you to do something to be saved, when the Bible and good men teach us that it is all by faith. Just believe and you will be saved. Listen to this quotation, which is from the pen of some scholarly and godly man, whose mind was lighted up by the inspiration of God and whose hand was guided by that of heaven: 'Salvation by faith only is a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort.' This worthy and scriptural edict has lived throughout unnumbered ages and comes to us, regardless of all the thunderbolts of the skilled and learned critics that have been hurled against it, as pure and freighted with as much consolation and truth as it did to those who first heard the Divine message, and whose souls were gloriously saved by its mighty power. Like the Gibraltar, whose sides have been lashed by the mad waves of the mighty storm-

tossed ocean, and is today the recognized master of the sea and the storm, so does this quotation stand as the unmoved and unmovable rock of Divine truth in God's holy plan. Mr. Newman, you can't do anything to save yourself from sin. You must just throw yourself on the mercy and goodness of God, 'and in the words of the Publican of old, say, 'Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner,' and Christ will save you. Do you ask for proof? Listen to the words of Paul; he said, 'For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' No, Mr. Newman; you can't do anything to save yourself. Faith alone, in God alone, is the lone condition on which we can be saved."

"Miss Silvey, I fear you will think I am a better critic than teacher. But may I ask if the quotation, about which you have been so elaborate in your comments, 'Salvation by faith only is a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort,' is a Bible one?" said the young engineer.

"No, sir; it is not a Bible quotation, but it is in perfect harmony with the teaching of the scriptures and is therefore brimming full of truth. It is a quotation from our church discipline and is bound to be correct, otherwise it would have been culled from the book. It was written by men, who, like David, could speak from experience, when he said: 'This is my comfort in my affliction: for Thy word hath quickened me,' " said Miss Silvey, as she placed the last dish in the cupboard and turned to brush the crumbs from the table.

"You will please pardon me, but David did not say that his faith alone had quickened him, but it appears to me as though it required the word of God in addition to his faith to save him. But, as I have already said, I don't understand the Bible and am

asking these questions for information, but I shall have to confess my inability to see any harmony existing between the quotation from your discipline and the one from the Bible. I expect to become a Christian just as soon as I learn the way of eternal life. I never can accept your position as long as it seems paradoxical with the teaching of the Divine Record," continued Clyde.

"Of course it took the word of God in addition to David's faith to save him. No one can be saved without His word," said the young lady.

"Was the faith of David the word of God?" asked Clyde.

"No, sir," said the young lady.

"If David's faith was not the word of God, and it required the word in addition to save him, it appears to me like he was not saved by faith alone, and if he could not be saved by faith alone, neither can we. If it requires more than faith to save us, it follows that the quotation from your church discipline is false, and cannot be of God. I read in my Bible where Jesus says: 'Not every one that saith unto me, "Lord, Lord," shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven,' and 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' I repeat that I do not feel myself competent to teach or even understand the Bible, but from the reading of these two passages, it seems to me like God requires us to do something to be saved," said the young man.

"I have no desire, neither do I feel competent to argue the question with you, Mr. Newman," said the young lady, "but I am confident that you will see your error when you hear Rev. H., who understands the Bible thoroughly and will take great pleasure in teaching you the way of life and salvation. A

man who can ward off the master blows of my scholarly uncle and establish the Divinity of God's Holy Book, as you have, will experience no difficulty in seeing and understanding the truth when it is properly set before you. It is growing late and it will be necessary for us to utilize every moment in order to reach the chapel in time for the morning sermon. I will be ready to go in about thirty minutes," she said, as she spread a clean white cloth over the table and went upstairs to her room.

Clyde remained by the dining-room fire and waited for the young lady, who returned in less than half an hour, opened the door and walked into the room, dressed in a suit of dark brown, with hat and gloves to correspond in color and a long, rich sealskin fur thrown around her neck.

"Mr. Newman," she said, "I suspect we had better go. It is almost two miles over there and uncle says we had better walk across the mountain, as the snow is so badly drifted in the road that it would be impossible for a horse to get through."

"I have no choice, but shall be governed altogether by your pleasure in the matter," said Clyde, as his eyes met the young lady's and the two stood and gazed at each other with an affectionate feeling which words cannot describe.

The young lady reached down, took her little cousin in her arms, kissed her an affectionate good-bye and started with the young engineer down the narrow path which wound its way through the fields and gates and over the steep mountain.

"Do you remember this place?" asked Clyde as he pointed to the spot where he had, less than four months before, rescued the young lady from the jaws of the hungry bear.

"Ugh!" shuddered the young lady. "I think so.

It makes me nervous yet, to even think of this desolate and horrible place. Mr. Newman, what if it had not been for your timely arrival and accurate marksmanship on that dreadful day?" said the young lady, as she unconsciously took hold of the young man's strong arm, raised her large brown eyes and looked into his manly face, while an affectionate smile was playing upon her lovely countenance.

"I don't know, but possibly some one else would have come to your rescue and saved you even sooner than I did. Let that be as it may, but your apparent appreciation has paid me more than a thousand times for my humble service to you, and while I shall always rejoice to know that my name will live in your memory, by reason of my assistance to you in the hour of the greatest peril of your life, yet I have a reason to regret," he said.

"Are you sorry that you saved me, or what have you to regret?" she asked, half smiling.

"No, but I am sorry that my life has been such that I have been unable to merit your appreciation, beyond that of mere friendship," he said.

"Mr. Newman, I am inclined to believe your judgment in this matter is like it is in regard to the Bible—at fault. But how can you think of one, who is as homeless and miserable as I am, other than a friend? I have been driven from a home of wealth, debarred from a place in a mother's affection and branded by the friends of my youth as an outcast and a vagabond," she said, as her eyes filled with tears and she sobbed aloud.

"Miss Silvey, the sad story of your wounded heart and wronged life appeals to me with an interest which seems to be my own, and my ap-

preciation for your firmness and loyalty to that which you think is right knows no bounds. Your sweet and loving disposition and affectionate heart have paved their way into the very chambers of my sympathetic soul. In the fondest dreams of my future happiness, I fancy you as the principal figure in the little drama of my own life," said Clyde.

"I assure you, Mr. Newman, that I appreciate the high and exalted position that I occupy in your affections, but I am inclined to believe that there is another, who is more fair and lovely than I, that reigns as the queen of your heart.

"Here is the chapel, Mr. Newman," she said, as she pointed to an old weather-beaten building which was all but hidden by the spreading oaks, whose bending boughs were almost touching its snow-covered roof.

"Who, except Brother H., could fill this building with people who have come through the snow for miles to hear him preach?" she continued, as they walked into the crowded chapel and sat down near the center of the building.

After the choir had sung two songs, which were followed by a prayer, a tall, muscular man, with raven dark hair and eyes, broad, massive face and high forehead, stepped into the pulpit. There was a deathlike silence settled over the audience as this master of eloquence and logic stood perfectly erect and looked over the crowded chapel.

"Oh, if I could only tell him what to preach on!" said the young lady, unconsciously, as her firm gaze seemed to be riveted on the speaker before her.

"What would you tell him?" asked the young engineer.

"I would tell him to preach on how the sinner is saved," she continued.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the speaker, as his strong, heavy voice rang out against the walls of the old-time sacred building, "my mission in your midst is not to seek my own glory, or the applause of men; but I have come to preach Jesus and Him crucified. If I can succeed in dispelling a doubt, cheering a lonely life, comforting a sorrowing heart, or be instrumental in teaching a sinner the way of life eternal, I shall feel that my trip to this, the most picturesque State in the Union, is not a failure.

"Subject today is, 'How the Sinner is Saved.' In my discourse I shall affirm and prove by God's Holy Book that the sinner is saved by faith alone."

"Surely the hand of God has led us here," said the young lady.

"In order to make this subject plain and preclude any possibility of being misunderstood," continued the speaker, "I will ask and answer the following questions:

"1st. Is the unregenerated man sinful and in need of salvation? 2d. Will the law save him? 3d. Can he do anything to merit, or in any way aid in securing, his own salvation? 4th. Will faith alone save him?

"We will take these questions up and answer them in the order in which they are stated.

"1st. Is the unregenerated man sinful and in need of salvation? I affirm that he is, and I feel almost persuaded to act upon the presumption that all candid and honest men are agreed with me that my affirmation is true. But for fear there might be a doubting Thomas or a skeptic present, I shall turn to Paul's letter to the brethren at Rome and

read what God's specially called apostle says about the condition of the unregenerated man; hear what he says: 'For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' Again he says to the same church: 'Therefore as by the offense of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation.' God knew that a knowledge of the real condition of the sinner was indispensable to his full and complete redemption from sin. Accordingly He stood on the smoky summit of a quaking Sinai and preached condemnation to a sin-burdened nation and wrote their epitaph on two tables of stone. He sent his servant Jonah into a crime-stained Nineveh, to cry in their ears the sad story of their own condemnation, and warn them of the gathering clouds which would soon settle over them and rain Jehovah's eternal wrath down upon their wicked city. He sent His Holy Prophets to warn the sinful nations, of all ages, of their poverty and corruption in the sight of heaven, but last and best of all He sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. But when the meek and lowly Son of God came to earth, He redeemed man by the power of His cross and suspended his salvation upon the one condition of faith alone. Listen to His own words: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.'

"2d. Will the law save him? I answer, No. To make this emphatic affirmation does in no way reflect on the goodness, wisdom or power of our Heavenly Father. He who, by the power of His word, could swing the sun into space and set the moon in her cycles; He, who can speak multiplied millions of worlds into existence, bring the dead

to life and defy the powers of death itself, could have made a law that would have been adequate for the salvation of the sinner, if He should have so desired, but it was not His pleasure that sinful man should be saved, only through the merits of faith in His Son. Why did He make the law? That man may see and know the awful condition into which sin has plunged all the sons of Adam. To prove that my position is infallibly correct, I call your attention to the words of Paul: 'For by the law is the knowledge of sin.' While the law was holy, just and good, yet it could not take away sin or justify the sinner. To prove this, Paul, our faithful and unimpeachable witness, comes to our rescue again. Hear his testimony: 'Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight.' The law was continually crying in the ears of the denizens of earth that their sacrifices could never take away sin, but that there would be a remembrance made of them every year. Let us hear Paul again; he seems to be arguing this point for us: 'But in these sacrifices there is a remembrance again made of sins every year.' The law was adequate to come around once each year and warn man of his sinful state, but was inadequate to take away their sins. Let us hear our witness again: 'For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sins.' The law could change the habits, customs and practices of sinful men, but it could not change their hearts. It was only 'A figure for the time then present, in which were offered both gifts and sacrifices, that could not make him that did the service perfect, as pertaining to the conscience; which stood only in meats and drinks, and divers washings, and carnal ordinances, imposed on them un-

til the time of reformation.' The law could not change the heart, and of course only those that are pure in heart can be saved, therefore it follows that the law could not save.

"3d. Can he do anything to merit, or in any way aid in securing, his own salvation. That he can is believed by some, whom I am sorry to say claim to be Bible readers and even Christians, but yet it seems so absurd, unreasonable and unscriptural in its nature that it would be an insult to your intelligence to even attempt to show its fallacy. But there may be some young lady or gentleman in this audience who has been so unfortunate as to have fallen a victim to this false teaching, and I would not be doing my duty in the sight of God if I did not assist them at this hour, to see, not only the error of their way, but the pure and unadulterated light of God's Holy Word. However, just one quotation will suffice to disabuse the mind of those, if any are present, who believe that works will save them. Let us call Paul and hear what he has to say on this question: 'For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.' My friends, this quotation from God's Holy Apostle emphatically and unequivocally settles this question for time and eternity. If he could save himself, he would have room to boast, but the faith alone theory comes along and excludes boasting.

"4th. Will faith alone save him? This fourth and last division of my subject is the one upon which I love to linger the longest. Truly I can say, in the words of the Scripture, that I have saved the best of the wine for the last of the feast, and in the words of our discipline, that 'Salvation

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by faith only is a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort.' This faith alone doctrine is the doctrine of the Bible. It has cheered the lonely, comforted the sorrowing and saved the dying. But, you may ask, is it true? If it were possible for me to pull back the heavy veil, swing open the golden gates and bring heaven down to earth, methinks we would hear angels shouting this doctrine from one end of its sweet dome to the other, while multiplied millions of God's redeemed would rise as one mighty body and testify to the truthfulness of this Divine doctrine. But as this veil is too heavy to be parted by an arm of flesh, those golden gates too sacred to be touched by human hands and heaven's light too dazzling for mortal eyes, our argument must be based upon the revealed word of God. I call your attention to two Bible witnesses, who have been testifying to a lost world for more than six thousand years, that they were saved by faith alone.

"Abel was saved by faith. His sacrifice was accepted, and so was he, because he recognized in it the atoning blood of Christ, in which his faith reposed, and his soul had a hope which reached within the veil, and by his faith he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his good gift. Cain was rejected because his sacrifice represented his faith. He undertook to do something to be saved, thinking, doubtless, like many do today that his works would be sufficient commendations to insure his acceptance with God, and then he would have reason for boasting. Again, Abraham believed God and it was counted unto him for righteousness. We see that both Abel and Abraham obtained salvation by faith alone, and if they could be saved by faith alone, so can we, and

if works could not save them, neither can they save us. 'We have no confidence in the flesh,' says Paul. Thus we see that in order for the sinner to be saved from sin he must not rely upon any works or fleshly performance. Truly we can say, in the words of the apostle: 'Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which was shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Savior; that, being justified by His grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.' My kind hearers, faith alone, in God alone, is the lone condition upon which God has promised to save the sinner.

"While we sing, the congregation will please stand, and if there are those present who are sinners that want to get religion and be saved, come to the altar."

The large congregation rose and began to sing "Just As I am, Without One Plea." Scarcely had the echoes of the first words of the song died away when Clyde Newman walked to the front, gave the minister his hand and sat down in the first pew. The congregation continued to sing while fifteen or more people gathered about the altar.

"Let us pray," said the minister, as he kneeled down by a long bench, lifted his hands toward heaven and prayed long, loud and earnest that "God would come down now, bless, save and sanctify the mourners."

Clyde sat with his head resting in his hands, and when the prayer was ended the preacher looked at him and said:

"Brother, do you want to be saved?"

"Yes, sir," said the young engineer.

"Why did you not kneel at the altar and let us pray for you?" continued the preacher.

"Because," said Clyde, "I am a believing penitent sinner. I have come to you to be instructed in the way of righteousness. I am anxious to be a Christian, but I want to follow the gospel plan. I have read the New Testament, but I have failed to find the place where you get your authority for asking these people to come to the altar, be prayed for and to pray. I feel sure that there is such a passage some where that teaches it, or you would not have asked us to come, but I can not be hypocritical in what I do. Will you please take this little book and mark the place where Jesus, His Apostles, Evangelists or any other New Testament character ever asked a sinner to come to the altar to pray or have others to pray for them, in order that God would pardon their sins?" said Clyde, as he took the New Testament from his pocket and handed it to the preacher.

"You can't find it in so many words, but—" said the minister, as he reluctantly took the book.

"If you can not find it in so many words, will you mark the chapter and verse where the thought is inferred? I am anxious to read it," continued Clyde.

"Yes, turn to the eighth chapter of Acts and read the twenty-second verse, where Peter told Simon to pray that the thought of his heart might be forgiven him," said the minister, as an expression of victory settled over his face.

"I remember that passage," said Clyde, "but Simon was a believer and had been baptized, and afterwards sinned by trying to buy the power of God. I understand this to be the law of pardon to

the erring Christian, but not to the alien sinner like me."

"You can't believe on Jesus and be an alien sinner, too. Such a doctrine as that, would make His words untrue, listen to what He says: 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' If you believe on Jesus, you have everlasting life, and if not, you can not see life. Let us pray for you, brother, that God may come and wonderfully save you from sin," said the minister, as he closed the book and returned it to Clyde.

"I am more than willing to be saved and I will kneel at the altar, pray and ask you to pray for me, just as soon as you turn to and mark the passage in the New Testament, that commands me to bow at this altar and authorizes you to intercede in my behalf," continued Clyde, as he offered the book to the preacher the second time.

"Jesus said: 'He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life.' Do you believe what He said?" continued the preacher, excitedly.

"Yes, sir," said Clyde calmly, "I believe all that He said and that is the reason I do not believe your teaching. Jesus said: 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' According to your sermon today, we can be saved, whether we repent or not, just so we have faith. Your teaching is out of harmony with that of Peter, Paul, James and Jesus. Peter said to the three thousand Pentecostians, whom he had commanded to repent and be baptized for the remission of sins, to 'Save yourselves from this untoward generation.' According to your doctrine, you would have said to Peter, that repentance and baptism were works of men, and have nothing to do with securing our salvation, much less being for the remission of sins, and as

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to their saving themselves, you would have told him that such a thought was, 'Absurd, unreasonable and unscriptural,' but it is all by faith alone. Paul said to the Romans: 'But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered unto you. Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness.' But according to your sermon today, had you been there you would have said to Paul: 'Not so, the Romans were not made free from sin when they obeyed that form of doctrine. Their obedience had nothing to do with their salvation, but they were saved by faith alone, and that, too, before they ever obeyed anything.' If James were here this morning, he would say to you: 'But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?' But you would withstand him to his face and say: 'The faith alone doctrine has cheered the lonely, comforted the sorrowing and saved the dying,' and if he were to be persistent and say: 'Faith, if it hath not works is dead, being alone,' then in order to offset this last quotation, you would bring forth your church discipline and read: "Salvation by faith only is a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort." And when you had yielded this last and powerful blow, you would stand like a mighty David, look down upon the fallen Goliaths, then turn and praise the faith alone doctrine. At last when Jesus would come and say: 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven,' you would fall at His feet and say: Master, we can't do anything to save ourselves. Doing the will of God has nothing to do with our acceptance with Him, but it is all

by faith alone. 'If it were possible for me to pull back the heavy veil, swing open the golden gates and bring heaven down to earth, methinks we could hear angels shouting this doctrine from one end of its sweet dome to the other, while multiplied millions of God's redeemed, would rise as one mighty body and testify to the truthfulness of this Divine theory.' "

"Clyde stepped upon the rostrum, looked over the audience and in a clear full voice said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am a believing penitent sinner. Like the Pentecostians, I am asking what I must do? Your worthy and scholarly minister tells me that I can't do anything. I believe on Jesus, but still I am not saved. I promised my sister, whom I left to comfort and care for my aged and invalid mother, almost a year ago, that I would take the Bible and read it, and if there is any consistency in its teaching, if any harmony in its construction, if it makes plain the way of life, I would endeavor to learn it, and just as soon as I knew my duty to God, I would do it. I came here today thinking that I could learn the way of life and salvation. Mr. H. has preached a very eloquent sermon on how the sinner is saved. I will admit that from his standpoint, the sermon is an able one. When he announced his sermon, my heart leaped for joy and I could hardly wait until he got through with the first division of his subject, so anxious was I to learn the way of truth and salvation. He very eloquently, logically and scripturally showed us, that as a consequence of Adam's transgression, all men have become sinners and fallen short of the glory of God. He then asked the question:

"Can the law save the unregenerated or sinful man? In answer to this question, he affirmed that

it could not. To prove his statement, he gave a few quotations relative to the Law of Moses, but failed to discriminate between that law and the gospel of Christ. He did not tell us that Jesus abolished the Law of Moses when He died upon the cross. He did not tell us that Jesus took away the first, that He may establish the second. He did not tell us that the first law, the law that could not take away sins, the law that Jesus abrogated when He died on the cross, was the law of sin and death. He did not tell us that our Saviour, when He took away the law of sin and death, established in its stead, the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus. Neither did he tell us that the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, can make us free from the law of sin and death. As I understand the Bible, the Law of Moses could never take away sin, or make the comers thereunto perfect, but Jesus abolished that law by nailing it to the cross and established in its stead His own gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, and it will make free from sin, every soul who will bow in humble obedience to its Divine commandments. This position is in perfect harmony with that of Paul's when he said: 'For the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did; by which we draw nigh unto God.' David, speaking by inspiration, said: 'The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.' Mr. H. asked:

"Can he (the unregenerated man) do anything to merit, or in any way, aid in securing his own salvation?' He affirms that he cannot. Is he right? Let us hear what Jesus says on this question: 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in

heaven.' According to what Jesus says, a man's entering into heaven depends on something that he does, but according to what Mr. H. says, doing the will of God has nothing to do with his acceptance with God, but that it is all by faith alone. To whom is Jesus the author of eternal salvation? Let us have Paul answer this question for us. Listen to his own words: 'And being made perfect, He (Christ) became the author of eternal salvation to all them that obey Him.' Then He is the author of eternal salvation to those that believe and obey Him, and not to those who believe only. On whom will Christ take vengeance? On those that do, or those that do not obey the gospel? Let us have Paul's answer to this question also, hear his words: 'And to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.' What will become of those that do not know God and obey not the gospel? Let Paul go on with his answer and he will tell us: 'Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power.' Peter said: 'Save yourselves from this untoward generation,' and Paul says: 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,' but Mr. H. would say: 'Peter, you and Paul are both wrong; you cannot save yourselves or work out your own salvation either. You can't do anything to merit, or even aid in securing your own salvation, but it is all by faith alone.' My friends, Mr. H. stands as a lone representative of the faith alone theory and has the combined and unimpeachable testimonies of the Bible, Peter, Paul James and our Lord Jesus Christ arrayed against

his unsupported word. Which must we believe? I know not what course others may pursue, but as for me, I prefer to pick up my sacred Bible and say: 'Speak, Lord, and I will hear.'

"Ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I am anxious to be a Christian and will be just as soon as I learn the way of life, but until I can have a 'Thus saith the Lord' for every position I take, I shall remain as I am. In the presence of God and these people, I now raise my hand and pledge myself to wage everlasting and unrelenting war upon human creeds and man-made doctrines. I shall resolve, from this time on, to take the Bible as my only discipline, Christ as my only creed, do what He says do, be what He says be and go where He says go."

"This congregation is dismissed," said Mr. H., as he picked up his hat and coat and started towards the front door.

The young lady and Clyde started home, and as they slowly ascended the steep mountain side, Miss Silvey said:

"Mr. Newman, I am sadly disappointed in our trip today."

"May I ask why?" said Clyde.

"I had prayed that you might see the light today and become a Christian. But as it is, I am all broken up in mind and I am half inclined to doubt the truthfulness of the position I occupy in religious matters," said the young lady.

"I am disappointed, possibly, more so than you are. I thought that if any man knew the scripture, that man did. But, Miss Silvey, if you will promise to join me in my new resolution, I shall feel as though this is the happiest hour of my life," said the young engineer, as he took the young lady's

hand in his.

"What new resolution, may I ask?" said Miss Silvey.

"To take the Bible as our only discipline, Christ as our only creed, do what He says do, be what He says be and go where He says go," continued the young man.

"I will," said the young lady, as she turned her lovely face towards Clyde's. Both agreed that they would denounce all human creeds and man-made doctrines, and accept the Bible as their guide through life, they went hand in hand across the mountain, happy in the thought that the only barrier, which had heretofore divided their lives, had been removed.

CHAPTER XII.

CHANGED BY DEATH.

"Who is there?" came the words of Mr. W., in response to light gentle raps on his bed room door, which aroused him from his midnight slumber.

"It is I," said Miss Silvey, as she stood shivering in the cold hall.

"What do you want?" inquired her uncle.

"Nellie is sick, and she wants you and Aunt Sarah to come into her room," said the young lady, as she hurried back to the little girl's bed.

Her uncle and Mrs. W. rose, hastily dressed themselves and went to their little daughter's sleeping apartment.

"What is the matter with Nellie?" asked her father, as he placed his hand upon her small face, that was almost burning up with fever, and looked down into her lovely brown eyes, which were dotted with small blood red spots.

"I don't know, papa, my side and head hurt, and I am almost burning up. Can't you make me cooler, papa?" said the little girl, as she pushed the cover off her small arms and breast.

"You must cover up, and you will be all right by morning," said her mother, as she spread the blankets and tucked them around her shoulders.

"Oh, I am so sick," said the little girl, as she gripped her hands firmly over her forehead.

"We had better telephone for Doctor Brown to come at once, had we not, uncle?" asked Miss Silvey, excitedly.

"Yes, you may call him and I will watch and keep the cover on her," said Mr. W.

Miss Silvey hurried to the telephone and notified the doctor, who lived but two miles away, to come at once.

"What did he say?" asked Mr. W. of his niece, as she returned to the room where the sick girl was.

"Mrs. Brown said the doctor would be here in a short time," said the young lady, as she kneeled down by the bed and took her cousin's little hot hand in her's.

"Oh, uncle!" she exclaimed, as she looked at Mr. W., while her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't get her excited," said her aunt, "I fear she is dangerously ill."

The little girl turned her face from the wall and fell into a light sleep. Mr. W. sat on the side of the bed, and held the blankets over her shoulders and looked into the flushed face of his suffering child, while the long morning hours dragged by.

"Whoa," came the words from the outside, as the sound of horses' feet and that of buggy wheels were heard breaking through the thin crust of the frozen snow.

"There is the doctor now," said Miss Silvey, as she tipped lightly across the floor, into the hall and opened the front door.

"Good morning, Miss Silvey, what is the matter here; is little Nellie sick?" asked the doctor, as he stepped into the hall and began to remove his fur coat and cap.

"Yes, sir; Nellie is sick and is suffering so much. I fear—" said the young lady in a trembling voice, as her eyes filled with tears.

"Why, is she very bad?" asked the doctor.

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"Yes, sir, we think so. I can't help but believe that a few days more will end her suffering," continued the young lady.

"Good morning," continued the doctor, as he walked into the sick room.

"Good morning," said Mr. W., in a low voice.

"What is the matter with my little girl this morning?" asked the doctor, as he pulled a chair up to the bedside, sat down and felt of the little girl's pulse. He raised his head and looked for a moment into the closed eyes and slightly parted lips, and placed his hand upon the burning brow of the little girl, who was laying, breathing quick and laboriously before him. He shook his head doubtfully, pulled a leather covered case from his vest pocket, from which he took a small fever thermometer and gently inserted it into her half opened mouth.

"Ugh," shuddered the little girl, as she opened her eyes, which were becoming more glossy each hour, looked the doctor in the face, then turned to her father and in a low whispering voice asked:

"Who is that man?"

"Why, dear, this is Mr. Brown, your doctor. Don't you know him?" said her father.

"No, I have been dreaming," she said faintly.

"What have you been dreaming?" asked Miss Silvey.

"Oh, I want to tell papa, when we are all alone," she continued, as she closed her weary eyes.

"Miss Nellie knows who I am. She is going to get well and go home with me," said the doctor, as he reached for the thermometer and began to read it.

"No," she said, as she opened her eyes and threw her arms from under the cover.

"What, don't you like me any more?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, I like you and everybody, but I like Jesus the best and He loves me, too," she said, as she looked towards Heaven, while a bright sweet smile settled over her fever parched brow.

"I know," said the doctor, "that you like everybody and that Jesus loves you, but that will not keep you from going home with me and being my girl, will it?"

"Yes, I am going home with Jesus and be His girl and He will not let me be sick any more," she said cheerfully.

When these last words fell upon Mr. W.'s ears, his heart heaved within him, his lips trembled and turned to an ashy white, his eyes melted to tears, as he turned, walked into his room and half muttering to himself, said:

"Oh, if my darling little girl, who is the light of my home and the joy and idol of my heart, does not get well. What could I ever do without her? Oh, I never, never can spare her from my bosom." He threw himself across the bed and wept until the pillow was wet with his tears.

"'Going home with Jesus to be His girl.' Oh, for the faith of my angelized child. If the Bible is true, if there is a God, a Christ and a heaven, my sweet precious little girl will go to that world of joy and be with the white-winged messengers of God. If she dies, I want to die, too, but oh, could I meet her there, or where would I go?" said the conscience-stricken man, as he sprang from his bed, walked into his daughter's room, stood and looked down into the little sufferer's face. Again hot scalding tears gushed from his eyes, he turned, walked to the window, looked out through the frosted panes to the tall snow-wrapped mountains and on to the brilliant stars, which looked like so many

millions of bright diamonds.

"My own dear little Nellie will soon leave this earth, and if death does not end all, if there is a life beyond the grave, the swift-winged messenger of death will soon fold his celestial pinions at the threshold of this sad home, silently cross the chamber of death, pale her lovely cheeks, kiss down her eyes to that eternal rest, and with the sweet spirit of my own darling child, sweep above the mountains and on through the gates of gold, that she might shine as a brighter star in that world of joy and perpetual happiness, than any of them that deck and make beautiful, these heavens that bend down over us tonight," he said, as he leaned against the sash and wept aloud.

The doctor walked out into the hall and Mr. W. followed him.

"How is she?" he asked.

"I fear," said the doctor, "that death is inevitable, at any rate, we had better prepare for the worst. She has a complication of diseases working on her, but pneumonia is the immediate danger. One of her lungs is badly and the other slightly affected and her constitution, I fear, is not strong enough to battle with the disease until my medicine can assist nature to restore her to health.

Mr. W. reeled under the words of the doctor, and almost crazed with grief, said:

"Oh, I can't give her up. It would crush my heart and rob me of every joy and pleasure of this life. You must save her."

"I will spare no pains, but shall use all of my skill and utilize my efforts to the very limit of my ability to save her, but I can give you no encouragement. The disease has the advantage of her now. Her pulsations are one hundred twenty, res-

pirations twenty-seven and her temperature one hundred four. It is my candid opinion that it is only a matter of a few days now. If you have any promises to make her, you had better do it today; tomorrow may be too late," said the doctor, as he fastened his gaze upon the floor at his feet and walked slowly from one end of the wide hall to the other.

"Any promises to make her, what—?" said Mr. W., his lips paled, his heart heaved as he rushed up stairs into Clyde's room.

"Mr. Newman," he called in an excited tone.

"What is the matter, Mr. W., has something serious happened?" asked Clyde, as he instantly rose and sat up in the bed.

"Nellie, my own darling Nellie is sick and the doctor has given her up. Oh, I can never, never spare her from my bosom," he said, as he fell across the bed at the young man's feet.

"Mr. W.," said Clyde, as he sprang to the floor and began to dress himself, "as long as there is life there is hope."

"There is no hope now. She has given up all hopes of getting well and seems so contented to die. She says she is going home with Jesus to be His girl. Oh, Mr. Newman, I would give multiplied millions of worlds like this, if I could only have the faith of my dear little girl, whose precious little soul is, this moment, preparing to bid farewell to us who are yet standing on the shores of time, to step aboard the ship of death and sail out upon eternity's borderless ocean," he said, as he buried his face in the pillows and cried, as when he was a child in his own mother's arms.

"Mr. W., it is hard to have to part with one who is as sweet, lovely and fair as your own dear little Nellie, but let us be resigned and confide in the

words of Him who said 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' How true and consoling to her now, are the words of David, when he said: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.' Mr. W., in this the darkest and saddest hour of your life, you can have the consolation of knowing, that as she leaves your arms of failing flesh, she will be safely folded in the strong embrace and loving bosom of Him, who not only has the power to cool the fevered brow, break asunder the shackles of death, but who stands as a mighty refuge upon the margin of the eternal world and defies, even the decaying touch of the hoary hand of the unending ages," said the young engineer, while the tears gushed from his eyes and washed down his broad massive face.

"Mr. Newman, do you believe there is a God, such as the Bible reveals to us?" said Mr. W., as he partly raised from the bed, to rest upon his elbow.

"Yes sir, I do," said Clyde, firmly.

"Do you believe that a God of love, mercy and infinite goodness, would come and rob our home of its light and our hearts of our idol? Fallible humanity would not do that, much less an infallible God," said Mr. W., in a broken trembling voice.

"Mr. W.," said Clyde, "God does not rob you of your idol. Your little girl came into the world according to the laws of nature, God has given her a physical body in which to house and protect her spirit and when that physical body is no longer prepared to protect that spirit, her immortal soul will leave this tabernacle of flesh and take up its abode in that house that is not made with hands, but that is eternal in the heavens. Mr. W., you acted upon the same principle, when that old dilapidated

building, some of the ruins of which are still standing, was no longer adequate to shelter and protect your family; you moved out of it, into this newer and better building. You never destroyed your old building in order to move your family, but when it had yielded to the crumbling touch of time's wasting hand, you moved them, that they may not perish under its tumbling walls. So it is with God. He has not destroyed the fleshly house of your little girl, in order to rob it of the precious gem that it contains, but if the body is wrecked and destroyed, by reason of disease, He stands ready to receive and welcome her in that house that knows no decay. Mr. W., it pains our hearts to have to part from one like little Nellie, but let us not weep as those who have no hope."

"As those that have no hope? Mr. Newman, what hope is there left for me?"

"Jesus said: 'He that believeth, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' That is my hope. If the angels of God should call for little Nellie today, I would know that she still lives and that I will some day meet her in the paradise of God," said Clyde, as he started down the broad stairs.

"Though he were dead, yet shall he live. What can that mean?" thought Mr. W., as he followed Clyde into the room where the sick girl was lying. He softly walked across to the bed, placed his hand lightly upon his daughter's head and asked:

"How are you, Nellie?"

"Is that your hand, papa?" asked the little sufferer, as she opened her eyes and gazed into her father's face.

"Yes, dear, I have come to see how much better you are, since daylight has come," said Mr. W., as he stooped to kiss her almost burning face.

"Papa, I have been wanting to see you, oh, so long, and I was afraid you would not come," said the little girl, as she struggled for breath.

"I am by your side, what do you want?" continued her father.

"I want to tell you my dream," she said.

"All right, I will be glad to listen to you," her father said, as he turned his face from her to hide his blinding tears.

"I dreamed last night," said the little girl in low broken tones, "that I was by the side of a narrow river where there were, oh, the most beautiful trees, grass and mansions of pure gold. I thought I saw millions of little girls and boys and men and women like you and mamma. I thought I saw Jesus and then I knew it was heaven. I looked up among the angels and saw mamma, Miss Silvey and Mr. Newman, but I could not find my papa. I thought I asked Jesus where you were and He said: 'I know him not,' and then I cried and I thought God came and wiped all my tears away. Papa, when I die and go to heaven to be one of God's angels, will you love Jesus and come to me?" she said, as she threw her hands over her face and wept, as though her heart was breaking.

"Mr. W. rose, stood for a moment and looked through his blinding tears at the little girl, whose poor heart was tossing like a broken reed in a stormswept ocean, but was unable to speak. He turned, walked into his room, sat down in his comfortable chair and wept, while the great battle, between giving up all hopes of meeting his daughter beyond the grave and his long cherished ideas of infidelity, raged in his heart.

The days passed slowly by and little Nellie grew weaker, until one bitter cold evening, Doctor Brown

called the family into the hall and said:

"Nellie's fever is getting higher and she is rapidly sinking, but is conscious yet. It is only a matter of a few hours with her now."

Mrs. W. almost fainted when she heard this sad intelligence. Miss Silvey and Clyde led the heart-broken women to her room and placed her on the bed. Mr. W. wiped the tears from his face, walked into the little girl's room, stooped down, pressed his quivering lips to her's and in a trembling voice said:

"Nellie, the doctor tells me that you are dying."

The little girl, notwithstanding the raging fever which was burning upon her sweet tender face and threatening every moment to rush in and with its fiery tongue consume her aching brain, raised her eyes for the last time to look into the face of her grief-stricken father and said:

"I know that better than the doctor does."

"Nellie," said her father, as his head almost fell upon her neck, "don't you want to stay here with me?"

"Papa, I love you, but I am going to live with Jesus, and I want you to come to us," she said, as she closed her small thin fingers down upon his, kissed his tear-stained face, shut her eyes, sank into unconsciousness and breathed but a few moments longer, then ceased. Her earthly pilgrimage was ended, her sufferings had ceased, her little soul had swept out of its tenement of clay and she had gone home to be with Jesus and repose upon the bosom of His Father.

"She is gone," said the doctor.

Mr. W. raised the lifeless form in his strong arms, pressed it to his bosom, kissed it the last time, laid it down upon the bed, raised his eyes

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towards heaven, as if to gaze after the angel that had winged her precious soul away, and said:

"She is gone. I can't call her back, but thanks be to that God who consoled my darling in her dying hour, I can go to her."

The next day at ten o'clock a white hearse drawn by white horses, stopped at the gate of the old mansion and six young ladies, dressed in colors to suit, carried a little white casket from the death chamber and placed it in the waiting hearse. Mr. W., and wife, with Miss Silvey and Clyde close behind them, followed the pallbearers to the gate and got into a two-seated carriage. The little funeral procession, which consisted of the family and two or more dozen sympathizing friends, started to the cemetery, near the old McMullen chapel. The procession wound its way around the steep mountain sides and through the drifted snow, until they came to an open grave in the little church yard. The casket was taken from the hearse and placed upon the stilts near the fresh dug grave.

After the local minister had offered a prayer and made a short talk, the church choir had finished singing "Nearer My God to Thee," and the sexton was preparing to lower the casket into the grave, Mr. W. rose, stood for a moment, looked over the small crowd of sympathizers, raised his eyes, looked over the snow-covered mountains and on into the deep blue sky. He wiped the tears from his eyes, looked down into the little casket and said:

"Friends, I am broken-hearted. The light of our home has gone out, and the idol of our hearts has been plucked from our bosom. We will return to our home, but it will never be what it once was. Heretofore, when I would return from the day's toil, little Nellie would be the first to greet me, but

now, instead of her smiling face and sweet voice, it will be a vacant chair and an empty home. The prattle of her little feet will be heard no more, and her merry song has been hushed forever. A night that knows no breaking this side of the grave, has settled down over our hearts. While it is sad to part from her today, yet I thank Him who knows and does all things best that He has given us this sweet life, whose length was measured out in six brief summers. She has done more for me than all the theologians, churches and Bibles on earth. I have been an honest doubter, or what the world calls an infidel, but her dear sweet life and calm peaceful death, have convinced me that there is a God, a Christ and I know the Bible is true. Today I weep, but not as one who doubts the truth. I mourn, but not as those who have no hope in Christ. While my eyes are dimmed with tears, my body is bent down in sorrow and my heart is torn with grief, yet I would not give the sweet peace that comes to my soul, even in this dark hour, for all the honor, wealth and power that the world can give. While the very comfort and idol of my heart has been torn from my breast and is now ready to be covered up in the bosom of the snow-covered earth, and while I know I can never bring her back, yet I can say in the words of him of old that I know I can go to her.

“She asked me to meet her in the City of God, but I did not promise. Oh, could I call her back for a moment, I would fall at her precious little feet, and tell her that her papa will meet her in the skies. But it is too late now, she has gone up yonder. But I pray that God’s good angels will tell my darling that I will be there.

“While her death has made our home darker and

earth poorer, it has made eternity brighter and the City of God richer. A sweeter soul never swept through the gates of gold, a fairer face was never lifted above the battlements of heaven and lovelier eyes never looked down through the windows of the sky, than hers."

Mr. W.'s eyes filled with tears, his heart swelled, his lips quivered and he could say no more. He kneeled between the open grave and closed casket and silently prayed that God would grant him a happy reunion with his darling child in that world to which she had already gone. The casket was lowered, and soon nothing but a small mound was left to mark the spot where his loved one sleeps, and he returned to his home, comforted with the thought: that they who believe in the Son of God, though they be dead, yet shall they live again.

CHAPTER XIII.

Fulfilling His Promise.

"Uncle," said Miss Silvey, as she and Clyde stepped into the room where Mr. W. and his wife were sitting, "would you and aunt Sarah like to join us in our endeavor to learn just what God would have us do to be saved Mr. Newman and I have agreed to lay aside all human confessions and man-made doctrines, accept Christ as our only creed, the Bible as our only discipline, do what Jesus says do, be what he says be and go where he says go. Mr. Newman has been studying the Bible for more than six months and is now thoroughly prepared to teach us the way of life and holiness."

"I assure you Miss Silvey," said her uncle, as he offered her and the young engineer chairs, "that we will be pleased to join you in such a worthy undertaking, as the one in which you are about to engage, and we will feel ourselves very fortunate to be counted as pupils of one who is as strong in argument and efficient in Bible knowledge as Mr. Newman. Heretofore, this room has been dedicated to infidelity and all of my time has been spent in the advocacy of its false claims. Tom. Paine's 'Age of Reason' has taken the place of the Bible. But the so-called 'Age of Reason' has been committed to the flames, this room is now dedicated to the Lord, its walls have been made sacred by the presence of the Bible and henceforth, all of my energy will be utilized in extending the borders of the

Kingdom of Christ. We are anxious to learn the road to eternal life, that we may walk in that highway which leads to the City of God. Jesus said: 'For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' Our precious little girl, our only treasure, is in heaven. She is at the gateway tonight, and her dear little hands are beckoning, while our lonely hearts are reaching out in their blind endeavor to grasp the truth by which God has promised to save His fallen race. We want to know the truth, and we shall regard it as a Godsend to us, to join you in your investigation, and we will pray God that He will open our understandings that we may understand the scriptures."

Clyde sat down in a rocker, turned to face the trio and began by saying:

"I feel as though you have done me too much honor by selecting me as your teacher. I am aware of my incompetency to act in such an honorable capacity, but if my humble service will be of any advantage to you, I shall claim no credit myself, but give God all the glory. I appreciate the interest you have taken in me and more especially that which you have manifested in the great work of understanding God's truth. If the things pertaining to the Church of our Dear Lord and Master were so important to the world, as to call from heaven its brightest jewel, and cause the only begotten Son of God to give up His life upon a cross of shame, that sinful men might be saved by His blood, surely we can give a few moments of our time each evening to the study of those principles of which His church consists and that are destined to make pure every heart and correct every life.

"It will be my purpose to give a brief history of the Kingdom of Christ, and determine, if possible,

who may become citizens of that Institution, and upon what terms. I shall spare no time or pains to make this subject plain, but in order to present it in an intelligent way, it becomes necessary for me to ask, and by the aid of the prophets, John the Baptist, Christ and His Inspired Apostles, answer the following questions:

“1st. Is there a church or a kingdom? 2nd. If so, who was its founder? 3rd. Upon what or when was it founded? 4th. Where was it established? 5th. When was it established? 6th. By what names did God call His church? 7th. By what names were the members of that Institution called? 8th. Upon what conditions did God promise to save man?

“In order to answer these questions, it is necessary to examine the Holy Scriptures. There is no other source to which we can go, to get any information bearing upon them. While the Bible is the only book that will help us out here, yet it is sufficient. Paul says: ‘All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.’

“1st. Is there a church or a kingdom? This question need not consume much of our time, for no doubt, nearly all Bible readers will admit that God has an organized government upon earth, but for fear there might be a ‘doubting Thomas’ I will quote two passages of scripture that will make plain this point. Jesus said, just a short time before His crucifixion: ‘Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.’ Luke, in recording the events that took place on the first Pentecost after Christ’s resurrection, said:

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“The Lord added to the church daily, such as should be saved.’ From the words of Jesus we learn that the church was not yet in existence, but that it was His purpose to build it upon the truth which Peter confessed; and from those of Luke we learn that the church on earth was not only complete, but that its door was swung open and thousands of souls were pouring into the Kingdom of God’s dear Son.

“2nd. Who was its founder? The Church of Christ is a Divine Institution, and therefore we must look for its founder to be no less so. A man may be the founder of a school, college or lodge, but he can never be the founder of the Church of Christ. All human organizations or institutions are founded by men, and all organizations and institutions founded by men, are human. Jesus Christ is the founder of His Church. Hear His own words: ‘Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.’ Any institution to be the Church of Christ, must neither know nor recognize any founder but the Lord Jesus Christ, and must be Apostolic in origin, doctrine and practice.

“3rd. Upon what or whom was it founded? The first thing necessary in the erection of a building, is to secure a solid foundation. A structure cannot be stronger than that upon which it is built. The foundation must be strong and durable, in order to protect that under which it stands, from the storms and floods of the coming ages. But in this world there is no foundation that will stand the test of time, much less eternity. Though men may employ the best of skilled workmen and as good material as money will buy, they may dig down in the earth and build great walls and monuments upon the solid rock, but as the years go by, the founda-

tions begin to crumble and the wasting hand of time laughs at every feeble human effort, wrecks all the works of man and leaves them but a heap of ruins, to mark the place where stately walls and proud cities once stood, and still the ceaseless cycles of the ages roll on. Look at ancient Egypt. Where are her great pyramids, which was the pride of the Pharaoh's vain hearts? Look at ancient China. Where is her strong wall, that stretched twelve hundred miles around her northern border? They are there. Yes, but slowly and surely wasting away under the never abating storms of time, and as they stand there today in their crumbling and decaying condition, they demonstrate to our minds, the undeniable fact, that everything in this life is transitory and that earth can furnish us nothing upon which we can build our hopes for eternity. Who is the foundation of the church and upon whom can we build our hopes for life everlasting? Let us turn to God's sacred Book and hear what His Holy Prophets say.

"When man transgressed the law of God in the Garden of Eden, Jehovah looked beyond Egypt, beyond China, beyond the Jewish age and said: 'I will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed.' Could such a kingdom be founded by man? Could a man be the foundation of such a kingdom? No, it would be like building a palace of marble upon a foundation of sand. The one upon whom the Church of God is founded, must be as divine, as durable, as firm and as eternal as the church itself. Where shall we look for such an one? Let us hear Isaiah: "Therefore thus saith the Lord, behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste.' That stone which

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God laid in Zion is Christ. Paul says: 'According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise master builder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereon. For other foundations can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' Again the same writer says: 'Moreover, brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant, how that all of our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea; and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea; and did all eat the same spiritual meat; and did all drink the same spiritual drink: for they drank of that Spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ.' How beautifully this corresponds with the words of our Saviour, when His Apostle confessed that Jesus was the Christ the Son of the living God, and He told Peter that He would build His Church upon 'This Rock,' which was the truth that he confessed.

"Isaiah said that the foundaeion must be a tried stone. Jesus was the stone and He could never be laid as a sure and firm foundation stone, until He was thoroughly tried. He had to be tried by Satan and every power and resource of death and the grave in order to prove Himself superior to every enemy of both God and man. Accordingly He underwent all of these sore trials and thus proved to the world that He was able to overcome the temptations under which man fell by living a life that was absolutely sinless, and that He was stronger than the very Prince of darkness himself, by marching out alone upon the field of conflict to meet Satan and contest His rights for the souls of men, and while He was faint with hunger and fatigued with His long journey, fought one of the greatest battles

and won the greatest victory, that was ever carried from the field of battle by a triumphant general. He had to overcome His enemies, before He could be laid as a sure, tried and precious foundation stone upon which the children of men could build their faith and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God. In the wilderness He passed under the hammer of temptation, wielded by the strong arm of Satan, and successfully succeeded in resisting his every blow. He was tempted in like manner as we are, in the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and pride of life. In the wilderness the attack was through the lust of the flesh, on the mountain, it was through the lust of the eye, and on the temple, the appeal was through the pride of life. In all of these trials, Jesus stood as a mighty warrior, warded off all the insidious attacks of Satan and drove the world's greatest enemy from the field of conflict. He was tried by death and the grave, but He shattered the powers of death and burst the bars of the tomb. He was then ready to be laid as a tried and sure foundation for His Kingdom, which was to last forever. Paul said He was declared to be the Son of God, by the resurrection from the dead.

"4th. Where was the Church Christ established? When we know where an institution was established, often it helps us to understand its nature and terms of membership. If it was established in China, Africa or some other country where Christ and His gospel are not known, we would not look for the Spirit and teaching of our Lord to be contained in it, or would we go to the Bible to find the conditions upon which we may become members? If an institution is established in England, Germany or America, and its place and date of origin cannot be traced beyond either of these

places, we could not expect it to be Divine. It may embrace a great many of the principles that Jesus taught, but in the main it is human and cannot be the church that He purchased with His own blood. We have already seen that Jesus is the great architect of His own Kingdom. He said: 'Upon this Rock I will build my Church.' Therefore, we must look to Him to tell us where He established His Church. It was not established in England or the United States, for nowhere in the New Testament do we read where Jesus was ever in the King's Dominion or where He ever placed His foot upon Columbia's fair soil, therefore all churches that have had their beginning in either of these countries must be passed by, because they are of human origin and cannot be the Church of Christ. I do not mean to say that all congregations in this and other countries are of human origin, or that they are not Churches of Christ by virtue of them being in other countries than that in which Jesus lived while here on earth. Such a position would defeat God's eternal purpose. The gospel of Christ is broad in its scope. Jesus said: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' It is God's will that none should perish, but that all should come to repentance. The gospel has been preached in every nation and churches have been planted in almost every country under the sun. These organizations can be recognized as Churches of Christ, providing they are like the one Jesus established, in name, doctrine and practice. It is God's purpose that churches be established in every village, city, country and nation under heaven; but in order for them to be Churches of Christ they must reject all human names, creeds and man-made doctrines.

"Where was the Church of Christ established? In order to locate the exact country or city in which the Kingdom of God had its beginning, we will turn to the Prophets and see where Jehovah's Holy Seers said the Church of the First Born should begin on earth. About seven hundred years before the birth of Christ, Isaiah said: 'And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.' From the words of this major prophet we learn that the word of the Lord was not to go forth from England, Germany or America, but his prophetic gaze rested upon the Holy City, Jerusalem, and he said: From here shall 'the word of the Lord go forth.'

"Immediately after Jesus rose from the dead He gave the apostles the world-wide commission, saying: 'Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead on the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.' We see from these passages that Isaiah and our blessed Lord are agreed on Jerusalem being the place where the kingdom of God should first be established on earth. Isaiah calls it the going forth of the word of our Lord, and Christ calls it the beginning.

"Again, just before Jesus ascended to heaven, He called His disciples about Him for the last time on

earth, and, after delivering His parting message, He commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for the promise of the Father. At this juncture, He began to rise towards heaven. They watched with intense interest this strange phenomena and when He faded from their sight, they with sad hearts waited for the promised Comforter. His disciples had expected Him to set up a temporal kingdom, but he said: 'My kingdom is not of this world.' They had followed Him for three and a half years, in anxious expectation of seeing Him crowned king; they saw Him immersed by John; they saw Him heal all manner of disease; they saw Him arrested, condemned, and nailed to the cross; they saw Him placed in Joseph's new tomb; they saw Him after He had burst the bars of death and broke the seal of the grave; but they had never seen Him seated upon a temporal throne, with a royal crown on His head and a sceptre in His hand. When He died He abolished the law of Moses. The veil of the Temple was rent from top to bottom; the smoke from the sacrificial altars no longer ascended towards heaven; no longer the innocent lambs must suffer for the sins of the people, but the Lamb of God had made the offering once for all. The blessed Christ has ascended to His Father, the disciples were commanded to wait until they were commissioned from on high. The kingdom had not been restored to Israel, but, like Joseph of Arimathea, they were waiting for the kingdom of God. They continued to wait until Pentecost, and when that great day had fully come they were all with one accord in one place, And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto

them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.' 'Now, when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together,' and Peter, having the keys of the kingdom, and guided by the Holy Spirit, began to preach to the people just as he was guided into all truth by the Spirit of God. He could then preach Jesus, he could preach His life, he could preach His death, he could preach His burial, he could preach His resurrection, he could preach His ascension, he could preach His glorification and carnation. 'This Jesus hath God raised up, wherefore we are all witnesses. Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear.'

"These things were all facts then, but before Jesus commanded His disciples to wait at Jerusalem they were not all facts. He could then preach Jesus as a tried foundation stone, tried by death 'and declared to be the Son of God with power according to the Spirit of Holiness, by the resurrection from the dead.' He could then preach Jesus as the head of the body because of His resurrection, 'And He is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead: that in all things He might have pre-eminence.' He could then preach Jesus as the King of His kingdom, because He had ascended to heaven and was crowned King of Kings and Lord of Lords. He could then preach Jesus as our great High Priest, because He had entered Heaven 'By His own blood,' 'having obtained eternal redemption for us.' These things were all essential to the establishing of the new

and living way.

"It was necessary that Jesus die that we be reconciled to God and it was necessary that He live again that we may be saved by His life. 'For if when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life.' It was necessary that He be glorified that the comforter may come, John said: But this spake He of the Spirit, which they that believed on Him should receive; for the Holy Ghost was not yet given; because that Jesus was not yet glorified.' It was necessary that He enter Heaven by His own blood, in order to be our great High Priest, as He could not be a priest while on earth.

"Isaiah and Jesus agree that Jerusalem is the beginning place. Paul calls this place the mother of us all. Jesus commanded His disciples to wait there, and while they were in Jerusalem, they asked Jesus if He would restore the kingdom to Israel. If the church was then established, the Apostles did not know it. Note, before the Apostles came to Jerusalem, there was no church, but before they left, Luke says that 'God added to the church daily such as should be saved.'"

"Thus we have seen that there is a church, that Jesus is both its founder and foundation, and that it was established in the city of Jerusalem. Tomorrow evening we will notice the question, 'When was the church established?'" continued the young engineer, as he rose, bade them good evening and retired for the night.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT KINGDOM.

The dark mantle of night had settled down and draped itself about the tall mountains that stood lifting their barren peaks far above Mr. W.'s old mansion, when light foot falls were heard in the halls, which indicated that two persons were about to enter the lonely room whose only occupants were a broken-hearted father and mother.

"Good evening, how are you and Aunt Sarah feeling to-night?" said Miss Silvey, as she and Clyde entered the room and closed the door behind them.

"We are feeling lonely, otherwise we are alright. We are anxious to hear Mr. Newman discuss the question that he has promised to explain this evening," said her uncle, as he added fresh fuel to the fire which was burning brightly on the hearth before them.

"The question," said the young engineer, "that I promised to discuss this evening is: When was the Church of Christ established? This, like the other questions which we discussed last evening, comes to us freighted with much importance. It is not a question that has only divided God's people, but it is a rock upon which many theological crafts have been dashed to pieces. There are a great many theories touching upon this question, four of which we will mention.

"1st. Many good and honest people claim that the church had its beginning in an eternal covenant, which was entered into by God and His Son, before the foundation of the world. The advocates of this theory would have us believe that all of the elect are uncondi-

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tionally predestinated to eternal life and the non-elect are passed by or consigned to eternal misery.

“2nd. Some, who claim to understand God’s word, teach that the church of the First Born had its beginning on earth in the family of Abraham and that it was completed many hundreds of years before the birth of Christ.

“3rd. Others teach that the church was set up and completed during the days of the ministry of John the Baptist.

“4th. Still others teach that the church was established in the City of Jerusalem on the first Pentecost after the resurrection of Christ.

“Thus we see that the time when the Kingdom of Christ was established, is an important matter, and when God’s people rightly understand this great question it will help to heal the wounds that have been inflicted on the body of Christ by the cruel hand of unscriptural divisions. It shall be our purpose tonight to learn which one, or if either of these theories have the Divine sanction.

* “All who have a fair understanding of the Bible are aware of the fact that the kingdom is treated in this Book from two points of view as to the time of its beginning or place and time of its origin. It is treated prophetically and is thus viewed as being in the future, and it is spoken of historically and is regarded as something already in existence. In the Bible there are to be seen two converging lines, each pointing to the kingdom. One of these lines is prophetic, pointing forward to the kingdom, and the other historical, pointing backward to the kingdom. Isaiah and the other Prophets, by the spirit of inspiration, looked down the coming ages and saw the kingdom as it would be established in the future, and Paul and Peter standing many centuries this side of them,

looked to the past and saw the kingdom as a fact, as an institution that was actually in existence. Let us follow these two converging lines to their intersection and locate the time and place where the eyes of the Prophets and Apostles met and study the beginning and nature of the object of their gaze, the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. If possible, let us determine the place and time where the kingdom ceased to be regarded as prophetic, and began to be contemplated as historical. That act will locate the actual beginning of the church, and that being accomplished, everything else pertaining to it will be easy to solve and we can readily determine who may become citizens of this institution and upon what terms.

“About six hundred years before the birth of Christ, Jeremiah looked down the unborn ages and when his prophetic vision rested upon the place and time where the kingdom of Christ was to be established, he uttered these words: ‘Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which my covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord: but this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sins no more.’ According to this remarkable language,

we must not go back to the day when God led his people out of the land of Egypt, or to any time previous to that to find the covenant under which the Church of Christ was established. Note, this covenant was to be a new covenant, and to be unlike the one that God made with the Jews when he took them by the hand to lead them out of Egypt.

“Jeremiah did not only live and speak this side of the days in which Abraham lived, but he uttered the above prophecy about eight hundred years after the Law of Moses was given at Mt. Sinai, hence he could not have reference to the covenant that God made with Abraham, and he says it is unlike the one He made with the children of Israel when He led them out of Egypt, therefore we must look this side of the days in which Jeremiah lived, to find that covenant which was not to be a new one, but unlike anything the world had ever known before. If we can learn when this new covenant was given, we will know when the Church of Christ was established, for they are one and the same. Let us go to the New Testament and hear what Paul says about the new covenant. He said to the Hebrews: ‘For ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words; which voice they that heard entreated that the word should not be spoken to them any more (For they could not endure that which was commanded, and if so much as a beast touched the mountain, it shall be stoned or thrust through with a dart: and so terrible was the sight that Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake): but you are come unto Mt. Zion, and unto the City of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in

heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.' In short, Paul says, you are not come unto Mt. Sinai, nor to the Law of Moses nor to the covenant that God made with the people when He took them by the hand and led them out of Egypt, but you are come to Mt. Zion, to the heavenly Jerusalem, to the Church of the First Born, to Jesus, who is the Mediator of the new covenant. Notice, this covenant was not in existence at the time Jeremiah was speaking, which was about six hundred years before the birth of Christ, but when Paul was speaking to the Hebrews, he said the new covenant had been given, that Jesus was its Mediator and he called it the Church of the First Born. If the above conclusion has been rightly drawn, it can be easily seen that some time between the days in which Jeremiah lived and the day that Paul wrote his letter to the Hebrews, the Church of Christ, or the Church of the First Born, was established. In order to locate the exact time when the new covenant was given or the church was established, let us go back to the time of Jeremiah and take up the prophetic line and follow it until it brings us to the time when the church is no longer spoken of as a future, but a past event, or until it speaks of the church being in actual existence, and then let us go to the day when Paul wrote the letter to the Hebrews and take up the historical line and follow it back until the time when the church is no longer spoken of historically, but prophetically. If we can locate the time when these lines meet, then we will be able to answer the question as to when the church was established. From the foregoing we learn that the church was not established before the foundation of the world, or had its be-

ginning in the family of Abraham. Now let us see if it was in existence during the days of John the Baptist, or if Christ established it while He was here on earth.

“Was the Church of Christ in existence during the days of John the Baptist? I think not. Let us hear what Jesus said about John and the kingdom. When John was in prison he sent messengers to Jesus to ask if He was the Christ, or if they should look for another, and after Jesus had answered them and they had gone away, He said to those around Him: ‘Verily I say unto you, among them that are born of women there has not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he.’ As he that is least in the kingdom of heaven was greater than John the Baptist, it follows that he was not in it, and surely John would not have set up so important a kingdom as the Church of Jesus Christ and then failed to enter it himself. Furthermore, John was not absolutely positive that Christ had come, and it was to ascertain this fact that he sent messengers to inquire of Jesus if He was the Christ, or should he look for another.

“Was the church established during the personal ministry of Christ? Let us take our Bibles and see what the inspired writers say about it. The first witness that we will introduce will be our blessed Saviour, and let us weigh carefully His holy words. ‘When Jesus came into the coasts of Cesarea Philippi, He asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?’ And after Peter had told Him that some thought He was one person and some another, and when Peter confessed that He ‘Was the Christ the Son of the living God,’ Jesus said: ‘Upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.’ This language teaches us that the church was yet in the future, and that He

would soon build it. No man would say that he would build his house on a certain place, if it had already been built. After Jesus had made use of that very remarkable language in the sixteenth chapter of Matthew, He spoke as follows in the eighteenth chapter. Please take notice that he is speaking to His disciples. He said: 'Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven.' Notice He did not say: Except ye become converted ye shall be turned out of the kingdom, but ye shall not enter. This clearly teaches us that the disciples were not in the kingdom, which surely they would have been, had it been established at that time.

"Just a few days before His transfiguration He said: 'Verily I say unto you, that there be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death until they have seen the kingdom of God come with power.' Here we do not only find Him teaching that the kingdom was in the future, but that its coming would be during the lifetime of some of those who heard Him speaking. Again He said: 'For I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine until the kingdom of God shall come.' Thus we see that at the close of His personal ministry and just before His death, He taught the people that the kingdom was yet in the future. Surely if the kingdom had yet to come, it was not then in existence. You will please take notice that the kingdom was regarded as something yet in the future, until the day of Pentecost and after that date it is treated as something that is in existence. I next propose to show that previous to the day of Pentecost, His disciples regarded the kingdom as something that was yet in the future. 'And as they heard these things, He added and spake a parable because He was nigh to Jerusalem and because they

thought the kingdom of God should immediately appear.' Thus we see that those who had been with Him so long, and heard Him teach so much in regard to His kingdom, understood it to be in the future, but thought its approach was nearer than it was. Coming down now to His death, 'Joseph of Arimathea, and honorable counsellor, which also waited for the kingdom of God, came and went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus.' Joseph was a man of great ability to understand the Saviour's teaching, who waited for the kingdom of God to come, even after Jesus was crucified. This teaches us that the kingdom was not established at the time of His death, but Joseph was waiting for it. Undubitably he was not waiting for that which had already come.

"In order to establish His kingdom, Jesus came and selected twelve men and duly qualified them for the work by taking them under His immediate care, and for about three and a half years instructed them in that which they were to perform. He gave them all power in heaven and earth. (As far as the gospel is concerned.) He gave them the keys of the kingdom and guided them by the Holy Spirit. Now, if these three statements are true, the apostles were well qualified to become the foundation upon which the kingdom or Church of Christ, with Christ being the chief corner-stone, could be built. But are they true? We propose to show by the New Testament that the above statements are correct. Jesus said, in the prayer to His Father: 'As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world.' Again, 'Then Jesus said unto them again, peace be unto you, as my Father has sent Me, even so send I you.' Now we notice that Jesus said He sent His apostles just as His Father

sent Him. Now, if we can learn how His Father sent Him, then we will know how He sent His apostles. How was Christ sent? With all power in heaven and earth. Hear what Matthew says about this: 'And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, all power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth.' If Jesus was sent with all power in heaven and earth, and sent His Apostles just as God sent Him, then he sent them with all power in heaven and earth. They had the keys of the kingdom. Jesus said to Peter: 'And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.' Again, He said to all of His Apostles: 'And when He had said this, He breathed on them, and said unto them, receive ye the Holy Ghost; whatsoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.' They were guided by the Holy Spirit: 'Nevertheless I tell you the truth: it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto thee; but if I depart I will send Him unto you.' 'Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth is come He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak; and He will show you things to come.'

"Now if we can locate the time when the Apostles received all power, the keys of the kingdom and the guidance of the Holy Spirit, it will aid us in locating the time when the kingdom was established. Doubtless all will agree that all power or authority must come from heaven. I invite you to take the Bible and turn to Matthew and see

what he has to say about this subject, hear his own words: 'After six days, Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John, his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them: and His face did shine as the sun and his raiment was as white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with Him. Then Peter answered, and said unto Jesus, Lord it is good for us to be here: if Thou wilt, let us make three tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias. While he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them; and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him. And when the disciples heard it, they fell on their face, and were sore afraid. And Jesus came and touched them and said, Arise, be not afraid. And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only. And as they came down from the mountain, Jesus charged them, saying, Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of man be risen again from the dead.'

"Here we see the authority handed down from God to Christ on the mountain. Two very important things are here revealed. First, God says, 'This is my Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him.' This is the first time God ever commanded any one to hear His Son. When He was immersed, and as He came up out of the water, God said, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,' but He did not command them to hear Him. Let us not overlook the second fact, that Moses and Elias were there. Moses, representing the law, and Elias representing the prophets. The voice from heaven said, 'Hear ye Him.'

No longer hear Moses, no longer read the Old Testament to find the plan of salvation, no longer hear the prophets, but hear Christ. Now let us follow Christ and listen to what He says. As He goes down the mountain-side: 'Tell the vision to no man until the Son of man be risen again from the dead.' We see from this language that the authority was handed down from God to Christ on the mountain and Jesus told His disciples to tell the vision to no man until the Son of man be risen again from the dead. Here we see the authority to teach was withheld from the apostles until after the resurrection. After Jesus was put to death and the third day burst the bars of the tomb, He walked with His disciples about forty days, and just before He ascended to heaven He gave the apostles the world-wide, that every-creature commission, saying: 'All power is given unto Me in heaven and earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.' And then He added, that 'They should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith He, ye have heard of Me.'

"Now, let us sum up and see what these scriptures teach us. With the thought in mind that all authority must come from heaven. God hands the authority down to Christ on the mountain, Jesus gives it to His disciples, but forbids them to tell it until after His resurrection. After He rose from the dead, He taught them forty days, and told them to wait at Jerusalem for the prom-

ise of the Father. Until now the apostles have never been free to preach to every creature. Now let us wait with the apostles at Jerusalem, and see what takes place.

“Note, Jesus has ascended to heaven, He has been crowned King of kings and Lord of lords. Now He is the head of the body, now He has entered heaven with His own blood, now He is our great High Priest, the veil in the Temple is rent from top to bottom, and He is the Testator of the New Testament. Surely all things are now ready. The day of Pentecost has fully come; the Holy Spirit, the promised gift of the Father, has been dispatched from heaven. ‘And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.’ Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together and Peter preached to them. For the first time he could preach Christ’s death, His burial and resurrection. For the first time he could preach His ascension and glorification. When Peter accused the people of taking the Lord of Glory and with wicked hands ‘crucified and slain’ Him, they were pricked to the hearts and cried out, ‘Men and brethren, what shall we do?’ Now, Peter, armed with all authority, armed with the keys of the kingdom and guided by the Holy Spirit, gave them the answer, that should ring out from every pulpit in the land today. ‘Then Peter said unto them, Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.’

“Before the day of Pentecost, following the res-

urrection of Christ, the church was spoken of as something in the future, but on that day it was spoken of as being in actual existence. Luke says: 'And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.' If the church existed prior to the day of Pentecost, it was a kingdom without a king, as Jesus refused to be a king on earth and never was one in heaven until after His ascension and was crowned King of kings and Lord of lords. If it existed prior to Pentecost, it was a body without a head, for Jesus was not the head over all things to the church until after His resurrection from the dead and ascension to heaven. If the church existed before Pentecost, it was a body without the Spirit, for the Spirit was not given, says John, until after Jesus was glorified, and if it existed as a body without the Spirit, it was a dead body, as James says the body without the Spirit is dead. If the church existed before the day of Pentecost, it was an institution in which there was no High Priest to offer an atonement or make intercession for its members, because Jesus was not a priest while on earth. If the Church of Christ existed before His crucifixion, it existed at the same time that the Law of Moses was in force, and if the Law of the Spirit of Life was in force before Jesus nailed the old law to the cross, there were two laws which were paradoxical to each other, running parallel from the time that the church was established until the abrogation of the Law of Moses, and Jesus kept and taught others to keep the law, even after His own law, which is not only superior to the Mosaic law, but is directly opposed to its teaching in many vital points, was in force. If they both existed then, He could not keep the two, because they taught conflicting doctrines. We

know that Jesus kept the law of Moses and taught others to do so, therefore if His law was in existence, then He must have ignored it. As I understand the scriptures, the law of Moses was a school-master to bring the Jews—that is, to prepare them—for the reception of Christ, and when Jesus came He abolished the Law of Moses on the cross, and established His own law or church on the day of Pentecost following His resurrection. It is true that a great many things that were in the old law are made binding on us in the new, but this is easily accounted for, in this way: Jesus abolished the law and when He established His church some things that were contained in the Mosaic law were brought over and placed in the new, but they are not binding upon us by virtue of their being in the old law, but because they are in the new.

“Previous to the day of Pentecost, the church was spoken of as being in the future, but on and ever after that date it was spoken of as being in actual existence. Isaiah called it the going forth of the word of the Lord; Jesus says that Jerusalem is the place where repentance and remission of sins should first be preached, under the world-wide commission. Peter, while he was at the house of Cornelius, referred to the incidents that took place on the day of Pentecost and called it the beginning. Paul refers to Jerusalem as being the mother of us all, and Smith’s Bible Dictionary says that Pentecost is the birthday of the Christian Church. Therefore in the presence of such unimpeachable witnesses and under the weight of such a preponderant amount of strong evidence, I am forced to the conclusion that the Church of Christ was established in the City of Jerusalem on the first Pentecost after the resurrection of our Lord and Savior

Jesus Christ."

"Mr. W.," continued the young engineer, "I regret very much to discontinue this Bible investigation, for even one evening, but I learned today that two men are holding a protracted meeting at the Shady Grove Schoolhouse, and that great crowds are assembling nightly to hear these gifted preachers. It is said that their teaching is unlike anything that has ever been in this country before. I am anxious to hear them, and for this reason I shall postpone our investigation for a few evenings."

"While we regret very much to have to defer this matter, but you go to hear the preachers, and if you conclude, after you have heard them a few times, that they are preaching the whole truth, you may let us know and we will go, too, and hear them," said Mr. W.

"Will go tomorrow evening, and if they preach the gospel as it is revealed in the New Testament, I will report at once, and before they close I suggest that we bow obediently to the mild sceptre of the Son of God, just as soon as we learn what He would have us do," said Clyde, as he rose and started to his room.

CHAPTER XV.

ANOTHER BATTLE.

"Mr. W.," said Clyde, as he and the young lady seated themselves in her uncle's comfortable room, "Miss Silvey and I have gone for three successive evenings to hear those preachers who are holding nightly meetings in the Shady Grove Schoolhouse and I am confident that they are humble ministers of God and are faithfully proclaiming the 'Faith which was once delivered unto the saints.' Their ability to present its truths and their apparent zeal and earnest desire to extend the borders of the kingdom of Christ seem to be far greater than that of any preacher to whom I have ever listened. The first evening that we were there, one of them preached on Faith, and he clearly showed that there was but one faith, and it is the conviction of things not seen and the confidence of things hoped for, that it comes by hearing the Word of God and its object is for the remission of sins, when it is followed by other conditions of the gospel. The second evening he spoke on repentance and showed it to be a turning away from our sins, that the goodness of God leads us to repent and like faith, it is essential to salvation. Last evening, his subject was Baptism, and he handled it under the following divisions: First, Its action; second, its subject, and third, its design. He gave scriptural proof for every position he took, by showing that the Pentecostians were believers, that Peter commanded them to repent and be baptized for the re-

mission of sins, and that Paul says we are buried with Christ in baptism. I have carefully examined each one of his proof texts and have found them to be correct. Already a number have been persuaded to accept the gospel and live better lives under the power of their eloquent appeals.

"This evening he is going to preach on the Kingdom of Christ. I feel sure that the time has come for which we have so long prayed, and that God has sent two of His faithful ministers into our midst and I believe they are men who do not have only a thorough understanding of God's Holy Word, but have the courage to boldly present its truths; speak where the Bible speaks and are silent where it is silent, and I rejoice to know that I have at last learned the way of life and salvation and can cast my lot with a class of people who believe and teach the gospel just as it was when it fell from the pure lips of the Son of God. If his sermon this evening is a gospel one, if he preaches the truth as faithfully and earnestly as he did the last three evenings, I shall bow obediently to the King of kings and Lord of lords, start for my home tomorrow that I may make glad the hearts of my invalid mother and fond sister, by revealing to them the glorious truths contained in God's Holy Word."

"Mrs. W. and I had thought of attending the meeting this evening and since you have given us such a favorable report, we will put into execution our good intentions, and if you decide after hearing the discourse, that it has the Divine sanction, we, too, will make a public confession of our faith in Christ, and become obedient to the commandments of the gospel," said Mr. W., in a strong firm voice, as his mind wondered back to the scene on that cold winter day, when in the church yard and be-

side the fresh dug grave, which was yawning to swallow up all that was mortal of his darling child, he kneeled and solemnly vowed before God that he would give his heart to Christ and prayed to the angels to tell his loved one, he would meet her in the sky.

The long afternoon hours passed slowly by, and just as the sun was bathing his golden wings in the occidental valleys and casting a shadow of darkness over the Eastern hills, two buggies, one occupied by Mr. W. and his wife and the other by Miss Silvey and Clyde, started from the old mountain mansion, toward the little school house that was hidden away in the valley between two mountains that stood on each side of it.

"Mr. Newman," said Miss Silvey, "if those men preach what we think is the truth and you have an opportunity to obey the gospel this evening, will you leave tomorrow morning for your home?"

"Miss Silvey," said Clyde firmly, "I promised my mother and sister that I would endeavor to learn God's truth and just as soon as I knew my duty to Christ, I would do it. If I can learn the whole truth this evening, and have an opportunity to obey the gospel, I shall start for my home, if not tomorrow, within a day or two, reveal to them the glorious principles of the gospel, that they, too, may rejoice in the liberty wherein Christ makes us free."

"You will please pardon me if I should seem irreverent in my remarks, but I am half inclined to wish that they—" said Miss Silvey, as she looked up at Clyde, half smiling.

"You wish what?" asked the young engineer.

"Oh, nothing only that you would never have to go back," she said.

"I wish that I could always remain here, or else

you could go with me," said the young man, as he took the young lady's small white hand in his.

The young lady sat and gazed for a moment at the buggy wheel which was grinding through the small rocks, then raised her large brown eyes, looked into the young engineer's manly face and in a low affectionate voice said:

"I will go, but not tomorrow."

"Miss Silvey," continued Clyde, "my mother and sister are waiting my return, and while they are lonely without me, yet they will be willing to spare me from them a few days longer, in order to have you enter our home and become a member of our already happy family. I shall be glad to wait until you are ready to go."

Thus the two hearts which beat as one, drove on happy in the thought that they had found in each other a friend who was as true as the blue heavens which were spread out over them and their solemn pledge had been witnessed by the first stars that had stepped out on the portico of the new night to scatter the clouds of darkness, which were draping themselves about the tall mountains that were about to emerge into the stillness and blackness of the night.

They stopped in front of the school house which was already more than two-thirds filled with people, some of whom had come for miles to hear the new and strange doctrine. Miss Silvey and Clyde, followed by Mr. W. and wife, walked into the room and sat down near the front. Two men were sitting by a small stand that had been placed a few feet from the wall. The congregation sang a song and it was followed by a prayer, after which one of the ministers, a tall, smooth faced man, rose and spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely glad of this opportunity to present for your candid consideration, the doctrine and history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. This is earth's greatest institution and the world's only hope. Its illustrious founder, Joseph Smith, was born at Sharon, Vt., December 23rd, 1805, and while he came of humble parentage and had little, if any advantage of an education, God laid His hand upon him and endowed him with a wisdom, such as the world has never known since the day that the Son of God ascended to His Father's Throne, and his knowledge or understanding of things Divine was far superior to that of the learned theologians of earth. From a boy, he was of a religious turn of mind and during the great religious awakening he attended the revivals that were held in the community in which he lived, and sought for that peace of mind which only the true religion of Christ can give, but among the so-called orthodox church, he found nothing but confusion, conflicting creeds and doctrines. At the tender age of fourteen, he retired to a secret place and prayed, that God would tell him which creed was correct and to point out the sect that was the true church of Christ. While thus praying, God sent an angel who told him that none of the churches were right, but that the ancient covenant which God gave to Israel was at hand to be fulfilled and the work of evangelizing the world through His Son was soon to be inaugurated.

"On the 21st day of September, 1823, the angel visited him again, and assured him that his sins were pardoned and that God had chosen him as an instrument through whom the gospel in its purity and fulness should be given to the whole world; and gave him a brief sketch of the history of the

first inhabitants of America. This angel made visits to him at different intervals and on the 22nd day of September, 1827, he placed in the hands of the young prophet, those wonderful golden plates from which was translated the only reliable and authentic history of the first settlers of this continent. These plates were in size, eight inches long, seven inches wide, some thinner than tin, and were bound together by three strings running through the whole and when bound, the entire volume was about six inches thick. In order to enable Mr. Smith to translate the characters engraved upon these plates, the heavenly messenger gave him the Urim and Thummin, which consisted of two transparent stones. The prophet sat behind a blanket hung across the room that no profane eye could see the sacred plates. In translating, the prophet would place the stones in his hat, which he pulled over his face so as to exclude all natural light, and in the darkness the spiritual light would shine and one character at a time would appear on something like parchment, with the word in English below it. He would dictate the word to Oliver Cowdery, who would repeat it to Joseph to see that it was correct, and then write it down.

“In the year 1830, the Book of Mormon appeared, with the names of Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris and David Whitmer appended to a certificate testifying that the book was true and that an angel from heaven had come down and confirmed the work. This book is important, not only because of the religious principles it contains, but because of the valuable historical facts that it has given to the world, which could not have been obtained through any other source. This wonderful book tells us that a colony of Jaredites came from the Tower of

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Babel and settled on this continent, but being a blood-thirsty class, war broke out among the tribes and never ceased until they had destroyed each other. At the beginning of the sixth century of the Christian era another race, the ancestors of the American Indians, came from Jerusalem and settled in North America. This race being warlike, too, fought among themselves and soon darkness and unbelief settled down upon the new world, but before God's last witness perished, He commissioned Mormon to prepare a history of their race and the prophecies pertaining to the full proclamation of the gospel and the restoration of Israel and hide them in the hill Cumorae; that it may be secured by one whom He would raise up and commission to hold up the torch of liberty by which the nations of earth could enjoy the full and complete emancipation from their sins and be led into the true light of the gospel of Christ. From among the millions of America's fair sons, the Spirit of God lighted upon Joseph Smith and anointed him to dig up these plates and under the instructions of the angel, translate into English, which he did and thus gave us the book of Mormon, and we accept it as Divine. We know it is true, because of its internal and external evidence. The prints of the finger of God are seen upon each of its sacred pages, and the three men whose names are attached, who certify that they saw the plates, together with the multiplied thousands of souls that have been saved and comforted by its wonderful power, stand as never dying witnesses, testifying to its Divine claims.

"In organization, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is after the ancient order of things. To rule in matters, both temporal and ecclesiastical, we have, first, President; second, Pa-

triarch; third, Council of the Twelve; fourth, The Seventy; fifth, The High Priest; sixth, The Bishop; seventh, Elders; eighth, Priests, and ninth, Teachers and Deacons.

"We accept both the Old and New Testaments, we believe in the atonement of Christ, full obedience to the commandments of the gospel, and the restoration of the Apostolic order of organization, and miraculous gifts of the Spirit, such as healing the sick, prophecy, discerning of spirits, visions, etc. We believe in living a pure, holy and godly life.

"The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints has been persecuted by the so-called orthodox churches. Our illustrious prophet and founder was abused, ridiculed, and like our blessed Master, was shamefully put to death, but as the same God that ruled the churches in the day of the Apostles, is ruling in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and as the same Spirit that inspired, guided and comforted the twelve Galilean fishermen, has permeated our church, it, like the ancient or mother church, has withstood the fiery persecutions and comes before the world today, untouched and unharmed.

"Friends, would you like to belong to the church that Jesus purchased with His own blood? Would you like to be a member of the institution that Paul called the Body of Christ? Would you like to belong to the Kingdom of God's dear Son, be saved by the same gospel, and receive the same miraculous gifts that the Christians of the first century received? If so, come while we sing."

The congregation rose and sang a familiar hymn, two young men went forward and gave the preacher their hands. The congregation sat down and the preacher continued:

"Friends, you have heard the gospel this evening, two have responded to the urgent invitation to accept Christ, but others have refused. Is there any one who doubts our doctrine or for any reason is staying away from Christ tonight, who would like to speak? If so, you now have an opportunity to do so."

Clyde Newman rose, stepped to the front, faced the congregation and in a firm strong voice said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am an honest penitent believer. I have been searching for the truth and came here this evening believing these scholarly men could lead me into the light of God's Holy word, but instead, they have taught a doctrine that Christ never authorized, Paul never preached and the New Testament does not sanction. They have preached another gospel than that which the Apostles taught, and, friends, let us heed the admonition of him who said, 'But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.'"

There was a silence, like unto that of the stillness of death, settled down over the audience, each eye was turned towards the mysterious stranger, and every ear was listening to drink in every word that fell from the lips of our young hero.

"These men," he continued, "are Mormons, and have pictured in glowing terms, what they would call the beauties, benefits and truths of the Book of Mormon and have eulogized their self-styled 'Divine prophet,' Joseph Smith. Let us investigate their claims, and see whether or not the Book of Mormon is true and if Joseph Smith was a prophet Divinely inspired of God. This we will do by ex-

amining the proofs upon which the Mormon Bible stands, the life of the prophet and by following their trail, which is made crimson by the life fluid of innocent men, women and children whose lives were taken by the blood-thirsty Mormons.

“There is but one question involved in this matter. This question is: Was Joseph Smith a true prophet, and Divinely inspired to translate the Book of Mormon? This is the vital and only question to Mormonism. Upon this proposition, Mormonism must stand or fall. Joe Smith was either a true prophet or a false one. If he was a true prophet, the world should know it, and if he was not, Mormonism is false and its erroneous doctrines and crime stained history should be exposed and every loyal, honest and patriotic American citizen should rise in the power of their manhood, free our fair country and honored flag of this blighting curse, drive the hydra-headed monster of Mormonism from the ‘Land of the free and the home of the brave,’ and save from its poisoned clutches, the deluded victims that are worshiping at its filthy and murder stained shrine.

“Was Joseph Smith a Divine or a true prophet? The weakest link always tests the strength of the chain. The followers of Joe Smith have found this the weakest link in the Mormon tug. In almost every debate they get it broken, but they keep a large force of new prophets at work, trying to keep it welded together by receiving new revelations. While they are getting other light on this question, let us examine the one upon which the Mormon doctrine stands.

“Mormons affirm that the Book of Mormon is true. How do they know it? Friends, the only proof they have that the Book of Mormon is true,

is that the unsupported and unreliable word of Joe Smith is behind it, and the world knows that his word, neither before nor after the time he claimed to have received the revelation, could not be relied upon, and his life never was commendable in any respect.

"Let us hear David Whitmer on how the Book of Mormon was translated; he says: 'I will now give you a description of the manner in which the Book of Mormon was translated. Joseph Smith would put the seer stone into a hat, and put his face in the hat, drawing it closely around his face to exclude the light; and in the darkness the spiritual light would shine. A piece of something resembling parchment would appear, and on that appeared the writing. One character at a time would appear, and under it was the interpretation in English. Brother Joseph would read of the English to Oliver Cowdery, who was his principle scribe and when it was written down and repeated to Brother Joseph to see if it was correct, then it would disappear. Thus the Book of Mormon was translated by the gift and power of God, and not by any power of man.' Address to All Believers in Christ, page 12. Friends, who translated the book? Joseph Smith. Who could read the strange characters that were engraved on the plates? Could Oliver Cowdery? Could David Whitmer? Could Martin Harris? No, none of these men could read it. Could Joseph Smith? He said he could; we have his word for it. We saw the word in English, before it was dictated to Oliver Cowdery? Joe Smith. Did any one else? No, Joe Smith was the only man who could see, understand and translate the book, and if I wanted to believe the Mormon Bible tonight, I would have to do just what these men have done,

accept it as true because Joe Smith said it was. The world, to believe this doctrine, must take the book upon no other evidence than that of Smith's word, as no other man did or could do the translating and old Joe had everything his own way. It is true that there are three witnesses who have their names signed to a certificate certifying that the Book of Mormon is of God, but what do they know about it? They could not read the plates and they did not know any more about whether the book was translated rightly or not, than a babe that was born an hour after the book was complete. They could not read a word from the plates, no mortal eye ever saw the word before it was translated into English upon the 'something resembling parchment,' but Joseph Smith. Oliver Cowdery, 'the principal scribe,' had to take Joe's word for it; he never saw it and knew nothing about what to write, only as Smith dictated it to him, but just as soon as the book was complete, Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris and David Whitmer came out and declared in bold terms that the book is true. Mr. Cowdery, Harris and Whitmer, how do you know it is true? Did you read it in the original tongue? No, Joe Smith said it was true, and we know it is true, because Joe Smith's word is behind it.

"The claim of Joseph Smith is on a par with that of Mohammed. He claimed to have been visited by Gabriel and received a message from him, and he, like Smith, asked the world to take his unsupported word as conclusive evidence that the Koran is a Divine book. Mohammed, however, has one advantage over Smith; his life, previous to his supposed revelation and a great many years afterwards was more exemplary and trustworthy than Smith's, and for this reason I think we can give more cre-

dence to the claims of the former than we can to the latter.

"The home life, personal habits of the prophet Smith and the character of some of his followers, reflect no credit upon the Book of Mormon, but on the other hand his unChrist like life and the thefts and crimes committed by a part of his disciples would preclude the probability of any who are acquainted with the Mormon history and conversant with the Bible, being led away by this demon of darkness.

"Was Joe Smith the prophet a profane man? Yes, he laughed at Mormonism and said: 'I have got the d—— fools fixed and will carry out the fun.' Mormon Portraits by Wyl, page 19. He would get drunk, was dishonest, immoral and introduced that heathenish, inhuman, ungodly and hellish practice of polygamy into the Mormon church. Listen to what David Whitmer, one of the original witnesses to the Mormon Bible, said about who introduced this shocking practice, which is not only a disgrace to our flag, but a blight upon the history of this fair country that is as black as hell itself. Hear his own words: 'I now have as much evidence to believe that brother Joseph received the revelation on polygamy and gave it to the church, as I have to believe that such a man as George Washington ever lived. I never saw General Washington, but from reliable testimony I believe that he did live.' Address to all Believers in Christ, page 38. Any thinking man or woman, can see at once, that Mr. Whitmer knew more about polygamy than he did about the translation of the Book of Mormon, for polygamy he could see and read, but the original plates he could not, but had to just take Joe's word for it.

“What about the Church at Salt Lake City? This institution, if such it can be called, has a very bad reputation. It was responsible for and participated in that cold-blooded, inhuman and worse than heathen butchery, the Mountain Meadows massacre where scores of defenseless and innocent men, women and children were shot down in cold blood or pierced through with the sword in the hands of the blood-thirsty Mormons and Indians.

“Of this church, David Whitmer, the witness, says: ‘If you believe my testimony to the Book of Mormon; if you believe that God spake to us three witnesses by His own voice, then I tell you that in June, 1838, God spake to me again by His own voice from the heavens, and told me to “separate myself from among the Latter Day Saints, for as they sought to do unto me, so should it be done unto them.’ Whitmer’s Address to All Believers in Christ, page 27.

“I could say more upon this subject, but my time is spent. Friends, I can not believe the Book of Mormon, because it has for its only foundation, the unsupported word of an unreliable, immoral and dishonest man, and I can never be a member of the Latter Day Saints -because its history is as black as Egyptian darkness.”

The young engineer, followed by Miss Silvey and her uncle and aunt, walked out to their buggies and were soon lost from the sight of the half startled crowd, in the depths of the mountains.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FIRM RESOLVE.

The sun had soared his circuit of the heavens and sunk behind the western hills, as it were, to rest his weary wings, and the full moon was looking down from a cloudless sky, when Miss Silvey and Clyde entered her uncle's room and sat down to enjoy the small fire which was burning low on the hearth before them.

"Mr. Newman," said Mr. W., "I am thoroughly convinced that one who can meet the arguments of an infidel, offset the claims of sectarianism and expose the false doctrine and corrupt practices of the Mormon heresy, as successfully as you have done, is fully competent to take the Bible and teach us the way of life and salvation from God's Holy Word."

"I am very sorry," said the young hero, "that we were disappointed in those men whom I thought, judging from their apparent zeal for the extension of Christ's Kingdom and their unlimited knowledge of God's word, were true ministers of the gospel of His dear Son. Mormonism is a smooth counterfeit and when its claims are pushed by such tireless, eloquent and able men as they, it is calculated to do much harm. Surely Jesus had in mind just such men as Joseph Smith and his ardent followers when He said: 'For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and show great signs and wonders; in so much that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect.' While I am disappointed,

yet I am not discouraged. I know the Bible contains the true doctrine of Christ, and if it is possible for the human mind to grasp its truths, I solemnly vow before God, that I will never leave the rippling brooks and the life giving breezes of Colorado's picturesque mountains, until I have learned the truth as it is in Christ and have obeyed every command of a risen King.

"In our investigation this evening, we will notice the subject of Faith. All religious people believe that faith in Jesus Christ is essential to salvation. As faith is so important, it is necessary that we be able to answer the following questions: 1st, What is faith? 2nd, What is the object of faith? 3rd. How is faith produced? 4th, What is its office when it is produced?

"As to the first question, what is faith? Let us read the first verse of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. 'Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' Just as this definition stands it is very difficult to get a clear conception of the subject. How can faith be the substance of things hoped for? We can understand how the substance of a thing can be the essential import or the material of which it is made, but we can not see how it can be the substance of things hoped for.' We may say that we hope for heaven, and if we have faith, then we have the substance of heaven, or heaven itself. We can see how faith can be the result of evidence, but we can't see how faith 'Is the evidence of things not seen.'

'It is generally agreed among scholars, that the translators have failed to clearly bring out the Apostle's meaning in this passage; but the following one is supposed by many to be the best: 'Now faith is the conviction of things not seen, the confi-

dence of things hoped for.' Faith looks to the past and also to the future. We never saw God, Christ or Heaven, yet we are convinced that God is, that Christ is His only begotten Son and that heaven is to be the final abode of the righteous. Hence 'Faith is the conviction of things not seen.' We believe that all who live Godly in Christ Jesus, will receive a crown and enjoy a life of perpetual happiness throughout eternity, therefore our confidence in things hoped for. Let us turn to the eleventh chapter of Hebrews and see some examples of faith. The Apostle says: 'Through faith we understand that the world were formed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.' In this remarkable statement, we see but one element of faith, that which looks to the past. It is not an object of hope. We never saw God speak worlds into existence, we never saw Him create the sun, we never saw Him launch the moon upon her silvery sea or saw Him shape the stars and sow them in the midnight sky, but we are convinced that He 'Hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance;' and that 'The heavens do show forth His handy works,' therefore, our conviction of things not seen.

"Again Paul says: 'By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God.' Paul, knowing that there was nothing said about Enoch's faith, adds in the next verse: 'But without faith it is impossible to please Him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and

that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.' Here the Apostle gives us a clear definition of faith. It has two elements, one looking to the past and the other to the future. He says that those who come to God must believe that He is. Enoch believed this and came to God, therefore his conviction of that which he had never seen and had the other element of faith, he believed God to be a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him, hence his confidence in that which he hoped for. From these two examples, we learn that faith has two elements and is the conviction of things not seen, and the confidence of things hoped for.

"Having found out what faith is, let us now see what is its object. What is the object of faith? 'When Jesus came into the coasts of Cesarea Philippi, He asked His disciples, saying, whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am? And they said, some say that thou art John the Baptist, some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He said unto them, but whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. Jesus answered and said unto him, blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.' Jesus Christ was the object of Peter's faith. He is the one in whom we believe. Though we have never seen Him, yet we are convinced that He is the Son of God. We have never seen any one who has returned from the Spirit land, to tell us of His redeeming love, but we are confident that He will save the obedient ones and that there are pleasures evermore at God's right hand.

"How is faith produced? We have often heard persons praying earnestly for God to give them

upon me, while my faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and Saviour of the world creates in me a feeling of awe or reverence. Why this difference? We see no difficulty in meeting the above objection. It should be remembered just here that facts have a meaning which the understanding apprehends and the heart feels. The effect upon us varies according to the meaning or nature of the proposition believed. Let us glance for a moment at our sensitive powers. If on surveying a landscape, made beautiful and fragrant by the flowers of spring, we are pleased; and on surveying a battlefield covered with dead and dying men, we are pained, I ask the objector, what causes the joy on the one hand and the pain on the other? Was it the way in which we looked, or that which we saw- If on hearing the sweet tones of the feathered songsters, I am delighted, and on hearing the roaring of the distant thunder, I am terrified, is it the way in which I hear that brings delight on one hand and terror on the other, or is it in that which I hear? Suppose some thieves should steal one of your neighbor's sheep, you hear of it, you feel sorry for your neighbor, because he has lost the price of one sheep, but suppose you hear that those thieves came back the next night, got into your neighbor's house, kidnaped one of his children and sped away with it. How would you feel? Would the effect be the same? No, your noble nature would be aroused, you would shed tears of grief and join the searching party to rescue the child and punish the thieves. Was it the way you heard the news, that caused you to give the first offense only a passing thought and that caused the second one to affect you so deeply? No, it was not in the way you heard it, but that which you heard. One was only

the remission of your sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' Would it not be far better for every preacher to preach just what the Apostles did, and for all of God's people to 'Be joined together in the same mind and the same judgment and all speak the same thing?' How can this be done? By all calling Bible things by Bible names, and by giving Bible answers to Bible questions.

"How does faith come? Paul says: 'For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved. How then shall they call upon Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?' Paul intended to convey the idea that they could not do either, and clearly showed that after the facts of the gospel existed the order is: Preaching, hearing and believing. Paul then remarked: 'So then faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God.' After Jesus had taught the facts of the gospel to his Apostles, His first charge to them was, 'Preach the gospel to every creature.' In prayer to His Father He said: 'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me their word.' Notice, the people for whom Jesus prayed, were to believe on Him, not through or by prayer, not by others praying for them, but through the words of the Apostles. In keeping with this arrangement, Peter preached to the Pentecostians, and 'when they heard this, they were pricked in the heart.' So their faith came by hearing and they belonged to that class of believers for whom Jesus prayed. The faith of the Gentiles came in the same way; Peter said: 'Brethren, ye know how that a good while ago God made choice among us, that the

Gentiles by mouth should hear the word of the gospel, and believe.' John says: 'And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of His disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God; and believing ye might have life through His name.' Many other passages of scripture could be referred to, but these are sufficient to prove that 'faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God.'

"The amount of faith we possess, depends upon the amount of testimony we have received. All we know about God, Christ, heaven and eternal life, we have learned through the testimony of the scriptures, hence David says: 'The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.' Where testimony begins, our faith begins, so far as it goes, our faith goes, and where it stops our faith stops. We believe Moses just so far as he spoke or wrote, but when he recorded his last fact and testified his last truth, our faith in him terminates. We can follow him from the time he was laid in his little ark of bulrushes and pushed out upon the waters of the Nile, by the loving hands of an affectionate mother, until he died upon Pisgah's heights and was buried in the valley beneath by God's own hand. Here the testimony stops, here the dark curtain falls and here our faith in Moses ends, and we know no more about him, save when the Apostles testified that his fourteen hundred years of undisturbed slumber in Moab's quiet valley was broken, and God called him to the top of another mountain, but not to look across to a land promised to Abraham's children, but to gaze upon the face of the Prince of Peace and to lay his credentials at the feet of the Saviour of the world. Here the testimony stops,

the curtain falls and our faith is ended. We will know no more about this good and great man of God, until the veil is lifted and we enter the Eternal City of God, see his face and hear from his own lips, the story of 'From the Nile to the Mountain of Death.'

"So it is with our faith in God. Just to the extent that we have learned of Him, let it be through others, by reading Revelation or learning of Him by listening to his voice in nature as He speaks to us, through the towering mountains, the smiling landscape or the beating of the restless seas. So far as we have received His testimony so far our faith goes. But says one, 'That would make all of our faith, historical faith.' What other kind of faith is there? I read of but one kind in my Bible, and that is the kind which comes by hearing. John says: 'These were written that ye might believe.' Paul says: 'The things that were afore time were written for our learning.' And again he says: 'There is one faith.' The one faith that the Bible tells us about, is the one which comes by hearing the testimony of the Prophets and Apostles. I know that some people and even some preachers try to read two kinds of faith from the scriptures. They call one 'Historical faith,' and the other 'Saving faith.' Neither Jesus nor His Apostles knew anything about two kinds of faith. The truth is, all faith is historical faith and all faith is saving faith if we have enough of it.

"But says another author, 'If our faith comes by testimony, how do you account for the different effects that it has upon us? I believe there is a city called London. I have never seen it, but from reliable witnesses, I am assured there is such a place in existence, but my faith in this fact, has no effect

faith, and have heard the preachers exhorting them to 'Just pray on,' saying, 'God will send His Spirit and give you faith,' and at the same time they are not offering one word of testimony to produce faith in their hearts. The poor misinformed penitent prays on, thinking that their loud begging and crying will cause God to 'give them faith.' They do not have faith when they ask for it, for surely they would not pray so earnestly for that which they already have. James says: 'Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord.' As they ask for faith and would not knowingly ask for that which they had already received, it follows that they have not faith, and cannot ask in faith; therefore, let them not think they shall receive anything of the Lord. Again, 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.' Then, as they pray for faith and have it not, their prayers cannot be of faith, and as 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin,' it follows that God does not answer such prayers and as they are offered without faith, all such prayers are sin. One may object to this reasoning and ask, 'What must the penitent do?' Better ask, 'What must the preacher do?' Let him do just like Peter did on the day of Pentecost. He had about three thousand 'mourners' there, and they all 'got through' and Peter did not tell one of them to 'just pray on,' but he preached Christ to them, and when they 'heard this,' they said: 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' Peter did not say: 'You are under deep conviction, just keep on praying,' but he told them what they must do in order to be saved, by commanding them to 'Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for

a lost sheep and the other a lost child. So it is with our faith in Christ. It is not in the way we hear about Jesus, that causes us to reverence His name. No, we learn of Him in the same way that we hear of everything else, but the awe and reverence are contained in the proposition believed. He is no ordinary person. He is the Christ the Son of God. He is the one who swung the sun into space and set the moon in her cycles. It is He who watches over the sparrows and clothes the lilies of the valleys. It is He who lifted the yoke from the human race, took the sting from death and fear from the grave. It is He who has gone to prepare 'mansions' for us and offers a life of perpetual joy. No wonder our faith in Him causes us to feel a sense of awe and reverence His Holy Name.

"What is the office of faith. Does its mere existence in the heart bring us the remission of sins and our acceptance with God, or is it our faith, together with what it leads us to feel and do? If it is faith alone that saves us, then it is the mere existence of faith in our hearts, but if such be the case, we are mere machines, and can act only as we are acted upon. According to the "Salvation by faith only' position, if we are saved, God must save us and that, too, without any effort of our own. But if we are lost, whose fault is it? It can't be ours, because we can't do anything to save ourselves, and if the faith alone doctrine be true, God is responsible for the damnation of the sinner. But our Bible nowhere teaches that we are saved by faith alone, but it does teach that faith, together with that which it leads us to feel and do, brings to us the remission of our sins. James says: 'Faith without works is dead, being alone.' Peter says: We 'purify our soul by obeying the truth.' Now let us

open our Bibles and see if it is the mere existence of faith in our hearts that brings to us our blessings, or that which it leads us to feel and do.

"In the eleventh chapter of the Hebrew letter, the Apostle speaks of faith and how the Old Testament saints, secured so many blessings by it. He says: 'By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh.' Let us look at this example of faith, two thoughts are brought out in this verse. First, Abel had faith, and second, God blessed him. Question: Was it the mere existence of faith in his heart that brought him the blessing, or was it his faith and works combined? In other words, would God have blessed him, had he not offered his sacrifice? I think not. The Apostle says, God testified of his gift. He had faith in God, and showed his faith by his works. Why was Cain's sacrifice rejected? Was it because he did not have faith? I hardly think so. The very fact that he offered a sacrifice, proved that he had faith, but he failed to obey. He offered the wrong kind of a sacrifice. He did like too many are doing now, he substituted something for God's word. Let us hear what John says about Cain and Abel: 'For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that ye should love one another. Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one, and slew his brother, and wherefore, slew he him? Because his own works were evil and his brother's were righteous.' The Apostle says nothing about their faith here, but is talking about their works. One was good and the other evil. If Abel had offered no sacrifice at all, he would have had no 'righteous works' to his credit and God could not have testified to his gifts,

or could we hear his voice speaking through his good works six thousand years after he is dead?

“Again, ‘By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him; for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God.’ Why did God take him? Just because faith existed in his heart? No, Moses says: ‘He walked with God.’ We see that he was translated not because he believed only, but because he believed and walked with God.’

“Once more, ‘By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen at yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith.’ Was Noah saved from drowning in the flood just because he believed? Was it faith only that saved his family? No, but he was saved because he believed and worked. Paul says: ‘He prepared an ark to the saving of his house.’ These examples are sufficient to show that it is not faith only by which we are saved. It is not the mere existence of faith in the heart that saves us, but it is faith, together with that which it leads us to do and feel, that brings to us our blessings.”

“Tomorrow evening we will discuss the subject of Repentence,” continued the young engineer, as he bade them good night.

CHAPTER XVII.

RIGHTING THE WRONGS.

Another beautiful day in the early spring had passed, the moon had risen high above the mountains, and the dark shades of a cool still evening had settled behind the trees and hills and were shrouding in a semi-darkness, every object which was hidden from the bright rays of the Queen of night, as the occupants of the old mountain mansion seated themselves in one of its cozy rooms.

"Mr. Newman," said Miss Silvey, "surely the hand of God is in all of this. He has led me out of darkness and superstition of unscriptural Catholicism, by your steady nerve and accurate aim rescued me from the teeth of that terrible brute, delivered me from the deceiving hand of Sectarianism, saved me from the poisoned doctrine of an unChristlike Mormonism and has sent me a friend to teach me the way of the Lord more perfectly."

"If I have been instrumental in the hand of God, in bringing you all of these blessings, I feel grateful to Him. But our work is not complete. We have not as yet learned how to become a child of God, and I fear that after we have read ourselves into the position of the true Church of Christ, we will have to stand alone in the world. None of the denominations, with which I have any acquaintance, advocate the whole truth, so far as I have been able to learn. They seem to take great pride in wearing human names and subscribing to man

made doctrines," said the young engineer, as he turned his eyes toward the young lady, whose affectionate gaze was firmly fixed upon him.

"After you have learned what God's truth is and if you do not succeed in finding a body of people who advocate the doctrine of Christ as it was taught by the Apostles, into which denomination will you go?" she asked.

"Miss Silvey," he said firmly, "a denomination is not the whole, but only a part of a thing, and you can not have a part without making a division in the whole. All of the denominations, while they contain thousands of good and honest people, yet each one has caused a division in the Body of Christ and divisions are wrong. The Apostle says: 'Let there be no division among you,' and Jesus prayed that His people may all be one. If I should case my lot with a church that wears an unscriptural name, subscribes to a human discipline and advocates man-made doctrines, I would be giving strength to and upholding the very things which Jesus and His Apostles condemned, by giving my sanction to and helping build up the unscriptural walls that divide God's people. No, I shall never go into a denomination or wear a human name, but I shall take my stand upon the Bible, 'speak where it speaks and be silent where it is silent,' wear no name but Christ's, advocate no doctrine but His, invite all men to come and sit down with me at the feet of the Prince of Peace, open our Bibles and learn of Him. If I am wrong, I shall ask them to set me right, and if they are wrong, I shall not ask them to come to me, but to come to the Bible and I will meet them there."

"I see where you are right on that proposition and you may rest assured you will not have to

stand alone. Mrs. W. and myself, and I am almost confident that Miss Silvey will join you in your worthy endeavor to contend earnestly for the faith that was once delivered to the saints. We are doubly anxious for you to begin your investigation this evening, that we may learn the truth as it is in Christ Jesus," said Mr. W.

"In our Bible investigation, I think we have arrived at the proper time and place in our search for the truth, from which to consider the subject of Repentance. That this is an important subject and occupies a very prominent place among the other conditions of Christ's gospel, no candid Bible reader will or can deny. The frequency of its use in the scripture, warrants the conclusion that Christ has made it one of the indispensable conditions of pardon. When John the Baptist came to make ready a people prepared for the Lord, he said to the Jews, many of whom were steeped in sin and unrighteousness: 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' When Jesus sent the twelve to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, 'They went out and preached that men should repent.' After Jesus was raised from the dead, He said: 'Repentance should be preached in His name, beginning at Jerusalem. On the day of Pentecost, when the Apostles began operations under the new and every creature commission, when three thousand believers cried out: 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' Peter said, 'Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. When the Jews saw that salvation had been offered to the Gentiles, they glorified God, saying, then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life.' Seeing, then, that repent-

ance occupies such an important position in the gospel plan of salvation, it becomes necessary for us to find Bible answers to the following questions: 1st, What is repentance? 2nd, What is its place or order in the gospel? 3rd, How does it come? 4th, What is its design?

“Repentance means more than regret. Its use in the New Testament always indicates a change of mind from wrong to that which is right, sufficiently strong to establish the fact that a genuine Godly sorrow for past sins and a desire to reform the life, break off all evil habits and live a life void of sin, so far as possible, have preceded it. True repentance in the sight of God means to, as far as one’s ability goes, make right that which he once made wrong. No man can truly repent slandering his neighbor, when he refuses to correct the false statements concerning, and arrest the evil influence that would harm him, whom he had been slandering. In vain can we repent of stealing from a man, and continue to use, without his consent, the thing which we had unlawfully taken.

“This principle of making right that which we once made wrong and making full restitution for goods or lands illegally secured, bears the sanction of both the Old and New Testaments. To make good our assertion, we will give one example from each Book. Moses said: ‘When a man or a woman shall commit any sin that men commit, to do a trespass against the Lord, and that person be guilty; then they shall confess their sins which they have done: and he shall recompense his trespass with the principle thereof, and add unto it the fifth part thereof, and give it unto him against whom he has trespassed. But if the man have no kinsman to recompense the trespass unto, let the trespass be

recompensed unto the Lord, even to the priest; beside the ram of atonement, whereby an atonement shall be made for him.' This teaches that a trespass committed against a man, was no less so, an offense against God, and it was not only necessary to make a recompense to him, on whom he had trespassed, but it was obligatory on the part of the offender to add a fifth thereto and if he could not find the party to whom the trespass was due, he should make it to his kindred, and if they could not be located, he was to make his recompense to the Lord through the priest. There was not then, neither is there now, any appeal from this principle. No wonder Jesus said: 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.'

"During the sojourn of Jesus on earth, He came to a tree in which was a very small man in stature but who had become the possessor of a great many ill-gotten goods. But Jesus, not respecting his high standing in social or financial circles, said unto him: 'Zacchaeus, make haste, and come down; for today I must abide at thy house.' Zacchaeus came down and said unto the Lord; 'Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.' Then Jesus said unto him: 'This day is salvation come to this house, for so much as he also is a son of Abraham.' This passage of scripture teaches us that Jesus sanctioned of making restitution for that which was unlawfully secured, even to the fourth fold.

"Once more, Jesus said to a distinguished lawyer: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' and to His disciples: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them.' We would not like for men to steal from us or in any

way be mistreated by them, then let us treat them just as we would have them treat us.

“We have a definition of repentance given us in the Bible, which will make this matter, if possible, more plain. On one occasion Jesus said: ‘The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it, because they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and, behold, a greater than Jonas is here.’ Jesus here says that the Nineveh repented at the preaching of Jonas; if we can learn what the Ninevites did, we will know what Jesus meant by repentance. Let us turn and read the tenth verse of the third chapter of Jonah: ‘And God saw their works that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil, that He had said that He would do unto them; and He did it not.’ We learn from this that it was more than regret, that it was a turning from their evil way. Jesus called this repentance.

“What is the order or place of repentance in the gospel plan of salvation? In a few places in the New Testament, repentance is mentioned before faith and a great many good people take it as prima facie evidence that repentance precedes faith. For the sake of arriving at the truth as it is laid down in the New Testament, we will examine a few passages of scripture which speak of repentance before faith to see if they will support such a doctrine.

“The first one that we will notice is found in fourteenth and fifteenth verses of the first chapter of Mark. They read as follows: ‘Now after John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the Kingdom of God, and saying, the time is fulfilled and the Kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye and believe the gospel.’ Were these people to believe the same gospel that was

alluded to in the great commission and that we are to believe today? I think not. Let us hear Jesus: 'I have yet many things to say unto you, but you can not bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he shall show you things to come.' We notice from this that they were not to believe the gospel as it was revealed on the day of Pentecost, because the Spirit had not come to guide them into all truth and therefore they could not believe that which had not been revealed. What gospel were they to believe? The glad tidings, the good news that the Kingdom of God was at hand. But why should they repent before they could believe? Because they were Jews who had faith in God and before Jesus came, they had been breaking the law (Law of Moses) under which they had been living and when Jesus came they could not be His disciples until they had repented of the sins they had already committed, hence He commanded them to repent and believe the gospel, yes, repent of having broken the Law of God and believe the gospel, the good tidings. Again to the Ephesians Paul preached: 'Repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.' Says one, this was after Pentecost, what gospel did Paul have reference to? The Ephesians had previous faith in God, but had violated His law and must repent toward God for the sins they had committed before Jesus introduced His gospel to the world. Toward Him they are directed, because they had sinned against Him before the gospel reign.

"If repentance precedes faith, it can not be of faith, and is therefore sin. Paul says: 'Without faith it is impossible to please Him, for he that

cometh to God must believe that He is and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.' If repentance precedes faith, it is without faith and hence cannot be pleasing to God, neither could it be a righteous work, as the Apostle says: 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.'

"Let us examine one case of repentance in order, if possible, to determine if it precedes or follows faith. We have already learned that Jesus said the Ninevites repented at the preaching of Jonah. We will examine this case, as no one will doubt that it is a genuine case of conversion, since Jesus said: 'They repented at the preaching of Jonas.' It reads as follows: 'And Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey, and he cried and said, yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown.' Here we have the preaching of Jonah. Let us see what followed. Did they believe or repent first? If they repented first, then the theory that teaches repentance before faith is right, but if they believe first, the theory is wrong. Let us read the next verse: 'So the people of Nineveh believed God, and proclaimed a fast, and put on sack-cloth, from the greatest of them even to the least of them.' This verse tells us that the people believed God,' but there is nothing said about their repentance. It says they proclaimed a fast and put on sackcloth. No one will contend that fasting or dressing in sackcloth is repentance. But granting that some do call that repentance, it will do them no good here as the people believed God, before they proclaimed the fast or put on sackcloth. Let us read on and see just when they did repent. 'For word came unto the King of Nineveh, and he arose from his throne, and he laid his robe from him, and covered him with sackcloth and sat in ashes. And

He caused it to be proclaimed and published through Nineveh by the decree of the king and his nobles, saying, let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste anything: let them not feed, nor drink water: but let man and beast be covered with sackcloth, and cry mightily unto God: yea, let them turn every one from his evil way, and from violence that is in their hands. Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from His fierce anger, that we perish not? And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil, that He had said that He would do unto them; and He did it not.' Here is their repentance, they turned from their evil way. We can easily see the order of events. First, Jonah's preaching; second, they heard; third, they believed God's message as was preached by Jonah; fourth, they turned from their evil way. Hearing is not repentance, believing is not, putting on sackcloth is not, but turning from their evil way is repentance, and as this did not precede their believing, but followed it, we conclude that the order or place of repentance in the gospel plan of salvation, is to follow instead of coming before faith.

On the day of Pentecost, the order was the same. Peter preached, the people heard, believed, were cut to the heart and asked what to do. Peter told them to repent and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins. Why did not Peter tell them to believe? Because they were already believers, they were pricked to the heart. Why did he not tell them to repent and believe the gospel? Because the great commission was then in force and the order as it is laid down in the gospel, is faith, repentance and baptism, and Peter did just what every preacher should do, preach the

gospel as it is written.

"How does repentance come? We will refer you to just one passage of scripture, and we think it so plain that there is no use of referring to any others. Paul says: 'Or despisest thou the riches of his goodness and forbearance and long suffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?' How true and how plain is this. When we think of ourselves as mere worms of earth, sinful and unworthy, and then when we think about the goodness of God in sending His only begotten Son to die for us. When we think of the love and kindness He has shown to fallen man. When we think of such motives as the death of Christ, the joys of heaven, and the sweet fellowship of the redeemed, surely such goodness is enough to cause us to turn from our evil way and live for God and right. A repentance that the goodness of God does not lead us to, is not the kind that God will accept.

"What is the design of repentance? Peter tells us. He couples it with baptism and says they are for the remission of sins. Let us accept the gospel just as it is written."

"We will resume our investigation tomorrow evening," continued the young engineer, as he rose and went to his room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A BURIAL.

The next evening Clyde joined the family in Mr. W's room and began the discussion by saying:

"The subject which claims our attention this evening, is that of baptism. This subject is one about which there has been a great deal of disputing and debating among the polemics of the present day denominations. Numbers of learned men have given to the world, what they would call a correct solution of the question, but unfortunately, their answers differ as wide as the seas. They may all be honest and conscientious, but regardless of their great learning and sincerity some of them are bound to be wrong, and for this reason it would not be wisdom on our part to accept as infallibly correct the position of any of them, as we might, in that way, be led away from the truth instead of to it. In our investigation we will go back beyond the writers and teachers of the present, take the Bible and writings of the early Christians and from them learn the answers to the following questions: 1st. What is baptism? 2d. Who should be baptized? 3d. What is the design of baptism?

"1st. What is baptism and how is it administered? In regard to this question, let us turn to the Bible and see how the apostles baptized. The first example we have is that of our blessed Lord. Let us hear what Matthew says about how He was baptized: 'Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jor-

dan unto John, to be baptized. But John forbade Him, saying, I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me? And Jesus answered and said unto Him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. Then he suffered Him. And Jesus, when He was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighted upon Him: and lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased. This teaches us that Jesus, in whose steps we should follow, when He was baptized, came straightway up out of the water. Jesus was down in the water, otherwise He could not have come up out of it. When I am baptized, I want to follow in His steps, and whatever we decide that baptism is, I shall never consent to obey this commandment, save in a river or pool, where, when I am baptized, I can, like my Savior, 'come straightway up out of the water.' Once more, Luke says: 'And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south, unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert. And he rose and went: and behold, a man of Ethiopia, a eunuch of great authority under Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship, was returning, and sitting in his chariot, read Esias the Prophet. When the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot. And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. The place

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of the Scripture which he read was this, He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth.' Philip got up in the chariot and preached Christ to the eunuch, and when they came to a certain water the eunuch said to Philip: 'See, here is water: what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, if thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing.' We call attention to the two prepositions, 'unto' and 'into.' Had there been anything substituted for immersion, the last preposition would have been superfluous. There would have been no need to have gone down into the water; had immersion not been required. 'They came unto a certain water'—that brought them to the water's edge—and 'they went down into the water.' Note that both the preacher and candidate went down into the water, and Philip baptized him, and they both came up out of the water. Before the baptism they went down into the water and after the baptism they came up out of the water. Now, whatever was done while they were in the water, was baptism, and the only baptism that should be recognized today. What did they do while they were in the water? Luke says, 'He baptized him.' How are we baptized? Let Paul answer. He says, 'Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like

as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in the newness of life.' The great and good John Wesley, in commenting on this verse of Scripture said: 'We are buried with him—alluding to the ancient manner of baptizing by immersion: that as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glorious power of the Father, so we also, by the same power, should rise again, and, as He lives a new life in heaven, so we should walk in the newness of life. This, says the Apostle, our very baptism represents to us.'—Wesley's notes on Romans 6:4. Mosheim, in speaking of baptism as it was practiced in the first century, says: 'In this country baptism was administered in convenient places, not in the public assemblies, and by immersing the candidates wholly in water.' Mosheim's Church History, page 44.

"It is said that Hermas lived in the days of the Apostles and wrote before John wrote his gospel. He says: 'Before anyone receives the name of the Son of God, he is liable to death, but when he receives that seal he is delivered from death and is assigned to life. Now, that seal is water, into which persons go down liable to death, but come out of it assigned to life.' Brent's Gospel Plan of Salvation, page 367. Here we see the early Christians went down into and came up out of the water, just as Philip and the eunuch did, and just as we do today when we are buried with Christ in baptism.

"Barnabas was the companion of Paul. He says: 'For these words imply, Blessed are they who, placing their trust in the cross, have gone down into the water. This meaneth that we, indeed, descend into the water full of sin and defilement, but come up, bearing fruit in our heart, having the fear

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of God and trust in Jesus in our spirit.' Brent's Gospel Plan of Salvation, page 367.

"A few things which we know: We know that Jesus, when He was baptized, came straightway up out of the water. We know that He came to leave us an example, that we should follow in His steps. We know that during the days of the Apostles, the preacher and the candidate both went down into the water. (Philip and the eunuch both went down into the water.) We know that we are buried with Christ in baptism. We know that Paul, in speaking of baptism, called it a planting. We know that there are very few, if any, who doubt immersion being baptism. We know that there are millions who say that nothing but immersion is baptism. We know that there are numbers of preachers who preach and practice other so-called baptisms, who are themselves and families immersed. We know that this would not be true, were there not some doubt that sprinkling and pouring are right. We know that immersion is conceded to be right by all scholars. We know it is all right, that it is safe. I want to be on the safe side, and therefore I will be immersed.

"2d. Who should be baptized? This, like almost every other question relative to Christ's kingdom, is answered in different ways. Some claim the Bible teaches that only those who are competent of hearing and believing the truth are scriptural subjects of baptism; while others claim the Bible teaches that the unbelieving infants of believing parents are subjects of baptism. I do cheerfully admit that among the latter named class there are thousands of good, honest and intelligent people; but, as the same can be said of the former, and as we can see at a glance that they cannot

both be right, it follows that some who are good, honest and intelligent are wrong in their views. As to the first theory, there is no christian who does not believe that the person who has heard the gospel, believed in it, and has repented of his or her sins that should not be baptized. Why is this true? Because there is a plain scriptural command to that effect. Jesus said to His Apostles: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.' This is plain—no one doubts or denies it; but is the believer the only person who is entitled to the rights of baptism? Some say yes, and others say no—that the unbelieving infants of believing parents should be baptized. This may be true, and it may not; if it is the Bible will say so, and if it is not, it will be silent on the subject, and where it is silent, we should be silent. Jesus said: 'Howbeit, in vain do they worship Me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.' If infant baptism is not taught in the Bible, it is a 'commandment of men,' and he that practices it is worshipping God in vain.

"If infant baptism is taught in the Bible, it must be by the command of Christ or some one speaking by inspiration, by example or inference. We know that Jesus or His Apostles never commanded it, the Apostles never practiced it, and nowhere in the scriptures is the thought implied. To find any authority for it at all, we must go outside of the Bible and ask some of its advocates. The first witness we will call will be Martin Luther. He says: 'It can not be proved by the sacred scriptures that infant baptism was instituted by Christ or began by the first christians after the Apostles.'

Brent's Gospel Plan of Salvation, page 394. Let us now call Henry Ward Beecher to the stand and hear his testimony. He is quoted in the Louisville Debate, page 173, as saying: 'That he had no authority from the Bible for the baptism of infants, and that he wanted none; that he had better authority for it than if even the Bible commanded it; that he had tried it, and knew from actual experience that it was a good thing; he had the same divine authority for it that he had for making an ox-yoke—worked well—and, therefore, it was from God.' Brent's Gospel Plan of Salvation, page 396. We learn from the foregoing that the New Testament does not authorize infant baptism and those who practice it are honest enough to say that it does not. It is a 'commandment of men.'

3rd. "What is the design of baptism? This, like the two questions which we have just discussed, seems to be a rock upon which a great many theological crafts are being dashed to pieces, as they are driven and tossed by the winds and waves of doctrines, other than that which bears the divine sanction. The lack of time will prohibit our entering into a lengthy discussion of this question, but we will see what Jesus and His Apostles said baptism is for, and surely there is no one who will reject their teaching on this question.

"We will first notice what Jesus said about it, hear his own words: 'Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.' That our Savior had reference to baptism is admitted by nearly all scholars. He plainly says that we cannot enter into the kingdom of God unless we are born of water and the Spirit, thus placing baptism between us and heaven and making it one of the conditions to be complied with

before we can enjoy the forgiveness of our sins. Let us turn to Acts the second chapter and thirty-eighth verse and see if Christ's position will harmonize with the words of Peter, when he preached the first gospel sermon and gave the answer to the first penitent sinners, who ask what they must do, after the New Will was confirmed by the blood of Christ and after Jesus was made the Testator of the New Covenant. What did Peter tell them to do? Let us read both the question and the answer: 'Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the Apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter answered and said unto them, Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of your sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' Some Bible readers and even preachers tell us that the preposition 'for' looks to the past and means 'because of the remission of your sins.' But this is not true, from the fact that the preposition 'for' is translated from the Greek word 'eis,' and is never used in a retrospective way, but it always looks to the future. It means that we are baptized unto the remission of sins. In the twenty-eighth verse of the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew, Jesus says: 'For this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.' Jesus says His 'blood is shed for the remission of sins.' The preposition 'for' in this passage is from the Greek word 'eis,' and is used in almost the same kind of a sentence and has for its object the same as that in Acts. If Jesus shed His blood, in order to effect the remission of sins, then baptism as it was commanded by Peter

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is for the same purpose, but if it is not, and is, as some people teach, because their sins were pardoned, then Jesus did not shed His blood in order to 'the remission of sins,' but because sin had already been blotted out. Both 'fors' are translated from the same word 'eis,' and have the same meaning. Did Jesus shed His blood in order to 'the remission of sins'? If so, baptism is in order to 'the remission of sins.'

"Again, the remission of sins, gift of the Holy Spirit and all other spiritual blessings are in Christ, and in order for us to secure them we must get into Him, and I know of no other way by which we can get into Him than to be baptized into Him. Paul says: 'For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ.'

"We have seen that baptism is a burial. That Jesus and the eunuch, when they were baptized, came up out of the water, that believers only are scriptural subjects of baptism, and that it is in order to the remission of sins.

"Now let us see what the Church was called during the days of the Apostles. Let us go to the 'law and the testimony.' In the New Testament we find various names by which the Church is called. It is known as: (a) Church of God, (b) The Church of the Firstborn, (c) One Body, (d) The Pillar and Support of the Truth; and, when the local congregations are referred to, they are called Churches of Christ.

"What were the members of the Church of Christ called during the days of the Apostles? Let us take our Bibles and let Luke, Peter, John and Paul tell us in their own words just what they named the people of God. They were called: (a) Saints, (b) Children of God, (c) Heirs of God, (d) Breth-

ren, (e) Sons of God, (f) Disciples, and (g) Christians.

“Each one of these names has its significance, in relation to each other they were brethren, in their relation to God they were saints, sons of God and heirs of God; as followers and learners of Jesus, they were disciples. The name Christian is the broad name that includes all of God’s people. The Lord, speaking through His prophet and looking to the ‘new and living way,’ said to the disobedient Jews, ‘And ye shall leave your name for a curse unto my chosen: for the Lord God shall slay thee, and call His servants by another name.’ Speaking again through the same prophet and being more definite as to time, said: ‘And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory: and thou shall be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name.’ Notice that the new name was to be given after the Gentiles had seen the righteousness of God. Now if we can locate the time when the Gentiles saw God’s righteousness, then we can look for the new name. About eight years after the first Pentecost after the resurrection of Christ, Cornelius prayed to the Lord and an angel came and told him to send to Joppa for Peter, who would tell him words whereby he and his house should be saved. Peter goes and preaches to them and they are all obedient to the faith. Cornelius was a Gentile, and hence they had seen His righteousness. Now let us look for the new name. As Saul was on his way to Damascus, the Lord appeared to him in the way and he was stricken blind, and the Lord told him to go into the city and it would be told him what he must do. The Lord then told Ananias to go to him, for he was a chosen vessel to bear his name to the Gentiles and kings of earth

and the children of Israel. Let us sum this up and study it closely. We see that God's people are to be called by a new name, that the Gentiles have seen His righteousness and that Saul is to bear the name. Now let us see what they were named: Following closely the conversion of Cornelius, Barnabas went to Tarsus to seek Saul and when he had found him he brought him to Antioch and he stayed there one year, and "The disciples were called Christians first at Antioch. Saul was to bear this worthy name, which he did, giving it to the church at Antioch first. May God help us to walk in the name of the Lord forever and ever."

"Mr. Newman," said Mr. W., "you have been a Godsend to this home. I heartily agree with Miss Silvey, that you could serve the world better by obeying the gospel of Christ and working in the vineyard of the Lord than you can by piloting an engine from city to city. You have made the gospel plain, it harmonizes from Genesis to Revelation, and had I been so fortunate as to have had such teaching instead of the unrighteous and unholy claims of Catholicism and conflicting theories of unscriptural demoninationalism, I would never have given a moment of my time to the advocacy of infidelity. If we can find a body of people who teach the gospel as we now understand it, reject humanisms, 'speak where the Bible speaks and be silent where it is silent,' we will become identified with them at once."

"Our neighbor over here told me this afternoon," said Miss Silvey, "that a Mr. T. will begin a meeting tomorrow evening at the Shady Grove Schoolhouse. I asked her if he was a Mormon, and she said no, that there had never been anyone in this country who preached the same kind of a doctrine

that he does."

"I suspect that he is some kind of a sectarian or another Mormon in sheep's clothing. However, I suggest that we go and hear what he has to say," continued the young engineer, as he started to his room.

CHAPTER XIX.

TWICE HAPPY.

"Miss Silvey and I have gone to hear Mr. T. for the last three evenings," said Clyde Newman, while he and the family were seated at the breakfast table.

"What is your opinion of him by this time?" asked Mr. W.

"So far he has preached the truth, but not any more so than the Mormons did the first three sermons they preached," said the young engineer, as he folded his napkin and laid it on the table, which was spread with snow-white linen.

"Do you think he is a Mormon?" continued Mr. W.

"No," said the young hero, "I don't think he is a Mormon, but it is rather a difficult matter to find out just what he is. I heard one man ask him the name of the denomination to which he belonged, and he said he was a member of none. And then he went on to explain that denominationalism is not only wrong, but harmful, insomuch that it divides God's people. He almost repeated my own words when I said the other evening that the word denomination means a part of a thing and cannot represent the whole. He said that God's kingdom is a unit or an organism, that Christ prayed and the Apostles taught there should be no divisions

among the people of God, and as denominationalism divides them, it follows that it is wrong and sinful. I walked up, thanked him for his timely words and told the story of my own struggles in trying to locate the Church of Christ. He told me he would preach on the 'Identity of the Kingdom of God,' this evening, and assured me he would speak only where the Bible speaks and give a 'thus saith the Lord' for every position he takes. I am half inclined to believe that God has answered our prayers by sending a true and faithful preacher of the word into our midst, though I may be mistaken."

"Mrs. W. and I shall go this evening and hear him, but I am almost sure we will be disappointed. I can hardly think it probable that there is a man on earth who preaches the gospel just as it is written. I am of the opinion that this man is a Mormon, or some other kind of a sectarian," said Mr. W., as he pushed his chair from the table.

"He may be," said Clyde, "but let us not condemn him until we know more about what he advocates. Jesus says we should judge not, lest we also be judged. Let us remember that the tree is known by its fruit. This man may be a true, faithful minister of God, or he may be another false prophet like Joe Smith or one of his deceived followers."

The hours passed slowly by, the sun had sunk behind the western hills and the full round moon was shining down its distant home far up in the deep blue sky, when Mr. W., his wife, Miss Silvey and Clyde drove up to the Shady Grove Schoolhouse, tied their horses and walked into the well-filled room. The people continued to crowd into the small building until every seat was occupied and the aisles were filled with men and women who

were anxious to hear Mr. T., preach his fourth sermon. The congregation sang two hymns that were followed by a prayer and another song, after which the preacher, a low, heavy, broad shouldered man with black hair and eyes, rose, looked for a minute over the congregation, and in a strong heavy voice spoke in part as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely glad of this opportunity to meet with you and talk for a short time about the things pertaining to the kingdom of God's dear Son.

"My subject this evening is 'The Identity of the Kingdom or Church of Christ.' I am fully aware of the fact that there are a great many theories and men differ widely as to what is the true church. Some try to prove, by an apostolic succession, that the denomination to which they belong is the Church of Christ. They affirm that they can show an unbroken chain, consisting of organized churches and ordained preachers, reaching back to the Apostles. We have not the time to enter into a lengthy discussion upon this division of our subject, but with due respect to those who believe such a theory, I will state just here that there is not a standard or an authentic history on earth that will bear them out in such an assertion, and if there were it would do the advocates of the theory no good, seeing there are three or more denominations that make the same claim. It is not necessary that we have an apostolic succession, or go back down the bygone ages and dig up all of the old musty and unreliable histories to establish the identity of the Church of Christ. Do you ask why? Because we have the same evidence on this side of the dark ages that the Apostles and early christians had on the other side. The Book that we have is the same

as the one that the first followers of Christ possessed and contains an accurate account of the things which they believed, taught and practiced, and therefore if we want to be apostolic and identify the Church of Christ, let us go to the New Testament, see to what institution they belonged, see what they believed, taught and practiced, and then let us find a church whose members believe what they believed, teach what they taught and practice what they practiced, and we will find the true Church of Christ. All of the histories on earth, bearing upon apostolic succession, unless they can show at this end of the chain, a church, the members of which wear the same name, believe the same doctrine, practice the same things, and make obligatory upon the part of the penitent sinner, to obey the same Divine commandments that the Apostles did, is a failure, so far as evidence is concerned to identify the Church of Christ.

“Let us go to the New Testament and see what the Apostles believed, taught and practiced, and then let us believe what they believed, practice what they practiced, and teach what they taught, in order that we may belong to the true Church of Christ.

“In the Ephesian letter, Paul says there is one body, one Spirit, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and one Father over all. Let us take these up one by one and see if they will constitute the Church of Christ.

“1st. One Body. What is the body? Let Paul answer; hear his words: ‘And He (Christ) is the head of the body, the church.’ Here Paul plainly states that the one body he mentioned in the Ephesian epistle is the Church of Jesus Christ. Whose body is the Church? Let us hear the Apos-

tle again: 'Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the Church.' By putting Paul's two statements together, we learn that the Church or Kingdom of God is the body of Christ. Who is in the one body? Every one who has obeyed the gospel of the Son of God. To be a member of the Church of Christ, we must obey the New Testament, but if we want to be anything else than a Christian let us not obey the Bible, as the Bible makes christians only. To illustrate: If I wished to be a Mormon, I would not obey the gospel of Christ, for it would make me a child of God instead of a follower of that false prophet, Joseph Smith; but in order to be a disciple of Joe Smith, I must obey the Mormon Bible and not the New Testament. Obedience to the Mormon Bible makes Mormons and not christians, while obedience to the New Testament makes christians and not Mormons; and what is true of Mormonism is true of every other man-made doctrine. If I want to wear some name that the New Testament does not authorize, I must submit to a man-made confession or discipline. Brethren, let us obey the New Testament, that we may be members of the one Body, and when we have become christians by obeying the gospel, let us stop there. Let us not accept some human name that God has never authorized, and that will divide His people, and thus add to the Bible.

"2d. One Spirit. The one Spirit is the Holy Spirit that Jesus promised as a guide to the Apostles and a comfort to the christians. He operates through the word.

"3d. One Lord. Jesus is the one Lord. He has ascended to heaven and been crowned King of kings and Lord of lords.

"4th. One Faith. Faith is the conviction of things not seen and the confidence in things hoped for. This faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

"5th. One Baptism. Notwithstanding Paul says there is one baptism, some preachers claim there are two and are, namely, the baptism of the Holy Spirit and the baptism of water. They both can not be retained in the Church of Christ today, as Paul says 'One baptism.' If the one baptism is the baptism of the Spirit, then all churches should cease to practice water baptism; but if it is the baptism of water, then those who claim to have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost are mistaken. The man who claims he has received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and practices water baptism and teaches others to do so, does not only contradict Paul, but he is out of harmony with God's word as well. Let us see which baptism has been retained in the church. Is it the baptism of the Holy Spirit? Let us go to the Bible and see what the baptism of the Holy Ghost was, and what followed it. The baptism of the Holy Ghost was a promise and not a command, and Jesus was the administrator. It was to be enjoyed and not obeyed, but not so with water baptism. It was a command and the Apostles were to be the administrators. Now if we can learn whether the one baptism which was to be retained in the church is a command or promise, and whether the Apostles or Christ were the administrators, then we can tell to which baptism Paul has reference. When Jesus gave the great commission, He commanded the

Apostles to baptize; hear His own words: 'Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' Was this baptism of the Holy Spirit? No, it could not be, as it was not a promise, but a command, and the Apostles were to be the administrators. Now let us come to this side of Pentecost and see if the baptism in the church at that time was a command or a promise, and see what the element was. In the second chapter of Acts, Peter said to the three thousand: 'Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' From this language, we learn that the baptism was a command and not a promise. Now let us see the element in which they were baptized. Hear Luke: 'And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water, and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing.' From this we learn that the element in which the Apostles baptized, after the church was complete, was water. Therefore, the baptism the Apostles practiced and the one that has been retained in the church is the baptism of water.

"There are but two cases of the baptism of the Holy Ghost recorded in the Bible. One was at

Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, where the Apostles and disciples only enjoyed it, and the other was at the house of Cornelius. Its purpose was to blend and make one in Christ the Jew and the Gentile, and this was accomplished when, on the day of Pentecost, the first Jews came into the Church of Christ and the first Gentiles were converted to the faith of the gospel at the house of Cornelius, hence, when that was done, the baptism of the Holy Ghost had served its purpose and was no longer needed in the church. Let us look at its results, or what followed it. Those who were baptized by the Spirit could speak with tongues, heal the sick and raise the dead. Thus its purpose was accomplished when the Jew and Gentile were blended in Christ, and the very fact that there is not a man living on earth today who can bring the dead (physical body) to life, and as the design of water baptism is for the remission of sins, and as its work is not yet accomplished and never will be until the last sinner of earth has bowed obediently to King Jesus, it follows, as a logical deduction, that at the time Paul wrote the baptism of the Holy Ghost had ceased, and the baptism of water is the one that has been retained in the church, the one which every creature of earth must obey and that Paul calls the one baptism.

“6th. One God and Father over all. The world is agreed that there is one God and Father.

“The true Church of Christ consists of one body, one Spirit, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father over all. These, together with the other ordinances and commands of the gospel, make up the church as it was in the days of the Apostles.

“In conclusion, if there is one who wants to bow

obediently to God, go into the one body, wear no name but Christ's, accept no creed but the Son of God, and no discipline but the Bible, and pledge yourself to live a pure, righteous life in God's sight, come while we sing."

The congregation rose and began singing and scarcely had the first words of the song reached the ears of the farthest auditors before Clyde Newman, followed by Miss Silvey, her uncle and aunt, walked forward and gave the minister their hands. The congregation sat down, and the preacher continued, saying:

"Friends, my heart is made to rejoice this evening that these four have come forward, saying they want to obey the Savior of Men and be pardoned from sin. I shall now proceed to take the only confession that the Bible says anything about."

The four candidates rose and, with bowed heads and hearts overflowing with joy, each confessed that "Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God."

"When do you want to be baptized?" asked the preacher.

"Tonight," said the young engineer, firmly.

"As Paul took the jailer and baptized him the same hour of the night, so we will go to the creek just at the rear of the building and immerse these four penitent believers into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost," said the preacher, as the people moved out of the building and assembled at the water's edge.

"Let us sing 'We Shall Gather at the River,'" continued the preacher.

As the words of the song rang out and echoed against the rocks and trees of the surrounding mountains, Clyde stood in the bright moonlight and

looked down upon clear, smooth waters in which he was soon to be buried in the likeness of Christ's death. When the song was ended, the minister raised his hands toward heaven and prayed that God would witness the solemn and sacred burial in the moonlit waters, and then started to the bank of the creek.

"Just a moment," said Clyde, as he took a long envelope from his pocket and handed it to the preacher.

The minister took the envelope, unfolded its contents, and said:

"Friends, it brings additional joy to my heart to know that these two young people have agreed to enter into the solemn and sacred relationship of marriage to each other as well as to be married to Christ."

There upon the banks of the winding mountain stream, and while the bright rays of the silvery queen of night fell upon the two happy souls and seemed to baptize them in a sea of glory, the minister spoke the words which made the two loving hearts beat as one, and with hands still clasped in each other's they walked slowly down into the placid waters, and, as Christ died upon the cross, they died to their sins; as He was buried in the literal sepulchre, so they were buried in the liquid grave, and as He burst the bars of the tomb and came forth to die no more, so they came from the healing waters of baptism to walk in the newness of life and enjoy the blessings of God forever.

As the minister came from the water, he turned and said:

"Friends, this will end our meeting. I had expected to preach here tomorrow evening, but I have been unexpectedly summoned to my home on ac-

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count of sickness, and I shall have to leave to-night."

Mr. W. rose and said:

"We are sorry that our brother has to leave us, but I shall take the liberty to say that Mr. Newman will preach for us tomorrow evening, and I assure you he will be equal to the occasion."

The congregation sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," while they gathered around Clyde and his charming young bride and showered them with hearty congratulations and best wishes, after which the preacher bowed his head and asked God's blessings upon the services of the evening, and then all returned to their homes, feeling happy that God had blessed them by sending a faithful minister of the word into their midst.

CHAPTER XX.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

The conversion of the infidel and the moonlight wedding upon the banks of the mountain stream had caused a good deal of comment in the community, and the news had spread for miles in every direction; the result of which was the largest crowd that had even been seen by the oldest men and women of the vicinity came to Shady Grove the next evening to see the bride and hear the young engineer preach his first sermon.

Clyde, followed by his young wife, his uncle and aunt, pushed his way through the crowded aisle until he reached the front seat which had been reserved for them. The congregation sang the usual number of opening hymns, and after the invocation, by an elderly gentleman, Clyde Newman arose, walked to the stand, turned, faced the congregation and in a firm, strong voice said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: This is the first time I have ever appeared before an audience to preach a sermon, and, while I appreciate your presence and feel sure that I will be honored by receiving your very best attention, yet I trust you will not expect of me what you would of one who is older in years and more experienced in this kind of work.

"My subject is: 'How Are We Saved?' In looking over the great catalogue of Bible subjects, I find none which I think is freighted with more importance, and that is more appropriate for this occa-

sion, or that the Bible makes plainer. Isaiah, the gleaming writer of the Old Testament, says: 'And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein'; and Paul, the brilliant writer of the New Testament, tells us that 'All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.' We believe the Bible is sufficient for man from the cradle to the grave, otherwise it would not be profitable for doctrine and could not thoroughly furnish man to every good work.

"Religious people differ widely as to how the human race is saved. It is assumed by one that if Jesus came to save His people, the whole family of man will be saved, irrespective of any effort upon their part, or otherwise the mission of Jesus Christ was a failure. Others say that we can't do anything to save ourselves, and that we must just believe on Christ and He will redeem us from sin. While these theories lead off in different directions, yet they are equally wrong and harmful in their results. They teach men to ignore the Divine commandments of God and encourage inactivity in the kingdom of Christ. They are not only wrong and harmful, but they are directly opposed to the teachings of the Son of God. He says: 'Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.'

"I can see how it is that Jesus came to save His

people and thousands die in a lost condition every day; as well as I can see how God gives us food and clothing and so many go hungry and naked. It is not God's fault that some are destitute of food and clothing. He has given us the soil, the seed, the seasons; and through His inspired Apostle He said: 'For, even when we were with you, this we commanded you, if any would not work, neither should he eat.' So it is with our salvation. Jesus came to 'save His people,' He gave us the gospel, and says we purify our souls by obeying the truth. Paul says that Jesus will come in flaming fire, 'taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.' No man who understands the gospel of Christ would say that all mankind will be saved, or the mission of Christ to the world is a failure, or all that is required of a person is to just believe. Jesus says, 'Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.' James says, 'Be ye doers of the word and hearers only, deceiving yourselves.'

"How are we saved? Let us open our Bibles and see. Our salvation is attributed to a great many things, a few of which we will mention. (a) We are saved by Jesus, (b) We are justified by His blood, (c) We are reconciled by His death, (d) We are saved by grace, ((e) We are saved by the gospel, (f) We are justified by faith, (g) We are saved by repentance, (h) We are saved by confession, (i) We are saved by baptism, (j) We are saved by works, and (k) We save ourselves.

"These scriptures teach us that our salvation depends upon more than one thing. No man has any right to separate any one of these from among the rest, and say that it alone is sufficient to save us, neither has he any right to pick out any one of

them and say that it is a 'non-essential.'

"These essentials naturally divide themselves into two classes. First, the securing causes, or what God has done for us that we could not do for ourselves, and, second, the appropriating causes, or what God has commanded us to do. This may be illustrated in the following way: A man has been convicted of some crime and sentenced to imprisonment for a term of years. He is absolutely dependent upon those on the outside for the necessities of life. Three times each day the warden sends him food. This is brought and placed within his reach. In this case the warden is the securing cause. He has done something for the man that he could not do himself. The prisoner reaches for the food and satisfies his hunger, thus appropriating it to his own good. This is something the prisoner could do and the warden would not do it for him. So it is with the human family. We were bound in Satan's prison-house of sin. Salvation was beyond our reach, Jesus came and by His life, death and resurrection brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. He says: 'I place my salvation in Zion,' and invites all men to come to Him. In order for us to come, we must be like Him. He has secured our salvation and has left us appropriating causes, which are the commandments of the gospel; we take hold of them and save ourselves by 'obeying the truth.' Faith purifies our hearts, repentance corrects or makes pure our lives, confession commits us to the Son of God, and baptism translates us into Christ. The christian graces and a godly life keep our 'robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb,' and by being thus faithful until death we will hear Him say: 'Blessed are they that do His command-

ments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'

"In conclusion, if there are those present who know they are sinners and wish to obey the gospel of Christ and be saved from sin, come while we sing."

The congregation rose and began singing "I Am Going to Jesus," While the people were making the walls of the old building ring with the echo of the familiar hymn, a voice back near the door was heard saying:

"Yes, I am going to Jesus," and simultaneously with the words came the sound of crutches striking against the rough seats and bare floor of the old school building. Every eye was turned toward the entrance, and the singers, in their anxiety to discover the object of the attraction, neglected to sing the second verse of the song.

"You have saved me from being torn to pieces by the runaway horse, and now you have saved me from a life of sin," came the words of a man as he was slowly moving up the aisle upon two crutches.

"Mr. Newman," continued the stranger, "you shed a part of your own blood in saving me from a horrible death while I was at the mercy of the frightened animal, and have pointed me to the Lamb of God who shed His blood to save me from an eternal death of sin."

"This is my good old friend, Bill McCoy," said the young hero, in a trembling voice, as he dropped his book upon the stand, rushed down the aisle and fell upon the neck of the crippled man.

"God bless you!" said the unfortunate Bill. His eyes filled with tears, his lips paled and trembled as he threw his almost fleshless arms about the engineer's neck. Clyde placed his arms around the

frail figure and wept, as he looked into the face that was once strong and flushed with rich red blood, but was then small and colorless. He pressed his own round crimson cheeks to Bill's and stood speechless for a moment, while hot scalding tears gushed from their eyes, washed down their faces and mingled together as they did the day in which their friendship was forever sealed by the lifeblood of each other.

"Let me confess my Savior," continued Bill.

"You shall," said the young engineer, as he took Bill's small bony hand in his and said: "Do you believe with all your heart that Jesus is the Christ the Son of the living God?"

"I do," said Bill, "and I want to obey Him."

"The congregation will go to the creek where we met last evening and we will immerse Mr. McCoy in the name of the Son of God," said Clyde, as he placed his arms about Bill's frail body and slowly moved down the aisle and out to the water's edge.

The congregation sang "I Will Be Buried With Jesus," as Clyde raised Bill in his strong arms, walked out into the water, and in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, buried him in the healing waters of baptism, that he might come forth therefrom to walk in the newness of life.

"Friends," said Clyde, "my heart is made to rejoice this evening, not only because I have learned the way of life myself, but that I have seen my poor unfortunate friend, Bill McCoy, become a child of God. If my work in the Lord's vineyard should end here, I feel as if I have been paid a thousand times for my struggles to learn the truth as it is in Jesus. But my work is not done, or will it ever be as long as I am able to lift my voice to warn

a sinner to turn from the error of his way, and can yield my influence to extend the borders of the kingdom of Christ. I shall leave in the morning for my home in the East, that I may fulfill the promise I made to my fond sister by revealing to her and my invalid mother the simple story of the cross and point them to the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world.

"With tear-dimmed eyes, I look up and say farewell to yonder towering mountains. Their sloping sides, projecting rocks and snow-capped peaks look beautiful to me. Often upon the long summer days, I have taken my Bible, slowly ascended their treacherous cliffs, sat down under their cooling shades, and while their health-giving breezes were kissing my pale, thin brow and leaving the print of their crimson lips upon my sunken cheeks, I was feasting my mind upon the great principles of the gospel of Christ, and as I thus nestled close to nature's heart, I fed my benighted soul upon the bread of life as it fell from the hands of Him who shaped the hills, made the smooth prairies and hollowed out the seas by the word of His power. To Colorado's winding rivers, rippling brooks, spreading oaks and fertile plains I say farewell. I love you still; you are bound to my heart by memory's ties, which are as bright and sparkling as yonder gems that stud the sky and cast their dazzling rays upon the murmuring waters that are laving the shores at our feet. To the rose-covered vines, and blossoming trees, that are just bursting into new life under the touch of the warm, tender hand of the returning Spring, whose perfume surpasses in fragrance that of the far-famed garden of pomegranates of Israel's wisest king, I say fare-

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well. And to you, my friend, Mr. McCoy," he continued, as he reached his hand to Bill and pressed him to his bosom, "I say farewell. May the God of all love, goodness and wisdom ever guide you in the way of His holiness and grant that we may meet again in this life, but, if not, meet me in that world where tears never dim the eyes, where good-byes are never said, where pain is not known, and sorrow never comes."

"Good-bye," said Bill, as he sunk to the ground and wept as if his heart were breaking within him.

"Let us sing 'Blest Be the Tie That Binds Our Hearts in Christian Love,' and everybody come and bid Mr. and Mrs. Newman good-bye, praying that God will bless their lives, increase their knowledge of the Word, enlarge their usefulness in the kingdom of His dear Son, and that they may be spared to come back into our midst and bless the lives of others as they have ours," said Mr. W., as the rays of the bright moonlight fell upon his broad face and revealed his flowing tears.

The congregation began singing, the crowd passed around and with sad hearts bade them a last farewell, after which Mr. W. raised his hands toward heaven and asked God's blessings upon them. Clyde and his young bride, then turned and walked to their buggy, too much overcome to speak.

CHAPTER XXI.

BACK HOME.

One evening, while the thick, heavy clouds were hanging low over the city of C., and as the spreading boughs of the tall oak trees which stood around the old Newman home were casting their dark shades and wrapping every object in a semi-darkness that came within the radius of their majestic reach, the footfalls of two persons were heard upon the well-worn brick walk, as they were approaching the old-style building which stood several rods back from the street. In the front room of the old building were a pair of crutches, lying by the side of a large rocking-chair, in which was seated an old gray-haired mother, palsied and deformed by disease and bent under the weight of many years. Close by her side was a young lady, holding in her hand the picture of a beautiful young girl, while in her lap were lying the neatly folded pages of a letter which she had just finished reading to her mother.

"And they started Wednesday morning," said the
UNCLE SAME—SIXTY ONE

aged woman, in a low, feeble tone, as she raised her trembling hand and wiped the teardrops from her eyes.

"Yes, mother; they started Wednesday morning, and this is Saturday evening; and they will get here some time tomorrow. Mother, I can hardly realize that my own dear brother is coming home

and, with him, my new sister. I know I shall love her, as this picture represents her to be such a sweet and lovable girl," said the young lady.

"To think that my only boy is coming home and that he will soon be one of God's strongest and most faithful ministers, brings to me more joy than my poor heart can stand," said the aged and feeble woman, as she buried her face in her pale trembling hands and cried until her faded and wrinkled face was bathed in her own tears.

"Yes, mother; we have been paid a thousand times for the lonely days and weeks we have spent since he left us. His old railroad friends have rented the opera house and expect him to preach for them tomorrow evening," said the young lady, as light footfalls were heard on the veranda.

"They have come," said Miss Grace, as she hurried to open the front door.

"Yes, this is my own dear brother," she said, as she threw her arms about his broad shoulders, kissed his manly face and wept upon his neck. "And here is my new sister," she continued, as she turned to greet his bride.

Clyde pushed open the door, and saw his invalid mother leaning upon her crutches and trying to move towards him.

"Here is my blessed old mother," he said, as he threw his strong arms about her frail body, lifted his invalid parent back to the chair, knelt down by her side, buried his face in her small palsied arms, wept for a moment, while he thanked God that he could once more rest upon her loving bosom, listen to the throbs of the warm tender heart, look into the tear-dimmed eyes and cover with his kisses the drawn but sweet face of his own darling mother.

"Mother," he continued, as he rose to his feet.

"here is your daughter-in-law."

The young wife gracefully stooped and greeted his invalid parent, after which all were seated and Clyde told the story of his struggles while he was in the West.

"Your old railroad friends have rented the Opera House and expect you to preach to them tomorrow evening," said his sister.

"I am never happier than when I am talking about the gospel of Christ, and I assure you, sister, that I have kept my promise. I have come home, not only restored in health, but I am now able to teach you the way of God's truth."

The next evening, Mr. B., the superintendent, drove to the Newman home, took Clyde and his young wife, mother and sister, to the Opera House, where the young engineer was greeted by a large crowd of railroad men. After Mr. B. and some more of the officials of the road had carried Clyde's invalid mother up the broad steps, down the aisle and placed her in a chair near the stage, the congregation sang two songs, which were followed by a prayer, Clyde rose, looked into the faces of his old friends and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, my heart is made to rejoice this evening and I thank you, my friends, from the very depths of my soul for your kindness in arranging this meeting for me. The subject to which I will call your attention this evening is the Change of Heart.

"While the expression, 'Change of heart,' is not in so many words mentioned in the Old or New Testament, yet the thought is implied. Jesus says: 'The pure in heart shall see God,' and other places in the inspired Volume teach us that the impure heart can not enjoy any peace in this life or a hope

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beyond the grave. It shall be my purpose this evening to speak of the heart and its conversion to Christ. A heart that has been impure in the sight of God, but is now pure, has undergone a great change, hence my reason for the expression, 'change of heart.'

"That a person must experience a change of heart to be accepted of the Father, is believed by all candid and honest Bible readers. As God suspends our salvation upon the conditions of knowing Him and obeying the gospel of His Son, and as the change of heart includes both, it makes our subject not only an interesting, but an infinitely important one.

"While there are a great many theories touching upon this subject, and learned men have differed widely as to how the heart is changed, yet we believe that a close study of the Bible will put an end to all controversy. Isaiah says: 'And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein,' and Paul says: 'All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.' These scriptures teach us that the pathway to heaven is plain and the Bible is sufficient to lead us safely there. In order to present this subject in a way that it will be easily understood, we will ask and by the aid of God's word, answer the following questions: 1st, What is the heart that must be changed? 2nd, Have we any agency in changing our own hearts? 3rd, What are the means used in effecting the change?

"As to the first question, doubtless there is no one that believes that it is the physical or hollow muscular organ that propels the blood through the human body. However, it may be well to note here a few quotations that will confirm the idea that the heart, which is referred to in the scriptures is the foundation of the issues of life, and not the fleshly heart. When David was old, his son Absalom tried to supplant his father, by courting favor with the people, and it is said that he stole the hearts of the men of Israel. Solomon says, 'A wise man's heart is at his right hand, but a fool's is at his left.' Jesus says, 'Lay not for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' From these passages, we learn that the heart, whatever it is, can be stolen. can be on the right side of the body and while we sojourn here our hearts can be in heaven, providing our treasure is there.

"What is the heart? We may know what the heart is by what it does. If we know what a man does, we may know what he is. If he tills the soil, we know he is a farmer, if he stands over the forge or welds the iron, we know he is a blacksmith; if he sells goods, we know he is a merchant, so it is with the heart, we know what it is by what it does. Now let us see what the heart does that we may know what it is. From the following scriptures, we learn what it does. (a) 'For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes are closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and

should understand with their heart. And should be converted, and I should heal them. (b) 'For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' (c) In answer to the lawyer who said to Jesus: 'Master which is the greatest commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.' (d) 'For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things.' (e) 'Nevertheless he that standeth steadfast in his heart, having no necessity, but hath power over his own will, and hath so decreed in his heart that he will keep his virgin, doeth well.'

"Here we may learn that the part of a person which understands, believes, loves, condemns and decrees or wills, is the heart. That part of a person which believes or understands, is the understanding of a man, the part of a person that loves is his affection, the part of a person that condemns is his conscience and the part of a person which decrees or wills, is his will power. In other words a man's heart is his understanding, his affection, his conscience and his will power.

"Since we have learned what the heart is by what it does, the next question that claims out attention, is, Have we any agency in changing our own hearts? The Bible nowhere teaches that man is a mere machine or that he is all together passive and can eat, only as he is acted upon by the Spirit of God. But a close study of the Scriptures will lead us to believe that just the opposite is true, and man is free to think and act as he pleases, that good and evil are placed before him, and in the words of His faithful servant of old, God is saying to every man and woman, 'Choose ye this day whom you

will serve.' Jesus says: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heaven laden and I will give you rest.' To induce man to choose the right and live, God has appealed to him with such motives as the sacrificial death of Christ, the joys of heaven and the sweet fellowship of the redeemed. Peter, knowing that a man's salvation depended upon doing the will of God, exhorted the Pentecostians to "save yourselves from this untoward generation.' Ezekiel says: 'Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit; for why will you die, O house of Israel.' James says: 'Draw nigh unto God and He will draw nigh unto you. Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts ye double minded.' John, the great Apostle of love, said: 'And I said unto Him, sir, thou knowest. And He said unto me, these are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'

"From these scriptures we learn that man is, not only free to act, and God has left it to him to choose between good and evil, but he has an agency in changing his own heart, in so much, that by turning, he creates a new heart; and he can cleanse his hands, purify his heart, and wash his robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb.

"What are the means by which the heart is changed? We have already seen that the heart consists of the understanding, affection, conscience and will power. The question, how is the heart changed? now claims our attention.

"Peter, while speaking of the conversion of the Gentiles, said: 'Men and brethren, ye know how that a good while ago God made choice among us, that the Gentiles by my mouth should hear the

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words of the gospel, and believe. And God, which knoweth the heart, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as He did unto us; and put no difference between them and us, purifying their hearts by faith.' From this cripture, we learn that the heart is purified by faith and that this faith is produced by the 'mouth' of Peter. This position is in perfect harmony with the teaching of Christ, when he said: 'It is written in the prophets, and they shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me,' and with Paul when he said: 'So then faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.' Again, Peter says: 'Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that you love one another with a pure heart fervently.' By placing Peter's two statements together, we learn that a man can purify his heart or soul by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ and obeying His truth, which is the gospel. Jesus says: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.' And Peter said: 'And to you who are troubled, rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.' These two passages of scripture teach us, that if a man refuses to believe and obey the gospel, he cannot be saved, and as it requires action on the part of a man to believe and obey the gospel, it follows that a man's salvation depends upon something that he does.

"The often quoted phrase: 'Wherefore, that we

are justified by faith only is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort,' is not only unscriptural, but it is directly opposed to the teaching of Jesus, Peter, Paul and James. Jesus says: 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.' From this, we see that our salvation does not depend upon 'Faith only,' but upon doing the will of God. James speaks of the faith alone theory in the following way: 'Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believed and trembled. But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead? Was not Abraham our father justified by works, when he offered Isaac his son upon the altar? Seest thou how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect? And the scripture was fulfilled which saith, Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness: and he was called a friend of God. We see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only.'

"From the foregoing scriptures we learn three things. First, a man must do something to be saved; second, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and obedience to the gospel, purifies his heart or soul, and third, the Bible nowhere says that, 'Faith only is a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort,' but that 'Faith without works is dead, being alone.'

"If the heart is the understanding, affection, conscience, and will power; then, to have a change of heart, is to have our understanding, affection, conscience and will power changed. One may ask, How is this done? The following illustration will, doubtless, make this plain. Let us imagine we have

a man before us who does not know about God, Christ, the Holy Spirit or anything that the Bible teaches, but he is a believer in Buddhism. We want to see this man become a Christian. We are all agreed that in order for him to 'see God,' his heart must be pure and that will necessitate a complete change from its present condition. What must the man do? What must we do for him? Shall he pray? No, he knows nothing about God and Christ and if he should pray, he would not pray to an unknown God, but he would naturally pray to Buddha. Must we tell him to love God and Christ? I think not just now. If he cannot 'call upon Him in whom he does not believe,' I would think it would be more difficult for him to love Him, of 'whom he has never heard.' What shall we do first, to aid him to secure salvation from sin? Let Jesus answer; hear His own words: 'It is written in the prophets, and they shall be all be taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me.'

"We must teach him. He understands that Buddha is the true God and the only God. The first thing we want to do is to change his understanding. We want to persuade him to disbelieve in gods made of wood and stone and believe in the true God of heaven. When he has learned to disbelieve, or no longer believe in Buddha, but believes in God, his understanding has been changed, and just that far he has a change of heart, but the change is not yet complete. Though he believes in God, his heart is not yet entirely pure and therefore he is not saved. James would say to him: 'You have faith only. Faith without works, is dead.' What must he do next? Change his affection, and this he will do when he learns 'that God so loved the

world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' When he learns of the goodness of God and how Christ died to save him, his affection will be turned towards the Son of God and from the depth of his heart, he will cry out, 'My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine.' Now his understanding and affections are changed, what is the next thing for him to do? Jesus says: 'If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments. How about the conscience? He has been doing wrong, his conscience condemns him. How shall he change his conscience? By repentance. He must make right the things he once made wrong. This act changes his conscience. Now is he a saved man? Has he a complete change of heart? I think not; how about his relationship? Is he in Christ? No, he is yet in the world and he must separate himself from evil, change his relationship, be translated into the one body by putting on Christ, as in Him only, are the remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Spirit. How can he change his relationship, or put on Christ? Let Paul tell us. Listen to his own words: 'For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ.'

"Now let us see what the man has done and how he did it. He has a change of understanding, this was brought about by testimony. He has had a change of affection; this was done by the goodness, or rather when he saw the goodness of God, and the great love of the crucified Savior. His conscience has been changed, by a sincere repentance towards God by making right, as far as possible, that which he once made wrong. His state or relationship has been changed. Once he was in the world, now he has put on Christ, by being baptized

into Him. Paul says: 'That as many as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ. This is as much as to say, that those who have not been baptized into Christ, have not put Him on, and therefore, have never come into Him. What must the man do now? He is a Christian, he has a complete change of heart, now he must add to his faith the Christian graces, live the life that Christ would have him live, be faithful until death and Christ will give him a crown of life.

"In conclusion, if there are those present who know they are sinners and wish to have this change of heart and enjoy the full pardon of your sins, come while we sing."

The congregation rose and several came forward, and among them was his sister, with his mother leaning upon her arm. The people sat down, Clyde raised his tear-dimmed eyes, looked over the congregation, and in a trembling voice said:

"Friends, my fondest hopes have been realized. I have prayed for the hour when I could take my aged mother and fond sister by the hand and hear them confess their faith in the Son of God. I shall now proceed to take the confession of all who have come forward this evening."

With a heart overflowing with joy, the young hero asked the candidates to stand and heard each one confess that they believed with all their heart that "Jesus is the Christ the Son of the living God."

"Tomorrow at ten o'clock we will meet at the river just west of the city and immerse these penitent believers in the name of the Father, the Son and Holy Ghost. My sister will now sing, 'Life is Like a Mountain Railway,'" he continued, as Miss Grace rose, faced the audience and sung the song through, after which Clyde bowed his head and

thanked God for the great blessings of the hour, and when the congregation was dismissed, his old friends passed around, congratulated him upon his thorough recovery of his health and bade him unbounded success in the great work in which he was engaged.

CHAPTER XXII.

ASCENDING TO THE THRONE.

On a certain day, several years from that in which Clyde Newman, our hero, and his young wife arrived in the city of C., a physician walked up to a beautiful home located on one of the principal resident streets of the city. A beautiful brown-eyed and dark-haired girl, of only ten summers, met him at the door, and the doctor said:

"Good morning, Miss Marie."

"Good morning, doctor," said the little girl in a broken, trembling voice.

"How is Mr. Newman this morning?" asked the doctor, as he laid his hand lightly upon her shoulder.

"Father is not resting well; he is weaker than he was yesterday and we fear he is growing much worse," she said, as she raised her arm to her full round face and sobbed aloud.

"Don't worry, Marie," continued the doctor; your papa will be all right in a day or two."

The doctor then stepped into the large hall where he was met by Mrs. Newman.

"Good morning, doctor," she said in a low suppressed voice.

"Good morning, Mrs. Newman," he said softly. "How is Mr. Newman resting now?"

"He is very restless and seems to be suffering a great deal. He does not seem to be worrying about his condition, only that he wants to get well and

help some one else, or get out of the way of others. Doctor, it nearly breaks my heart to hear him talk that way. I am anxious for him to get well, but as he is sick now, it is a pleasure to wait on him and try and make him happy, even in his sickness," said Mrs. Newman, as her eyes filled with tears and her lips turned pale and quivered.

The doctor stepped into the room where the sick man was lying upon a snow-white bed, with his hands folded across his breast and breathing hard.

"Good morning, doctor," he said feebly.

"Good morning, Mr. Newman, how are you feeling now?" he asked.

"No better," he said, as he turned his eyes toward the doctor and gazed into his face.

"You will be all right by tomorrow," continued the physician. "I will call in the morning and see you."

"Yes, I will be all right tomorrow, but I may not be here," he said, as he closed his eyes and dropped into a light sleep.

The doctor walked lightly out of the room, talked for a moment with Mrs. Newman and then left the house.

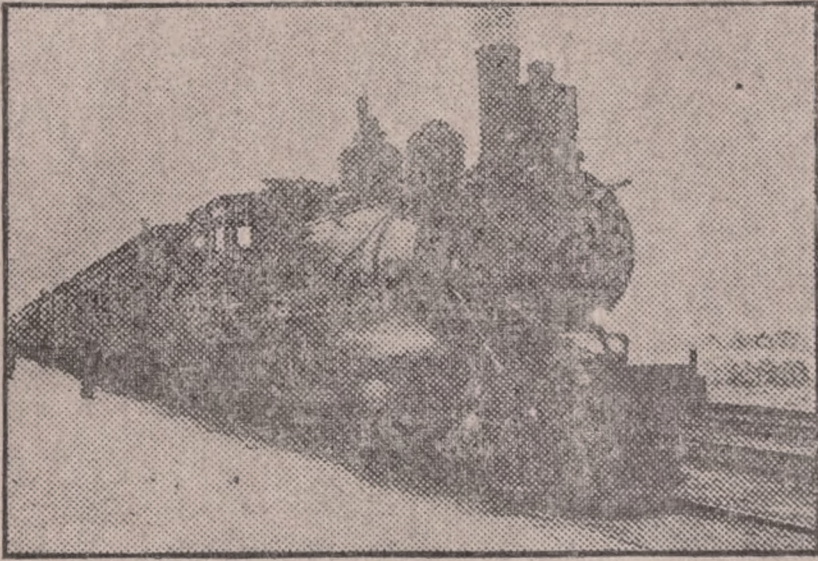
At nine o'clock that evening, Mr. Newman began to rapidly grow worse, but being perfectly conscious, he asked his wife to have his three children come to his bedside. With a breaking heart, Mrs. Newman called her two sons and one daughter into his room and like Jacob of old, he gave them all a father's blessing, bade them and his faithful wife good bye, then turned to his sister and friends who were present, and said:

"My life's work is over, my race is ended. I have served my Saviour to the best of my ability. My course in life has been well chosen and my reward

is certain. As I am now at the close of this life and at the threshold of the next, in the words of Paul, that faithful servant of God, I can say: 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing. Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me.'"

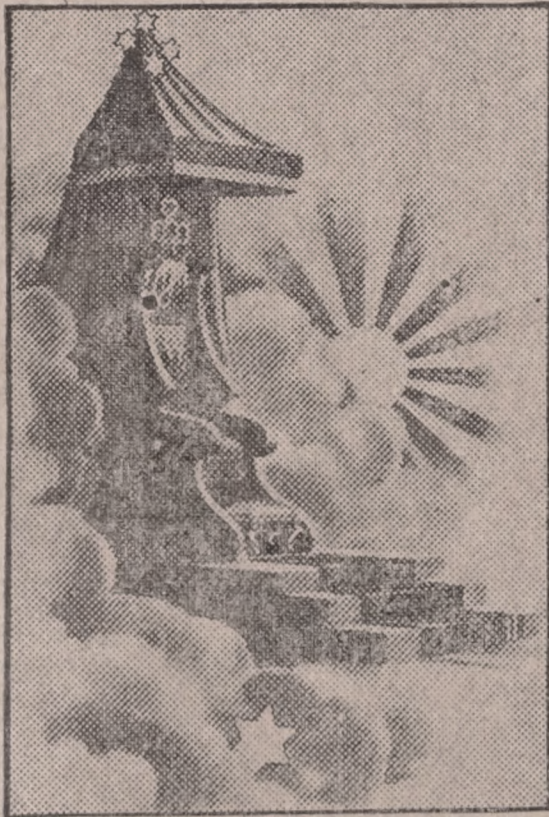
Thus with the words of the departing Apostle upon his dying lips, he closed his eyes, breathed for a moment, then ceased. The Spirit left his cold and lifeless body, the death angel had come and kissed his eyelids to that eternal sleep, folded in his strong embrace, the pure spotless soul, spread his golden wings and with his heaven bound burden, ascended to God's Eternal Throne.

(The end.)



FROM THE THROTTLE TO THE THRONE.

By T. H. WILSON, Verona, Mo.



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